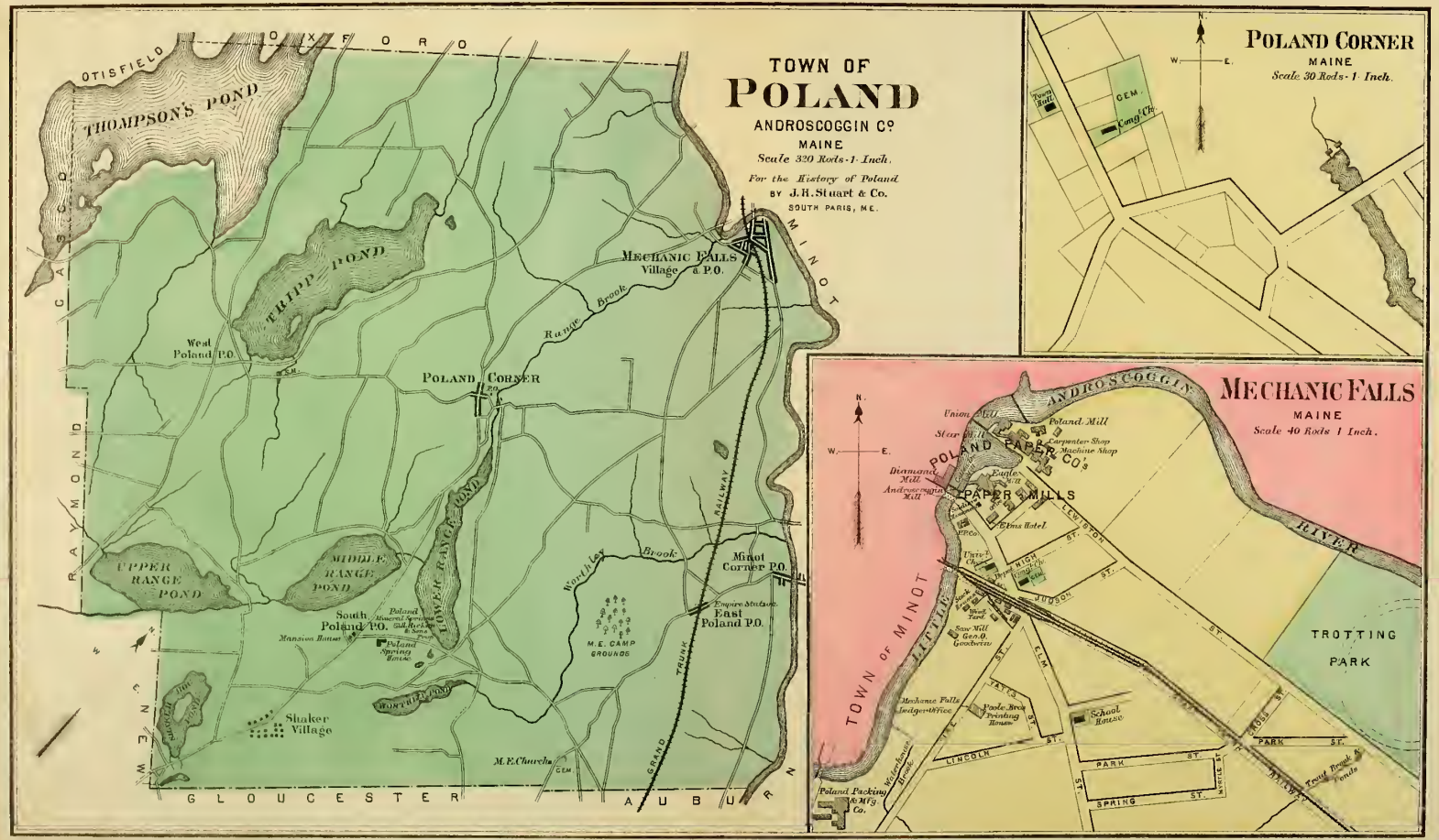
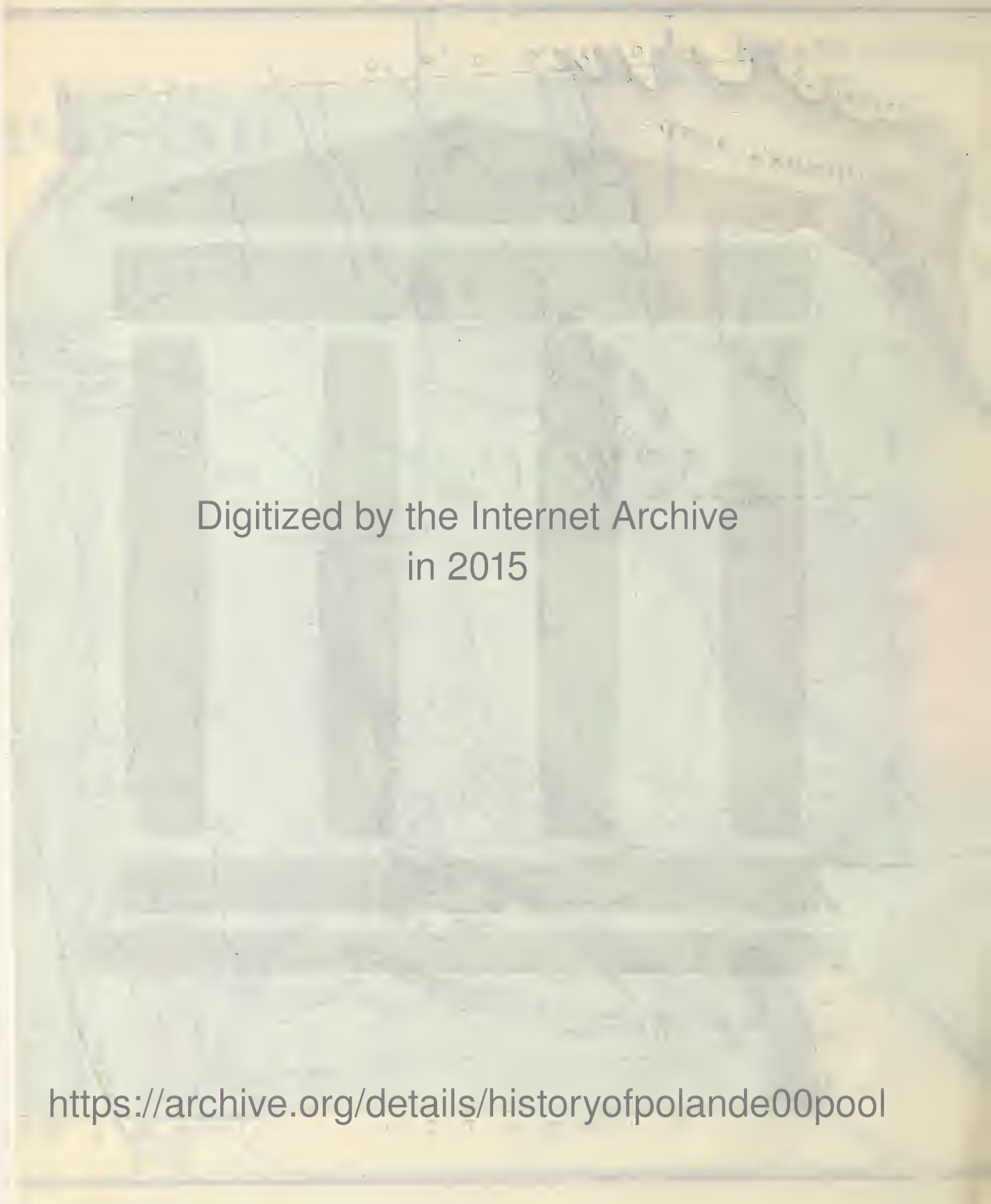

HISTORY
OF
POLAND


TOWN OF
POLAND
ANDROSCOGGIN Co
MAINE
Scale 320 Rods-1 Inch.
For the History of Poland
BY J.H. Stuart & Co.
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
OTISFIELD
O X F O R D
THOMPSON'S POND
CASCO
TRIPP POND
MECHANIC FALLS
Village & P.O.
MINOT
Ranlett Brook
West
Poland P.O.
POLAND CORNER
P.O.
RAYMOND
UPPER
RANGE
POND
MIDDLE
RANGE
POND
LOWER RANGE POND
Worthley Brook
Minot
Corner P.O.
RAILWAY
South
Poland P.O.
Poland Mineral Springs
Mansion House
Poland Spring House
East
Poland P.O.
Empire Stockade
M.E. CAMP
GROUNDS
GRAND TRUNK
MONTICELLO POND
Shaker
Village
M.E. Church
CEM.
MINOT
GLOUCESTER
AUBURN
POLAND CORNER
MAINE
Scale 30 Rods-1 Inch.
N.
W.
E.
Town Hall
CEM.
Cong'l Ch.
MECHANIC FALLS
MAINE
Scale 40 Rods 1 Inch.
ANDROSCOGGIN
RIVER
Union Mill
Poland Mill
Steer Mill
POLAND PAPER CO'S
PAPER MILLS
Carpenter Shop
Machine Shop
Diamond Mill
Androscoggin Mill
Eagle Mill
Elms Hotel
Univ. Ch.
High School
Grist Mill
Saw Mill
Gen. Goodwin
TOWN OF MINOT
LITTLE
Mechanic Falls Lodge & Office
Poole Bros Printing House
School House
TROTTING
PARK
Poland Packing & Mf'g Co.
Waterhouse Block
LINCOLN
PARK
SPRING
MAIN
MILL
ELM
YATES
JUDSON
LEWISTON
HIGH
MORRILL
Trout Brook Ponds



HISTORY OF POLAND

ILLUSTRATED

EMBRACING A PERIOD OF OVER A CENTURY.

BY

H. A. & G. W. POOLE.

MECHANIC FALLS, ME.
POOLE BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
1890.

MECHANIC FALLS, ME.
POOLE BROTHERS
PRINTERS AND ELECTROTYPERS.

PREFACE.

THE history of those who have lived in the past never fails to awaken the keenest interest in the reflecting mind, and especially is this true when associated with those whom we consider ancestors.

The history of America has not, like that of the Old World, the charm of classical or romantic associations, but in useful instruction and moral dignity it has no equal. The pure light of heaven enters from above, and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men, who have bled or toiled for their country; or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the blessed benefactors of mankind.

The incorporation of Poland dates back nearly one hundred years, and had the editors any conception of the magnitude of the work before them, it is doubtful if it would have been undertaken; but now the task is done we can look back upon it with pleasure, having made in its progress many pleasant acquaintances, and we trust, lasting friends. At the onset of our labors we designed to have a town history embracing the territory of Poland, Minot, and Mechanic Falls, but the opposition was so great against uniting two townships between the covers of one book, that it was deemed advisable to write them separately.

In our research for documentary history we were much disappointed. The archives of the historical societies contained nothing of value, and the facts and incidents relative to Poland contained in this volume are from the tongues of our earliest settlers, to whom our history is almost exclusively dedicated. While being limited to a small territory for the compilation of this work, the matter herein contained has been made as conducive to our jurisdiction as conventionalism would allow.

We cannot but feel, in looking upon the numerous and important subjects which this history suggests, as we pass from one portion of the town to another, that our readers as well as ourselves must naturally and almost unavoidably be strongly impressed with many great and salutary reflections.

The minutest incidents of our ancestors' daily life from the cradle to the grave, their successes and failures in the mighty struggle for existence, and even the scenes amid which they lived, present a charm and awaken our sympathies, causing us to pause for closer observation. Though by some, superficially inclined, the works of the pioneers present but little interest and are not worthy of space in the great and crowded annals of posterity, yet we are sure the majority will vie with us in taking a deeper view, and believe it a potent influence upon society to rescue from oblivion the names and deeds of our ancestors.

To-day this volume goes forth reviewing a period of one hundred years. A century hence and our descendants will have before them the annals of two decades. While some devote their leisure hours to subjects of a frivolous and unreal nature, our readers, we would fain hope, will employ them in the

more rational and useful task of reviewing the aspect, resources, and history, of their own native town, and the prosperous State to which they belong.

The public will do us the justice to allow that great labor has been bestowed on these pages, envolving a great deal of time and expense, though it has been a pleasure to the writer, and that we have collected an amount of authentic information not to be easily surpassed in importance, variety, and interest, without greatly exceeding the limits to which we have been confined. It has been our constant study to pursue the happy medium between the dry record of facts and dates, and the diffuse and detached descriptions and narrations to which the abundance of pleasing topics invite us at every step. Many sketches have been greatly condensed, and many circumstances of minor consequence have been passed over in silence, because they were peremptorily excluded by the want of room; but we feel confident that the reader will have the discrimination to perceive that we have had in view, in all that we have done, his own gratification and lasting advantage; and, as he arises from the perusal, he will reflect that his time has been well spent, and that this volume has brought him some of the proper benefits of reading.

One of the first reflections to which a deliberate survey of our town naturally gives rise, is that we have a territory vast in extent, varied in surface and climate, embracing numerous and inexhaustible natural treasures, and secured, by its position, from many of the evils to which many other localities are exposed.

The general good of the town of Poland demands a mutual acquaintance between the citizens in all parts of it. If ignorant of each other's condition, the people in the several districts cannot feel that high and just regard for each other which is essential to the existence of a strong spirit of brotherhood. The general diffusion of accurate knowledge respecting all parts of the town is therefore to be esteemed as an important public object, as it is one of the principal means to secure that great end. While all look with intelligent interest on the progress annually made, in almost every locality of Poland, in different branches of improvement, the value of industrious and progressive men will be appreciated, and a noble rivalry maintained, from which the whole town, state and country will derive advantage, and our local Board of Trade will in a measure consummate this end.

With such views the following history has been written. We shall indeed feel doubly rewarded, if this brief sketch of our town should increase the attachment of our readers to those great principles of equal rights, intelligence, and virtue, in which were laid the foundation of our institutions. In the following pages will be found facts displaying the good principles, sound judgment, and genuine patriotism of our ancestors, and others of later date, which prove that they have not a few worthy successors. It is an interesting reflection, that each one is a member of this great commonwealth, and that no one is too weak or humble to do something for the public good.

The preservation of well-regulated freedom should be the prayer of every loyal citizen; but while honestly desirous of enlarging its circumference, he should take great care lest he admits within the circle the elements of licentiousness. In the present state of society, there is more to be feared from this quarter than from any effort of tyranny. The onward progress of intellect and education has put that down forever. To those who are united for a good purpose, we would say, look to the constancy

and character of the early founders of our republic! While other portions of the earth are slumbering in darkness and debased in crime, let us recall to mind their counsel and example. Let us never forget that it is to an education, wisely and liberally provided for our people, that America owes her proud superiority. Claiming full exemption from all superstition, we firmly believe that no state can prosper in a long career of true glory, in the disregard of the claims of justice and the injunctions of the Christian religion. A floodtide of apparent prosperity may come, filling for the time the avenues of trade, and satiating the cravings of taste and curiosity; yet, sooner or later it has its ebb, and either clogs with its abundance or leaves the void greater than before. History is a silent but eloquent witness of its truth, and from her undying lamp sheds a stream of unceasing light along our pathway. The fabrics of ancient greatness, built by injustice and consecrated to ambition, are now flitting shadows before us, starting up from behind the broken pillars and falling columns that were reared to perpetuate the genius by which they were wrought.

For valuable assistance in compiling this work, our thanks are due to the late lamented Hon. D. W. True, of Portland; W. W. Waterman, Esq., Mechanic Falls; Hon. J. M. Libby, Mechanic Falls; A. T. Denison, Esq., Portland; William A. Emery, Norway; Frank A. Millett, Esq., Mechanic Falls; J. Kelsey Denning, Pigeon Hill; Mrs. J. P. Waterhouse, Poland; Mrs. Ruth G. Pratt, Mechanic Falls; J. A. Bucknam, Mechanic Falls; Hiram Ricker, Sen., South Poland; J. L. Goodwin, Mechanic Falls; J. Albert Libby, West Poland, and others. Our thanks are also due to all of those who encouraged the work by having engravings; to O. C. Bridge, for his painstaking efforts with the views. And to the efficient committee, Messrs. W. W. Waterman, A. J. Weston and D. B. Waterhouse, for their careful examination of copy and assistance in correcting, to the community at large who have manifested an interest in our work, and to the voters of Poland who helped its success by the unanimous vote for an appropriation to the publishers.

Poole Bros.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

NAMES OF REPRESENTATIVES,

1. Col. Wm. Dunn.
2. Jabez True, Jr.
3. Daniel Waterman.
4. Reuben B. Dunn.
5. Stephen M. Marble.
6. John Megquier.
7. David Dunn.
8. Eliphalet Davis.
9. Freeland Marble.
10. Wm. Stanton.
11. Thomas Lane.
12. Charles F. Jordan.
13. Wm. Cousens.
14. Luther Perkins.
15. Wm. H. Rounds.
16. Adna T. Denison.
17. Jesse M. Libby.
18. Adna C. Denison.
19. John R. Pulsifer.
20. Andrew J. Weston.
21. Diman B. Perry.
22. John S. Briggs.
23. Benj. H. Noble.
24. Chas. N. Burns.
25. W. W. Denning.

The publishers were nearly two years collecting the photographs of the Representatives, and they were obliged to leave out five as photographs were not obtainable. See page 20.

Daniel W. Voorhees

this place that he decided to spend his days there. One day, while here at anchor, they discovered three small canoes, each containing three Indians. These barbarian Northmen, with a cruelty disgraceful to savages, pursued these harmless natives and murdered eight of them. This cruel and dastardly act served to arouse the whole tribe, and the harbor soon swarmed with canoes filled with warriors; but their arrows fell harmless as they struck the strong oaken sides of the vessel. One barbed arrow pierced the vitals of Tharwall, beneath his arm, where the blood gushed forth in a torrent, and he had just time to give a few orders before death closed the scene with him forever. He was the only one injured, and was buried on the promontory on the present site of the city of Boston.

This was the first conflict between the Europeans and Natives—in which the Northmen were outrageously in the wrong. Tharwall and his crew, no doubt, stopped in the vicinity of Narragansett Bay some two years, trapping and laying in furs. They made sundry explorations, both east and west. Cape Cod they most minutely described, giving it the name of Neuset or the Nase. It is a fact worthy of note that when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at the head of the cape, after a lapse of eight hundred years, the Indians called it Nauset, there being the change of but a single letter in the name. Thorstein, a third son of this family of adventurers, fitted out the same vessel, and with a picked crew of twenty-five men, went on an expedition to Vineland, as it was then called, hoping to bring home the remains of his brother. His wife, Gudrida, a woman of great perseverance and energy, accompanied him. They encountered a series of fierce and driving storms which sent them far out to sea, no one knew whither. At last, worn out and exhausted, they reached Greenland early in December, 1005. Here Thorstein was taken sick and died. A year passed away and Gudrida was again married to an Icelander named Thorfin. He was a wealthy man, of noble birth, and distinguished for his energy and many virtues. Thorfin, influenced by the glowing description of this land of fruits and flowers, fitted out an expedition. It was no doubt his intention to establish a colony, as he took three ships and one hundred and sixty men. They set out from one of the southern ports of Greenland in the summer of 1008. They sailed along the coast of Nova Scotia, then called Markland, and thus keeping the shores of Maine ever in sight, cruised along until they came to Cape Cod, but did not land. They sailed round the cape and passed the Elizabeth Islands where they saw sea fowl in such abundance that they could scarce step on shore without stepping on their eggs. They cast anchor in Buzzard's Bay. From this point, men in small parties were sent out on exploring expeditions to the north. The ships, with the remainder of the crew, sailed westward and again entered the beautiful Narragansett Bay. It is doubtful whether a more delightful climate than that of southern New England can be found. Farther north the winters are too cold, and farther south the summers are too hot. Thorfin was delighted with the spot; grapes in rich abundance and wheat grew wild. No snow of great amount fell through the winter, and the cattle fed in the open fields. The natives who had not heard of the dastardly conduct of Tharwall's men in Massachusetts Bay, came around in large numbers manifesting the most friendly disposition. Here they traded hatchets, knives, and beads for furs and skins. The Iceland historian writes that the natives valued highly the red cloth brought by the strangers, giving furs of the finest texture for a piece the width of one's finger, which they bound around their heads like a crown. The company sent to the north and west consisted of eight men, led by an Icelander of spirit and enterprise, named Tharhall. He was a man of dark complexion, stout build, and great physical strength. They sailed in an open boat to the coasts of Maine where they encountered furious storms accompanied by continuous northwest winds, which, though almost incredible to relate, drove them across the Atlantic Ocean to the coasts of Ireland, where they were taken captives and sold as slaves. At the Narragansett settlement, fierce dissensions arose between the Natives and the Northmen, and several battles ensued in which the Northmen were worsted, and no doubt deserved to be. The Northmen were but little better armed than the Natives, and far outnumbered by them, making their position perilous.

Thorfin becoming discouraged decided to break up his colony and return to Greenland; but having heard no tidings from Tharwall, he took one of his ships and sailed in search of him. The rest of his crew he left at Buzzard's Bay. He sailed to the coast of Maine where he cast anchor at the mouth of a river. Endless forests were here spread before him with scarce an open space.

Thorfin, disappointed in finding no tidings of Tharwall, returned to Buzzard's Bay, and there passed his third winter. In the spring of 1011, he sailed for Greenland. He took with him two native boys, but

whether they were stolen, or went of their own free will, was never known.

It was then supposed that Vineland was a part of Europe, and merely an extension of Norway and Sweden. They called the Natives, Skrellings, or little men, the same as the Esquimaux of the extreme north. This was the first description of New England given to the reading public of Europe. It is supposed from incidental allusions found in the annals of those days, that other expeditions were fitted out for the purpose of trade, but no special record of these is to be found.

In Newport, Rhode Island, are to be found the ruins of a stone tower which has, from all evidence, stood for ages. The origin of the building is lost in the haze of distance, but from unmistakable evidences it is supposed to have been built by the Northmen as a defense, as the architecture is neither above nor below their capacity.

The historian remarks that the reason must forever remain unexplained why this lovely country should be abandoned while they continued their settlements along the ice-bound coasts of Iceland and Greenland. But to our mind the reason is quite plain. At that day the weapons of the Northmen and the Natives were nearly equal in efficiency, as it was long before the invention of fire-arms. The Natives far excelled them in the use of the bow and arrow, and as to physical strength, subtlety, and courage were no doubt far superior to the present race, known since the discovery by Columbus. The atrocities perpetrated by the Northmen had become extensively known, and created a thirst for revenge sufficient to make it inexpedient to attempt to establish a colony, as being so far outnumbered they would have been annihilated at once. The centuries passed slowly away and Vineland was forgotten. The colonies in Greenland perished, and Iceland, far away amid Arctic Seas, was isolated and scarcely known to exist in southern Europe. When, in 1492, Columbus discovered the West India Islands, he supposed himself to be on the coasts of Asia; nor was the mistake discovered till some years after, when the explorations of other adventurers revealed and fully established the facts of the earth's rotundity and the existence of a western continent, to balance the eastern, of which fact Columbus is said to have entertained an idea from the outset. Five years after the first visit of Columbus in the spring of 1497, Henry VII. fitted out an expedition from Bristol, England, supposing that China might be reached by crossing the Atlantic in high latitudes. The command was given to John Cabot; Cabot had three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius, who accompanied him on this voyage. A fleet of five ships sailed from Bristol fitted out at their own expense. They had nothing from the king except his royal authority and protection as their passport. In this patent authority was given to sail east, west, or north: the south being understood as belonging to Spain and Portugal as the first discoverers. His instructions were to plant the royal banner of England on all islands and continents unknown to Christian nations, and reign over them as the king's vassal. But little is known of this voyage. Sebastian wrote an account of it but the manuscript was lost. No doubt they touched the American Continent at Labrador in June and discovered the Island of Cape Breton. Having sailed along the coast for some distance, they returned to Bristol in the month of August of the same year. The Cabots were received with great joy as they were supposed to have discovered the empire of China. The next year, 1498, Sebastian Cabot sailed with two ships early in the month of May. He touched at Labrador and finding it intensely cold in July, directed his course southward, and as he was seeking a passage to the East Indies, he kept the coasts constantly in sight. Leaving behind him the forest-clad hills of Nova Scotia, he entered the broad gulf of Maine, minutely examining all the indentures of its sublime and solitary shores. The highlands of Maine can be seen for a long distance on the ocean, and there was a continuous line of coast stretched before him. He sailed along the entire coast of Maine, across Massachusets Bay until he found himself land-locked by the long curvature of Cape Cod. Rounding this long curvature of sound, he found his hopes reached by seeing the open ocean extending far to the west. Great was his disappointment at finding, instead of the rich and populous realm of China, savage and uncultivated wilds continually blocking his way. Sailing as far as Cape Hatteras, he entered on his homeward voyage.

It was this voyage of Sebastian Cabot along the coast of so long a portion of the North American Continent upon which England laid her claim to possession of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Cabot was the first to discover that the New World was a vast barrier between western Europe and eastern Asia; the breadth of the continent was then entirely unknown. It was then, and ever has been, an established law of nations that the discovery of a coast entitled that nation by whom the discovery was made, to full possession of

that territory to the exclusion of all other nations. It was also an acknowledged principle of international law, that the discovery and exploration of a river entitled the nation by whom the exploration was made to the territory which that river and all its tributaries drained. English explorers were the first to discover these coasts, hence England claimed the continent for nearly its whole extent; but France discovered the St. Lawrence and all her majestic lakes, also the Mississippi, and the French flag was the first to float over her waters; hence France laid claim to the Mississippi Valley, in its then unknown grandeur of expanse, almost a world of itself. These conflicting claims led to much strife and bloodshed which can hardly be estimated or told.

Soon after the expedition of the Cabots, the Portuguese sent an expedition under the command of one Gaspar Cortereal, a man of noble family. He first made the banks of Newfoundland and then cruised along the shores of Maine. Imbued with the same love of gain manifested by most of his predecessors, this dastardly villain enticed fifty-seven natives aboard his fleet, and under some pretense luring them below, closed the hatchways over them, and carried them away to sell as slaves in Spain. Fifty of them he had in his own vessel and seven he placed in his consort. But an all-wise Providence decided that he should never sell in the slave marts of Spain the victims he had stolen.

In some fearful ocean tragedy which no eye but that of God beheld, the ship, its guilty commander, and all its inmates were engulfed. The consort, however, arrived safely in Lisbon with the seven Indians who were thus described by the Venetian embassador: "These Natives are tall, well built, and in color, stature, and aspect, strongly resemble the Gypsies of Europe. They are well calculated for labor and will make the best slaves I have ever seen."

We have been thus particular in our description of the early expeditions of various navigators for several reasons: First, we are fully aware that the early discoveries of the Scandinavians are not generally known, or understood. Second, that there is a division of opinion as to who were the aggressors in the early conflicts between Europeans and Indians. Third, we wish the reader to fully comprehend the cause of the misunderstanding between England and France as to their possessions in America, which arose from a double meaning applied to certain principles of international law, causing the French and Indian and several other wars. There is something truly affecting in the account of the dread with which these outraged Indians regarded these European kidnappers. Everywhere in the New World where they first landed, they were treated with brotherly love and kindness by the Natives. In no case were hostilities manifested until they became exasperated by atrocious wrongs. During the period from 1500 to 1530 many private expeditions from England, France, Spain, and Portugal were fitted out, and it is certain that most of these unprincipled and reckless adventurers cheated, robbed, and insulted the Natives in a most heartless manner. During the year 1603, Henry IV., of France, issued a patent granting to one De Monte, all the territory lying between Cape Breton and the Hudson River, with exclusive right to traffic with the Natives. Power was also delegated to colonize and rule at his own discretion. He established a small colony at what is now called Annapolis, in the extreme west of Nova Scotia. From here he continued his course to Passamaquoddy Bay, now the extreme eastern border of Maine. After exploring this bay, he ascended the St. Croix and Scadie Rivers, to an island containing fifteen acres. Here he passed the winter. The next summer he cruised along the shores of Maine, entering Penobscot Bay and the mouth of the Kennebec River, where he landed, planted a cross, and took possession of the country in the name of the King of France. He next visited Casco Bay and cruised among its many islands; but his company becoming diminished and the Indians seeming hostile and unfriendly, after going south as far as Cape Cod, he returned to Port Royal. Here he found another ship from France with an accession of forty men to strengthen his colony. Leaving orders as to the administration of affairs, and four gentlemen of distinction to oversee the same, De Monte returned to France. Rumors of these important events soon reached the British government, filling them with alarm. Several lords, nobles, and peers of the realm, under the patronage of the crown fitted out a ship to visit these coasts. A new and thoroughly built ship was placed under the command of Capt. George Weymouth. Coming to the coasts of Maine, he made an island six miles from the mainland, where he cast anchor, and landing, took possession of the island in the name of James I., King of England. To this island he gave the name of St. George. It is now generally admitted that this was the present island of Monhegan. Here he erected a cross to indicate that the Christian religion was to be established here; but he soon gave a terrible

exhibition of his practical piety, by kidnapping a number of the unsuspecting natives, like most of his predecessors. From his mast-head he discovered the lofty peaks of a distant chain of mountains. They again hoisted sail and gained the mainland at a distance of nine miles; here they made a garden and planted peas, barley, and other seeds, which in sixteen days attained a height of eight inches. This was the first attempt of Europeans to cultivate the soil of Maine. Here they cruised up and down the coast, fishing, hunting, and trading with the natives. They explored most of the harbors and navigable rivers. The were sent here by men good and true to establish friendly relations with these simple people, They were received with the greatest kindness and hospitality which they repaid with treachery most foul, by kidnapping many of their people who were carried away by force in spite of tears and entreaties. The lapse of a century could not efface from the minds of these Indians the sense of outrage of which they had been the victims. The story descended from father to son. Desire for vengeance burned in the Indian breast. The sight of an Englishman with his long, glittering sword and death-dealing bullet appalled them. If Capt. Weymouth had intended to render all future friendly intercourse with the Indians impossible, he could not have adopted measures better adapted to the accomplishment of his ends. To add to his infamy he embarked in a boat with a well-armed band and ascended the river to the mouth of the Androscoggin. There with religious ceremonies he planted the cross, the affecting emblem of Jesus Christ, of that religion whose fundamental principle is, that God is our common Father and all men are brothers. This he spake unto the Indians: "It is in the name of Jesus Christ that I kidnapped your friends. It is Christianity that authorizes this. Some of my countrymen will soon appear to teach you to embrace this religion." Weymouth, on his way home, about one hundred miles from land, discovered the celebrated shoals since so far famed for their cod fisheries.

The early settlements in Maine were the beginning and not the outgrowth of an older colony. The early promoters of settlements on her shores were the Pophams, the Gilberts and Gorges. They, in truth, were the Fathers of New England civilization. Sir Ferdinand Gorges and his associates procured the first charter in 1606 and the second in 1620, and Gorges was active in the promoting and maintaining of settlements at least a dozen years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. He was among the first to persuade the pilgrims to leave Holland, and procured for them their first charter on which all the legal titles of the Old Colony are based.

The settlement of Poland dates back one hundred and twenty years, and its varied resources and interests have been developed by a people remarkable for their intelligence, thrift, and enterprise. It would seem strange if such a people during a period of more than a century should not make history enough for a volume, to say nothing of the doings of their savage predecessors.

To-day Maine ranks fifth in the production of manufactured cotton goods and buckwheat, seventh in lumber, and eighth in potatoes and hops. It is the largest in area and most easterly of the New England States. It contains a larger area of timber lands than any State in the Union. The surface is low and level near the seacoast, hilly in the interior, while in the north tower grand and lofty mountains whose snow-clad peaks pierce the very clouds. Maine contains an area of 33,040 square miles with a population of 648,936. The Penobscot, Androscoggin, Saco, Kennebec, Aroostook and St. Croix are the principal rivers.

The principal productions and exports of Maine are lumber and ice. Granite also, in large quantities, is exported to all parts of the Union and Canada. Our timber lands are estimated at over 10,000,000 acres.

The breeding of horses has now become one of the principal industries of this State, and thousands of fine roadsters and trotters are each year exported, some at fabulous prices. In this enterprise Maine is excelled by no State, if we may except Kentucky. There are between three and four hundred shipbuilding establishments in the State. Augusta, the capital, is one of the principal depots of the lumber trade. Portland is the largest city and principal seaport. Bangor, on the Penobscot River, is the greatest lumber centre, and Biddeford the most important manufacturing town. Lewiston is a thriving and fast growing city, noted for its cotton manufactures. For further description of Maine, see Appendix.

CHAPTER II.

ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY.

AN ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE PASSED MARCH 18, 1854, FORMING ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY—THE ANASAGUNTICOOK OR ANDROSCOGGIN INDIANS.

BY act of Legislature passed March 18, 1854, Androscoggin County was formed from portions of four other counties, viz: Cumberland, Lincoln, Kennebec, and Oxford. The territory between 34 and 44 degrees north latitude was granted by charter to parties for colonization by King James in 1606. In 1620, James I. divided the tract embraced in the grand charter of 1606 and granted to the Plymouth Company in England the portion lying between the 40th and 48th degrees of latitude. Sir Ferdinando Gorges was interested in both of these grants, and in 1622 he and Captain John Mason obtained of the Plymouth Company a grant of the country lying between the Merrimac and Kennebec Rivers. These partners divided their possessions—Gorges taking the part lying east of the Piscataqua River. Other parties received grants from the Plymouth Company and the King, which, owing to an imperfect knowledge of the geography of the country over-lapped each other, giving rise to many disputes and conflicts as to title and jurisdiction. Upon the division of the Plymouth Company of their patent among the different proprietors, the portion lying between Piscataqua and Kennebec Rivers was ceded to Gorges in 1635 and confirmed to him by King Charles I. in 1639. Gorges died in 1647 and his followers maintained their claim to this grant till Massachusetts extinguished it by purchase in 1677. The territory within the limits of Androscoggin County was first nominally embraced within the bounds of York County till June 19, 1760, when Cumberland and Lincoln Counties were formed, the boundary between which was the Androscoggin River, north of where it now enters the county, as now bounded on the south. February 20, 1799, Kennebec County was formed of the northern part of Lincoln, including Green, Wales, and East Livermore within its limits. March 4, 1805, Oxford County was formed from the northern parts of Cumberland and York, with a boundary including Turner and Livermore—the northwestern portion remaining with Cumberland till Androscoggin County was formed, as before stated, in 1854, including as follows: Auburn, Danville (now the southern portion of Auburn), Durham, Poland, and Minot, from Cumberland County; Livermore and Turner from Oxford County; East Livermore, Green, Leeds and Wales from Kennebec; and Lewiston, Webster and Lisbon from Lincoln County. In area, Androscoggin is the smallest county in the State, excepting Sagadahoc. It comprises eleven towns and two cities. The location of a shire town after incorporation was left to a vote of the inhabitants but restricted to the courts of the Lewiston Falls Village, which embraced positions of the three adjoining towns—Lewiston, Auburn, and Danville. Auburn was selected and a fine set of county buildings of brick, with granite basements, were erected at a cost of $100,000.

Before the white man came to this part of Maine, the Anasaguntcook, or Androscoggin Indians inhabited the

valley of the river that bears their name. They cultivated its rich and fertile intervales, fished in its sparkling waters and hunted in the dense forests that spread far and wide on either bank. The general surface of the country is moderately uneven; while it boasts no mountain ranges, numerous elevations of sufficient height are found to command many charming views of rural scenery. The Androscoggin River divides the county from north to south, nearly in the center, and that, with its many tributaries and the numerous ponds by which they are fed, furnish ample water-power for manufacturing purposes. The soil, in the main, is fertile and well-adapted to both tillage and grazing. For many years after the first settlements, lumbering was the principal industry, followed as the forests disappeared by agriculture. But of late manufactures under the fostering care of State enactments, and the improvement of the mighty water-powers, have attracted large capital, and its productions are now counted yearly by millions, exceeding by far those of any other industry in the country. The shipping facilities are wholly confined to rail.

The Androscoggin River is formed in Coos County, N. H., near the Maine boundary, by the union of the Margalloway River with the outlet of Umbagog Lake; flows south to the White Mountains, and making a sharp bend to the east, about latitude 44° 20′, enters the State of Maine, and joins the Kennebec River at Merrymeeting Bay, about eighteen miles above the entrance of that river into the ocean. Its length is one hundred and fifty-seven miles, sixty-six of which are in New Hampshire.

The Little Androscoggin River that separates Poland from Minot, renders the location specially advantageous as a manufacturing center.

What a change has the progress of civilization effected on this vast continent during the last two centuries; and what a glorious change to the enlightened mind.

Then a few ill-constructed roads, and the water-course nature had bestowed, were our only means of intercommunication; but now, steam and the magnetic telegraph have annihilated distance.

A few short years ago the majestic forest spread its wings far and wide, and the Indian was monarch of all he surveyed—traversing its wilds with his spear, or navigating its lakes and rivers with his bark canoe. What was once gloomy forests is now beautiful villages and populous cities teeming with industrious and intelligent inhabitants.

Capital has channeled a mighty canal, and everywhere in the County it is visible; suggestive therefore of that poetical temple of fame reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope.

RAILROADS.

Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad.

The plan of a railroad between Portland and Montreal was first seriously agitated in Portland in 1844, John A. Poor, Wm. P. Preble, Josiah S. Little, and John B. Brown being among the prime movers of the enterprise. Co-operation by Canadian capitalists was secured, a charter was obtained February 10, 1845, and ground broken with impressive ceremonies, and in the presence of a large gathering of people, on the fourth of July of that year. The road was opened to Yarmouth in 1848, to Mechanic Falls in 1849, to South Paris early in 1850, to Bethel in 1851, to New Hampshire in 1852, and in 1853 to the boundary line where it connected with the Montreal division, making a continuous rail between the waters of Casco Bay and the St. Lawrence River, a distance of 298 miles. August 5, 1853, the road was leased to the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada for 999 years, the lessees assuming all obligations, and agreeing to pay 6 per cent. per annum on the capital stock. The Lewiston and Auburn Road, now a branch of the Grand Trunk and under its management, was built in 1873, and the Norway branch in 1879. This is the Atlantic or eastern terminus of one of the most extensive and important railway lines on the American Continent, and its through business both in passengers and freight is immense. It affords good railway facilities for parts of the counties of Cumberland, Androscoggin, and Oxford, more especially the latter.

Rumford Falls and Buckfield Railroad.

This road extends from the Mechanic Falls station of the Grand Trunk Railroad to Canton Mills, a distance of 27.5 miles, with a branch extending to the steam mill on the Androscoggin River, a mile and a half in length. It was chartered as the Buckfield Branch Railroad June 22, 1847, and 13 miles had been opened October 10, 1849. It was sold under a foreclosure in 1856, and came into possession of the Oxford Central Railroad Company, and built to its present terminus. For several years it was in disuse, but in 1874 the Rumford Falls and Buckfield Railroad Company was chartered, which acquired possession of and restored the road, and resumed traffic July 15, 1878.

CHAPTER III.

BAKERSTOWN.

A GRANT BY THE GENERAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE CANADA EXPEDITION—THE TOWNSHIP LOST—THE ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS OF BAKERSTOWN.

DURING the year 1736, the General Court of Massachusetts granted a township of land to the officers and soldiers engaged in the expedition to Canada, under the command of Captain John March, Stephen Greenhall, and Phillip Nelson, to be located on the east side of Merrimac River and to join Conticook, which township was to be called Bakerstown. The proprietors at once commenced a settlement, laid out lots, built houses, roads, mills, and bridges, at a large outlay. Soon after in running the line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, this township was found to lie wholly in New Hampshire. After diverse petitions to the government of New Hampshire, also to His Majesty, King George II., all without avail, the township, with all its betterments was given up for lost. Afterward, the proprietors, through their agents, Christopher Sargent and Josiah Little, for compensation, for loss sustained in the Bakerstown grant, in 1765, the court granted to the petitioners a township of land in the province of Maine, to be laid out on the east side of Saco River, and to adjoin some former grants. The township to be seven and one-half miles square, 8,600 acres being allowed for water in ponds. The location was not to interfere with the Pejepscot claim or the town of New Gloucester.

In the years 1867 and '68, it was discovered that a mistake had been made in the location, and that a part of the grant was claimed by the Pejepscot,* proprietors. Colonels Jonathan Little and Moses Bagley, agents for the proprietors, now represented the case to the General Court and obtained an order for a new location, appointing Amos Davis to make a survey for the same at the expense of the proprietors. This he performed and returned a plan accordingly. Two years after the proprietors made a new survey, and in laying out the first division of lots for settlement, discovered a mistake in Davis' survey which was immediately made known to the general court, and in September, 1780, a new survey was ordered to be made by said Davis and a plan thereof returned by him in February, 1781.

It appears, by the court records, that Moses Little was one of the original proprietors of Bakerstown, also the agent of the other proprietors in procuring the grant. In the subsequent proceedings relating to the grant, Moses, Josiah, and Edward Little appear to have successfully acted for the proprietors, becoming, by purchase of other claims, it is said, the principal and probably the exclusive proprietors of the grant. They were also agents or owners of the Pejepscot purchase.

In making their first survey of Bakerstown the proprietors included more territory than they were entitled to under the grant. Hence arose a prolonged controversy attended with much ill-feeling. The adjustment of settlers' claims added materially to the bitterness of the strife. During the progress of the dispute, the occupants of land in the present territory of Minot were in great doubt and perplexity. Some resisted successfully the proprietors' claims, holding their lands by virtue of settlement under the homestead act, at an expense in litigation, in some cases, greater than would have been the cost of purchase; others failed in their resistance

* The Pejepscot Indians were, in all probability, a sub-tribe of the Anasagunticooks. They had customary places of resort, if not permanent places of residence, at the Brunswick Falls, at Maquoit, and at Mare Point.

and were ejected from their lands; while a third class bought peace and quietness by paying for their land.

In 1787, Massachusetts granted to John Bridgham, and others, the territory lying between the Androscoggin River and a parallel line four miles distant, since known as the curve line, and being very nearly the division line between Minot and Auburn, which territory Mr. Little had previously disclaimed. The settlers were much disappointed at this result of the controversy. John Bridgham, and others, who had been active in the controversy, having become proprietors of the disclaimed territory, all opposition seems to have ceased except in the adjustment of settlers' claims, which were a source of contention for several years.

AN ACT OF THE GENERAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS, IN ANSWER TO THE PETITION OF JOHN TYLER, JOSEPH PIKE, AND OTHERS.

In the House of Representatives December 9, 1736, read and ordered that this Petition be received,

And voted that two tracts of the unappropriated Lands of this Province of the contents of six miles square each be and hereby are granted to the Petitioners, the Officers, and Soldiers of the companies under the late Captain John March, Captain Stephen Greenleaf and Captain Philip Nelson deceased, Anno 1690; their Heirs and Assigns respectively and the Heirs, legal representatives and dependents of such of them as are deceased and their Heirs and Assigns forever, for two townships to lay in some suitable place, that the grantees be and are obliged to bring forward the settlement of the said township in as regular a manner as the situation and circumstances of said township will admit of; in the following manner, viz: That each grantee, his Heirs and Assigns shall build an house in his respective lot or share of the contents, eighteen feet square and seven feet stud at the least, and plough or bring to grass fit for mowing six acres of land, and that they settle in each town a learned and Orthodox minister, and build a convenient meeting-house for the public worship of God, and that a sixty-third part of the said township be and hereby is granted to the first settled minister, the like quantity for the use of the school in all the divisions of the said townships, that the grantees be and hereby are obliged to give bond of twenty pounds for the fulfilment of the conditions aforesaid, within five years after the return and confirmation of the plan of said township and that Captain John Hobson and Major Charles Pierce be a committee with such as the Honorable Board shall join to lay out said townships, and return plots thereof within one year for confirmation, and the said committee to observe such rules and directions for the taking of bond and admission of the grantees agreeable to the order of the court in March last and said committee to receive thirty-three pounds six shillings and eight pence of the new projected bills, viz: sixteen pounds thirteen shillings and four pence for each of the said townships out of the public treasury to enable them to lay out said townships and council February 3, 1736. Read and concurred and Thomas Berry, esq., is joined in the affair.

Consented to: I. BELCHER,
Copy examined by SIMON FROST, *Dep't Sec.*

A list of the proprietors of the township granted to Pike and others, officers and soldiers in the expedition to Canada, Anno 1690.

Captain Stephen Greenleaf
Deacon Joshua Moody
Joseph Goold
Joseph Page, junior
Elisha Sweatt
John Kent
Caleb Moody
Nathanael Clark
John Thurlo
Joseph Osgood
Samuel George
Hannah Bolton
Captain John Sergent
Benjamin Hoeg
John Badger
Samuel Smith, junior
Jonathan Marsh
Joseph Ilsley
Gideon Lowell
Stephen Chase
Joseph Short
Thomas Huse
John Lunt
Abraham Titcomb
Joseph Pike
James Brown
Stephen Longfellow
Samuel Bartlett ye 3d

Nathaniel Barnard
Captain Thomas Hale
Jeremiah Goodridge
Captain Thomas Wallingford
John March
Reverend Mr. William Johnson
William Huse
Joseph Davis
Henry Dow
Samuel Sargent
Samuel Silver
Robert Savery
Trustrum Greenleaf
Eleazer Hudson
Doctor Joseph Hills
Thomas Challis
Jonathan Blaisdel
James Tappan
Daniel Bradley
David Bartlet
Peter Ayers
Eleazer Johnson
Lazarus Goodwin
James Anderton
John Littleale
Edward Emerson
Zachariah Beal
Captain John Sergent
Pereival Clark
Ebenezer Stewart
Joseph Holland

It appears that about this time the proprietors learned that in the settlement of the controverted bounds between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, the territory of Maine was exeluded from the Provinees of Massachusetts. A petition was at onee presented to the King by their agent Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., that they might still remain within the bounds and jurisdiction of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, which was granted at onee and without delay. The original grantees having been to great expense and trouble in building houses, mills, bridges, and roads and furnishing other faeilities for the settlement of their first grant which had been bound to be within the limits of New Hampshire, sent divers petitions to George the King, also the government of New Hampshire to have the township confirmed to them but all without avail. So the whole enterprise was given up for lost, their only hope being a new grant by the General Court of Massachusetts.

This was at last effected through the efforts of their agents who had been to great expense in proeuring the same. The great question now being whether they should be paid by a tax levied on each elaim, or receive a portion of the elaim. Now, as it is generally understood, by some means two townships were granted instead of one, and it was finally proposed and agreed that the agents receive all lands outside of the first named bounds, viz: six and three-quarter miles square in extent. As the entire grant was just twiee that extent it gave the several agents a pretty good bonus. The claim being fully established, the next thing was to bring about facilities for the settlement of the townships and to offer indueements to insure migration. Many meetings of the proprietors were held and taxes were levied on the several lots to pay expenses, many of whieh were not paid. When payment could be deferred no longer, nearly half the lots were sold at public vendue to satisfy the claims.

CHAPTER IV.

SIX INDIAN SAGAMORES' DEED TO RICHARD WHARTON.

SIX INDIAN SAGAMORES' DEED TO RICHARD WHARTON—A DESCRIPTION OF THE DEED AND THE SIGNING BY THE SAGAMORES.

TO ALL people to whom these presents shall come know ye that whereas near three-score years since Thomas Purchase deceased come into this country, as we have been well informed and did as well by power or Pattent derived from the King of England as by consent contract and agreement with Sagamore's and Proprietors of all the lands lying on the easterly side of Casco Bay and on the both sides of Androscoggin River and Kennebec River enter upon and take possession of all the lands lying four miles westward from the uppermost falls on said Androscoggin River to Maquoit in Casco Bay and on the lands on the other side Androscoggin River from above said falls down to Pejepscot and Merrymeeting Bay to be bounded by a south west and north east line to run from the upper part of said falls to Kennebec River and all the land from Maquoit to Pejepscot and to hold the same breadth where the land will bear it down to a place called Atkins's Bay near to Sagadahoc on the westerly side of Kennebec River and all the islands in said Kennebec River and land between said Atkins's Bay and Small Point Harbor, the lands and rivers and ponds interjacent containing there in breadth about three English miles, more or less; and whereas we are well assured that Major Nicholas Shapleigh in his lifetime was both by Purchase from the Indians Sagamore's our ancestors and consent of Mr. Gorges' commissioners possessed and dyed seized of the remainder of the lands lying and adjoining upon the main, and all the islands between the said Small Point Harbor and Maquoit aforesaid; and particularly of a neck of land called Merryconeeg and an island called Sebasco-degin; and whereas the relict and Heirs of said Mr. Purchase and Major Nicholas Shapleigh have reserved accommodations for their several families sold all the remainder of the aforesaid lands and islands to Richard Wharton of Boston, merchant and for as much as the said Mr. Purchase did personally possess improve and inhabit at Pejepscot aforesaid near the centre or middle of all the lands aforesaid for near fifty years before the late unhappy; and whereas the said Richard Wharton hath desired an enlargement upon and between the said Androscoggin and Kennebec Rivers and to encourage the said Richard Wharton to settle an English town and promote the Salmon and Sturgeon fishery by which we promise ourselves great supplies and relief; therefore and for other good causes and considerations and especially for and in consideration of a valuable sum receiving from the said Wharton in merchandise, we, Warumbee, Darumkin, Wehikermett, Wedon-Domhegon, Neonongassett and Numbanewett chief Sagamores of all the aforesaid and other rivers and lands adjacent have in confirmation of the said Richard Wharton's title and property fully, freely, and absolutely given, granted, ratified and confirmed to him, the said Richard Wharton all the aforesaid lands from the uppermost part of Androscoggin falls four miles westward and so down to Maquoit and by said river of Pejepscot and from the other side of Androscoggin falls all the land from the falls to Pejepscot and Merrymeeting Bay to Kennebec and towards the wilderness to be bounded by a southwest and north-east line to extent from the upper part of the said Androscoggin uppermost falls to the said river of Kennebec and all the lands from Maquoit to Pejepscot and so to run and hold the same breadth where the land

will bear it into Atkins's Bay into Kennebec River and Small Point Harbor in Casco Bay and all islands in Kennebec and Pejepseot Rivers and Merrymeeting Bay and within the aforesaid bounds especially the aforesaid neck of called Merryeoneeg and island and called Sebaseo-degin together with all rivers, riverletts, brooks, ponds, pools, waters, water-courses, all woods, trees of timbers or other trees and all mines, minerals, quarries and especially the sole and absolute use and benefit of Salmon and Sturgeon fishing in all the rivers, riverletts or bays aforesaid and in all rivers, brooks, ereeks or ponds within any of the bounds aforesaid; and also we the said Sagamores have upon the consideration aforesaid, given, granted, bargained and sold enfeoffed and eonfirmed; and do by these presents, give, grant, bargain and sell alieve enfeoffe and confirm unto him the said Richard Wharton all the land lying five miles above the uppermost of the said Androscoggin falls in breadth and length holding the same breadth from Androscoggin falls to Kennebec River and to be bounded by the aforesaid southwest and northeast line and a parcell of land at five miles distance to run from Androseoggin to Kennebec River as aforesaid, together with all profits privileges eommodities, benefits and advantages and partieularly to the sole propriety benefit and advantage of the Salmon and Sturgeon fishing within the bounds and limits aforesaid. To have and to hold to him the said Riehard Wharton his heirs and assigns forever all the aforenamed lands, privileges and premises with all benefits, rights, appurtenances or advantages that now or hereafter shall or may belong unto any part or parcell of the premises fully, freely and absolutely acquitted and diseharged from all former and other gifts, grants, bargains, sales, mortgages and incumbranees, whatsoever; and we, the said Warumbee, Darumkin, Wehikermett, Wedon-Domhegon, Neonongassett and Numbanewett, do eovenant and grant to and with the said Riehard Wharton that we have in ourselves good right and full power thus to eonfirm and eonvey the premises and that we are heirs and sueeessors shall and will warrant and defend the said Riehard Wharton his heirs and assigns forever in the peaceable enjoyment of the premises and every part thereof against all and every person or persons that may legally claim and right, title, interest or property in the premises by from or under us the above named Sagamores, or any of our aneestors, provided, nevertheless, that nothing in this deed be construed to deprive us the said Sagamores suecessors or people from improving our Antient planting grounds, nor from hunting in any of said lands being not enelosed; nor from fishing for our own provision so long as no damage shall be to the English fishery; provided also that nothing herein contained shall prejudice any of the English inhabitants or planters being at present actually possessed of any part of the premises and legally deriving right from said Mr. Purchase and or ancestors in witness whereof we the aforenamed Sagamores well understanding the purport thereof do set to our hands and seals of Pejepscot the seventh day of July in the thirty-fifth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King Charles the Second one thousand six hundred eighty-four.

Signed sealed and delivered in the presence of us

John Blaney,
James Andrews,
Henry Waters,
John Parker,
George Felt.

The mark of Warumbee  and a seal.

The mark of Darumkin  and a seal.

The mark of Wehikermett  and a seal.

The mark of Wedon-Domhegon  and a seal.

The mark of Neonongassett  and a seal.

The mark of Numbanewett  and a seal.

That upon the day of the date within written deed the several Sagamores whose names are subscribed thereto and inserted therein did at the fort of Pejepscot deliver quiet and peaceable possession of the premises with livery and seizin to Mr. John Blaney and his wife in their own right as she is administratrix to the estate of Mr. Thomas Purchase deceased and in right of his children also the said Mr. Blaney as attorney to Mr. Eleazer Way did the same day deliver quiet and peaceable possession with livery seizin of the premises to Mr. Richard Wharton the quantity of seven hundred acres of land being excepted according to a former agreement.

Taken upon oath this nineteenth day of July 1684, this was sworn to by JOHN PARKER, before me

EDWARD TYNG, *justice o'peace.*

HENRY WATERS,
JOHN PARKER.

We have been thus particular in inserting this instrument so difficult to understand and imbued with such an endless circumlocution of words for several reasons.

Tradition says that this immense tract of land was purchased by Richard Wharton, as agent for the Littles, for one barrel of rum. Tradition is all we know of the matter, furthermore we wish to give the reader an idea of the tiresome and needless tirade of words used in doing business at that early date. It has been supposed by many, that these six Sagamores got their senses muddled by rum, and the roundabout manner in which their deed was worded, so as to give them a wrong conception of what they were doing.

First Settlers of Bakerstown.

The ancient Bakerstown record informs us that soon after the division of lots and the plan of the township had been perfected, numerous meetings of the proprietors were called, mostly in the town of Newbury, at which money was voted for several uses, but for the alleged purpose of inducing settlers to migrate thither for the purpose of establishing permanent homes. This money was to be raised by a tax of so much *per capita* on each claim, and the money to be expended in the construction of roads, bridges, a saw-mill, and a house for public worship, and still further, to aid in the prosecution of all trespassers. Assessment followed assessment and many of those who held claims were extremely poor, their claim constituting their entire earthly possessions. If the tax was not paid within the limited time ascribed, his claim was advertised to be sold at public vendue to pay the tax. Most of these claims were bid in by Josiah Little or his agents,—Little being a man of means and a sharp calculator, soon had complete control of the whole affair, and owned the larger portion of the entire township.

Most of the original townships laid out by the surveyors, or those appointed for that purpose, were very large, much larger than originally designed, which fraud was very common at that day; as these townships were the most of the grants to certain schools, academies, and colleges, or certain officers and their commands for meritorious conduct, or in reward for services in our struggle with the mother country, so in the case of Bakerstown the grant was for two and one-half miles, but the limits were extended to twelve or fourteen miles square; this was the case with many other towns. Raymond comprises Raymond and Casco; Harrison, and a portion of Naples, once belonged to Otisfield. Oxford was a part of Hebron, while Norway was made up of odds and ends, but making a very fine town after all; but many of these, like the original Bakerstown, were too large for any kind of conveniences in doing town business, the inhabitants of the extreme portions scarcely knowing each other at all, consequently a division was found to be not only practicable but inevitable at an early date. As to the first settler in Bakerstown there seems to be a diversity of opinion. Most people hold the opinion that Nathaniel Bailey was the first, and Daniel second, both settling at what is now known as East Poland during the year 1768, and John Newman in 1769.

Moses Emery was the first to settle in what is now called Minot, and wrote the first records of the town in 1830, being at that time eighty-six years of age, consequently he was born in 1745. He first came from New Gloucester and settled on Poland side of the Little Androscoggin River, at what is now known as Minot Corner. Several Indians lived in that vicinity at that time, named Philip Swanton, Lazarious, Sabatus, Cookish, Perepole, and other Perepoles were said to be the last of the once powerful Androscoggin tribe.*

Moses Emery seems to have been the first settler of note of whom we have any particular account. He migrated to Poland from New Gloucester as we have said before, but of the place of his nativity we have no knowledge. The exact date of his first settlement in Bakerstown is not given, but in all probability it was about 1768 or 69, at the time the others already mentioned came. His strongly-marked and well-defined features and characteristics, proclaim him beyond a doubt to be a descendant of James and Anthony Emery who emigrated from England at an early date. One settled in Berwick, and the other in Kittery. From these two brothers sprang a numerous progeny who are scattered throughout the United States and Canada.

Moses married early in life and reared three children —Moses Junior, Stephen, and Rebecca. Moses Junior was the first male child born in Bakerstown, consequently was entitled to a lot of land which was presented by Josiah Little, the principal proprietor. Moses the elder, built a log house and hovel, and next, by the help of friends in Gloucester, built a saw-mill. As he was

* The *Anasagunticooks* or *Amarascogins*, as they were called, were originally a numerous and powerful tribe, inhabiting the country upon the waters of the Androscoggin, from its source to Merrymeeting Bay, on the west side of the Kennebec to the sea. At Pejepscot or Brunswick Falls, they had their usual encampments or place of resort. This was one of the great trails or passes between the eastern and western tribes, where the savages met in council to plan expeditions against the English.

largely assisted in this by many of those interested in the settlement of the township, he was placed under certain restrictions as to how it should be run, as those who assisted in the erection of it claimed and held certain rights which were secured to them by a bond executed and delivered beforehand.

The Indian families living in that section were peaceably inclined, never giving the least trouble, save now and then the robbing of a trap or begging. Game was very plenty, moose and bears were often seen in open land, and colonies of beavers were established at the inlets of most of the small streams which fed the numerous ponds. Emery soon became an expert hunter and trapper, chasing the moose and deer on snow-shoes sometimes to long distances. Occasionally he got lost among the mountains of Hebron, Buckfield and farther on; but by consulting his pocket compass, he would get his recoverings and always come out right. He is said to have often camped in the open air in winter time, with a few boughs for a bed and no covering but a blanket. On several occasions he awoke to find himself covered by a mantle of snow three inches deep, beneath which he had soundly slept, being both warm and comfortable.

One afternoon he went to the forest to hunt for stray cattle. In jumping over a windfall, he suddenly came upon a monstrous she bear with two half-grown cubs. With a deep and angry growl she charged upon him with great fury. Having no gun or weapon of any description, he retreated in good order, keeping his face toward his savage adversary, as he well knew the turning of his back would be a signal for her clasping him in her large paws and making short work. As a drowning man grasps at a straw, so he in his desperation kept feeling behind him on the ground for a stick or perhaps a pitch-knot to give her battle; but being disappointed in that, and the bear venturing nearer, each moment becoming more fierce, he thought to resort to strategy. To think was to act with him, especially in an emergency, quickly and adroitly removing his big heavy pea-jacket, with an unearthly yell he instantly threw it over her head. With a loud snort of terror she turned a complete somersault and then regaining her feet, fled in an opposite direction, followed by her equally frightened progeny.

The following winter he came near his end from the attack of a wounded moose of gigantic size. The creature had been severely wounded and brought to bay. A large and resolute dog which always accompanied him on such occasions, had seized him by the nose. The moose reared his ponderous head in mid-air, swinging the dog to and fro, vainly endeavoring to rid himself of his troublesome tormentor. At last in his desperation he charged upon Emery with all his fury, dashing the dog against a tree with sufficient force to break his hold. Being now for a moment free, he again dashed upon Emery and beyond a doubt would have trampled him to death beneath his sharp hoofs, had not his partner just in the nick of time sped a bullet through the moose's brain, killing him instantly. Emery would have been able to defend himself but for his gun becoming useless from some cause or other.

A short time after Emery started again on the same errand with no companion except his dog; traveling until near nightfall, he commenced preparations for encamping for the night. A thick, heavy snow-storm had been raging for the entire day, but nothing daunted, he had plodded on determined not to return without some reward for his pains. He heard the sharp crack of a dry limb, followed by a loud snort. Peering through the thick underbrush, he beheld a full-grown bull moose quietly nibbling the moss from a tree. Being side to, he took good aim and fired; the bullet took effect, but not sufficiently to disable or bring him down. Seeing him coming at full speed, the dog met him half way, and as usual fastened to his nose with a grip not easily to be broken. In vain the moose tossed him to and fro, tossing his head and swinging him in mid-air; but the dog still held his grip like that of death. At last when fairly becoming frantic, he lowered his head and springing upon the dog with both forward feet, trampled him until life was extinct; but another shot did the business, and both dog and moose expired together. Emery was deeply grieved for the loss of his dumb companion, which was a finely bred English bull-dog, and a sad loss, which was almost irreparable.

One by one families came to the neighborhood, each receiving a cordial welcome, and all hands held themselves in readiness to lend a hand in giving each newcomer a start.

Not being able at that time to build a bridge across the river, a ferry was established by Emery for the time being, answering every purpose. Being a man of good education, for that day, easy address, kind, benevolent, and public spirited, he was at once looked up to as the Father of the place, and his council sought on all occasions, especially in disputes, of which there were not a few. Without the assistance of early plantation or town records, and more than a hundred years after the

settlement of the town, it is difficult to determine authoritatively many of the questions immediately connected with that event. No diary or journal, so far as we are aware, was kept by the first settlers; and more than fifty years have elapsed since the last of these hardy pioneers have passed away. The story of whence and how they came, their privations and sufferings, has been handed down; but principally in the form of tradition, and while a portion of it may be reliable, it is quite evident much of it is not.

Different persons do not remember the same events in the same way, and while each may be equally honest, and intend to be truthful in their narration of events so long since passed, they are very liable to give entirely different versions. The only written account of the early settlement of Bakerstown within our scope, is from the pen of Moses Emery's son, written in 1830, and at the advanced age of 86 years. From this account, which comes to us second-handed through a small pamphlet compiled by William Ladd, Esq., it appears that Nathaniel Bailey was the first settler. He came to what is now known as the Empire during the year 1768, and John Newman in 1769. The precise date of the settlement of Moses Emery at what is now known as Minot Corner, is not given, but in all probability it happened at about the same date.

A daughter of John Newman was the first child born in Bakerstown; but Moses Emery, Junior, was the first male child, consequently he was entitled to the possession of a lot of land.

Moses Emery, as before stated, settled first on the south side of the Little Androscoggin where he built mills and established a ferry. Here he resided until the year 1772, when he moved across the river to a spot where an old-fashioned two-story dwelling now stands, at the corner of the road leading to the Verrill neighborhood. The ensuing year, 1773, he was followed by Daniel Lane. They were surrounded by several families of Indians who were peaceably disposed, and so far as we can learn, no trouble or misunderstanding of any kind ever arose between them and the whites. They were the last of the Androscoggin tribe and soon passed away.

After this date the inhabitants began to multiply very rapidly. The great forests speedily disappeared, giving place to broad fields covered by luxuriant crops of grain, grass, and Indian corn, which when harvested revealed a mass of blackened and unsightly stumps. Among the new comers were the names of Bray, Willcome, Safford, Hawkes, Buckman, Dwinal, Shaw, Vareal, etc. These family names with slight alterations, have most of them with the family connections, been handed down to the present time, and many of their descendants are now known among the most influential and enterprising inhabitants of Poland, Minot, and Auburn, which at that time constituted the entire township.

It appears from a record of the meetings of the original proprietors held at Newbury, Mass., that in October, 1773 it was voted to build a bridge across the Little Androscoggin River, and the contract was taken by John Rollings, for which he was to receive fifty acres of land and the sum of one hundred and sixty mill dollars, to be built and completed by the last of September, 1774, also a grant of 2,500 acres of land to any person giving a good and sufficient bond to settle on said land and clear up or caused to be cleared, fifty acres of land suitable for cultivation each year, for four years, and settle ten families within four years. Three in two years and four families in three years, and three families in four years. It seems from this record that no pains or scheme was left untried to facilitate the rapid settlement of the town.

In 1774, Chandler Freeman's family moved to Bakerstown, together with his father, Joseph Freeman and wife. The number of families had now increased to nearly seventy. Joseph Freeman here set up the public worship of God in his son's house; sermons were read with prayers and singing, conducted chiefly by himself. These meetings were generally well attended, many coming from the northerly parts now known as Centre and West Minot.

In the spring of 1775, a remarkable freshet occurred; nothing like it having since been known. The Little Androscoggin rose eight feet, and was three feet deep on the island near the mills. The river overflowed its banks in many places, but no very serious damage was done, except the carrying away of timber and log fences.

The following year, 1776, Samuel Pool came to Bakerstown, and the religious community was made glad by the visits of the Rev. Mr. Gilman of North Yarmouth, Rev. Mr. Foxcroft of New Gloucester, and Williams of Falmouth, who preached occasionally throughout the season. In 1791 occurred the first revival of religion under the labors of Rev. Wait Cornwall, a missionary from Connecticut. His labors were highly appreciated, and the people contributed liberally for his support. September 8th, of the same year, the first Congrega-

tional church was organized, consisting of thirty-nine members. The council met at the house of Jonathan Bradford and consisted of the following members:—

CHURCHES.	PASTORS.	DELEGATES.
New Gloucester,	Samuel Foxeroft,	Peleg Chandler.
North Yarmouth,	No Pastor,	Dea. John Southworth.
Freeport,	Alfred Johnson,	No Delegate.
Missionary,	Wait Cornwall,	No Delegate.

November 30th the first church meeting was held at the house of Chandler Freeman and the following officers chosen:—

Joseph Freeman and Moses Bradbury deacons.

Noah Hersey leader in the worship of singing.

Voted to read the hymn selected line by line in the forenoon, otherwise in the afternoon.*

This form of worship was in common practice in all church worship at that day, for the reason that the import and meaning of the words were made more comprehensive, and better understood.

This year, 1791, was afterward known as the grasshopper year, most of the crops were entirely destroyed. Corn and potatoes were eaten to the ground. Often in migration from place to place they flew high in the air, forming immense clouds so as to, for the moment, fairly darken the sun. Houses were completely overrun by them so as to make it hardly possible to cook food without its being polluted by their visits. This calamity caused great distress among the settlers, as nothing could be saved for winter use. Transportation was hard and difficult, and money very scarce. The crop of hay was secured however before these scourges had matured, so their cattle could be kept throughout the winter, but were obliged to flee to the woods during the autumn as the fall feed of grass was entirely devoured.

May 12, 1792, Deacon Joseph Freeman† died, aged 65 years, and his son, Chandler Freeman, was chosen and ordained deacon in his place; but there is no record of the date of his election.

In 1793, the Rev. Jonathan Scott, a native of Middlebury, Mass., who had been ordained pastor over a Congregational Church in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, becoming dissatisfied with his situation, came to Bakerstown by request of the church. He preached among them for a time and returned to Nova Scotia. The following year, 1794, he visited them again in September.

In June before, the first Congregational meeting-house was built near Reuben Chandler's. October 12th, Mr. Scott gave the people a promise in writing that he would return and settle among them, after which he departed for Nova Scotia. He was to receive $3 for each Sabbath's preaching, and nothing for traveling expenses.

Mr. Scott arrived May 1, 1795, accompanied by Dr. Jesse Rice. About that time Caroline, widow of Deacon Joseph Freeman, died.

Sometime during this season the first Methodist Church was formed, of which Joel Ketchum was pastor.

At a parish meeting called April 18, 1796, ninety-eight persons agreed by covenant to extend a call to the Rev. Mr. Scott to settle permanently among them, at the same time pledging themselves to his support.

May 28th, Mr. Scott accepted the call and was to receive a yearly salary of £65 lawful money, and the land awarded to the first settled minister, which land he never received, though actually entitled to it by vote of the original proprietors. In his acceptance he said: "But know for certainty that I shall never enter any law process against you as a society, or any individual of you, on the strength of the bond contained in that covenant; and I do put it out of the power of my heirs, administrators, or assigns to do so while I live, or after my decease."

July 27th, Mr. Scott was duly installed pastor of the first Congregational church in Bakerstown, by a council consisting of Reverends Samuel Eaton of Harpswell, Tristrum Gilman of North Yarmouth, and Alfred Johnson of Freeport.

About this time James Dunham and Job Cushman, members of the first Congregational church, left the church, joined the Baptists, and the latter began to preach.

Up to this time a plantation organization was maintained beyond a doubt; still no record of the same is to be found. We are utterly unable to state facts further than what is already written, and these are gathered from the source already mentioned, and what little the author has been able to glean from the older and most intelligent persons now living. It is evident from the geographical situation of this plantation, which must have been the largest in area ever laid out in the State, that up to this time but a very small portion of the town-

* That is the deacon reads a line, the choir responds by singing, then another line is read and so on throughout the hymn.

† Deacon Freeman is said to have been a man of marked ability and true moral worth. His death was a sad calamity to the little borough in which his loss was for a long time keenly felt.

REV HUBBARD CHANDLER

ship had or could have a voice in town affairs, owing to their great distance from the place of meeting, which accounts for its early division which took place so soon after its incorporation as a town.

Moses Emery, senior, was about this time chosen to represent the plantation at the general court of Massachusetts, for the purpose of presenting a petition for incorporation as a town, which petition was granted and the town incorporated under the name of Poland. This name has given rise to much speculation as to its origin. Some supposed it to have been from the old Indian Chief Poland, killed by the scout Manchester; others believe it to be named from an ancient kingdom of Europe, but the final truth is, it was named for an ancient melody by the name of Poland, found in most of the collections of ancient psalmody, for which Moses Emery had conceived a peculiar liking, and being at his own request awarded the privilege of naming the newly incorporated town, chose that of his favorite tune.

Though there are but few signs of glacial action in Poland, still large boulders are found on some of the highest hills resting on solid ledges, bearing evidences of having been brought in the iceberg from the far frozen north, or dragged from the mountain summits by these stupendous crystalline islands, which in solemn procession annually passed out from the frigid north, many centuries, and we might say with propriety, ages ago.

The soil of Poland, though in some places stony and hard to work, is very strong, and when once subdued is exceedingly productive. Farming has been the principal employment of the inhabitants, and will no doubt continue to be so for a long time to come. As a rule, those who have given their undivided attention to farming have never failed of acquiring a competency, while there have been many failures to acquire this by those who have in part or wholly given their attention to other pursuits.

The manner of conducting farm affairs, and the tilling of the soil, has materially changed within the past few years. The great improvement in machinery and agricultural implements, the facilities for transportation, and the rapid increase of manufactories, have in a great measure brought this about. The farmer who persists in following the ruts of his grandfather will find himself far behind in the struggle for success. The improvements in stock breeding, too, have much to do with the matter, and the farmer who, to avoid an outlay of a few dollars, settles down to the breeding from scrub stock will find he has made a poor investment from which he can hope for a small income.

The early settlers often encountered bears, wolves, and occasionally an American panther, but of the latter but one specimen has been seen within the memory of any person now living, and that was killed by three boys in the town of Sebago, near the shore of the lake, nearly fifty years ago.

The beaver, otter, sable, and other fur animals were found in abundance on the margin of the ponds and rivers. Moose and deer once occupied the forests, sunned themselves in the open glades, and slacked their thirst from the sparkling streams. But this was in the long by-gone years, and so far as this town is concerned, these animals have long since been extinct.

It is supposed beyond a doubt that the Indians had regular camping grounds in the west part of the town, and often visited Tripp and Thompson ponds, from the fact that various stone implements have been found on the shores, such as axes, chisels, arrow-heads and gouges.

John Fernald, one of the first settlers at the foot of Megquier Hill, while digging his cellar, excavated the body of a full-grown Indian, encased in a coffin of birch bark, and placed in a sitting posture, facing the rising sun. Another Indian burying-ground has been discovered on the westerly slope of Johnson Hill, on the farm of I. F. Welch, some of the mounds being still visible.

But the savage red-man, the huge moose, the timid deer, the treacherous panther, and the gaunt and ravenous wolf, have abandoned this region forever, and in place of the shrill war-whoop of the Indian, the scream of the panther, the dismal howl of the wolf, are heard the busy hum of industry, the bleating of flocks, the lowing of cattle, and the voices of civilized men.

The original forest growth of Poland is quite mixed. The hills and highlands were covered by a heavy growth of sugar maple, soft maple, yellow and white birch, beech, horn-beam bass, or the American linden, while along the streams and throughout the plains was formed a gigantic growth of hard pitch and white pines.

The wild flowers that blossom here are such as flourish in other towns in the county, and need not be enumerated. They are great in extent and variety, and the study of them in their season is both interesting and profitable. Trees, shrubs, and plants grow luxuriantly in deep rich soil, and the land that has been denuded of its present growth, if left to itself, is soon covered again, though not often with the same kind as the original.

CHAPTER V.

POLAND.

SITUATION—GEOLOGICAL FORMATION—SOIL—OCCUPATION—RESOURCES—DIVISION OF THE TOWN—POLAND CORNER—ASSOCIATIONS AND INDUSTRIES.

VIEW ON RICKER HILL, POLAND, 1797.

AFTER the incorporation of Poland, the large area of territory and the scattered situation of its inhabitants soon made it apparent that a division of the town would be practicable, owing to the difficulty in meeting for town business. The two extremes of the town being some fourteen miles apart, the inhabitants were utter strangers. Three years after, in 1802, all the territory lying east of the Little Androscoggin River was set off from Poland and incorporated under the name of Minot.

Situation.

The town of Poland is situated in the western part of Androscoggin County, ten miles from Lewiston, and thirty-six from Portland, on the line of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

The surface of the eastern division is rather level or gently undulating; while in the western part is a pleasing variety of hill, vale, and lake scenery, which for rural beauty and grandeur can hardly be surpassed in this section of the State. Through the center passes a strip of sandy plain, varying from a few rods to three miles in breadth, which was once covered by a heavy growth of timber, but since its removal is now covered by stinted and scrubby pines, with an undergrowth of scrub oak and birch. This plain extends from far into Oxford County to the town of Cumberland, a distance of more than fifty miles.

There is but one hill of any considerable height. They rise by gentle slopes, consisting generally of solid rock, with a varied depth of soil, formed chiefly by the disintegration of the rock.

Geological Formation.

Ledges occasionally crop out on the hillsides, showing a coarse granite structure, and within some localities a predominance of feldspar, many of the smaller stones being felspathic. In some localities mica is found. Pure quartz is rarely found, and crystallized, never. There are some specimens of argillaceous rock, but the great mass, as shown by the ledges, is granite. In one or two places appear to be deposits of the glacial epoch, but nothing further.

Soil.

The soil of the low-lands and valleys is of alluvial deposit; the top soil consisting largely of vegetable

debris, with a substratum of sand, while the uplands are of a gravelly loam. But little or no waste land is found; the hills being capable of cultivation to their very summits.

Poland is principally an agricultural town, the soil being admirably adapted to the producing of all kinds of agricultural products common to this latitude in the New England States; likewise orcharding is carried on by most of the farmers, but not as a specialty.

Occupation.

Dairying is carried on to a large extent especially on the line of the railway. Many farmers are now making it a specialty, and as we learn, with good success. The improvement of all kinds of farm stock has of late received close attention, especially that of horses and dairy cows, from which they derive their chief profit.

Resources.

The town is well supplied with ponds, but has no reliable water privilege except on the Little Androscoggin at Page's Mills, Mechanic Falls, Hackett's Mills, and Minot Corner. The one at Poland Corner being now owned by the Poland Paper Company, and kept as a reservoir. In the south part of the town lie three beautiful sheets of water known as the Range Ponds, or, as they are commonly called, "Rang." These ponds and the surroundings form a panorama of rural beauty excelled by few places in New England. The enterprising inhabitants of the surrounding hillsides, have, within the last few years, spared no pains or expense in improving and ornamenting their buildings and farms, making this vicinity one of the most desirable resorts for pleasure-seekers, and the summer tourist in the State.

VIEW ON MIDDLE RANGE, SHOWING POLAND SPRING HOUSE IN DISTANCE.

In the westerly portion we find the Thompson and Tripp Ponds; the Thompson Pond is a large body of water some eight miles in length by two in breadth, and lying partly in four towns and three counties. It is well stocked with fish of various kinds, and is a favorite resort of sportsmen during a good part of the season. It is interspersed with several islands, on two of which houses have been built; one for the accommodation of fishermen, and the other as a private summer resort. The waters of this pond are of great depth, several places in which have never been sounded.

The Tripp Pond took its name from one Richard Tripp who first settled near its southern extremity. It is a most beautiful sheet of water of no great depth, surrounded by fine and highly cultivated farms, and void of bold and rugged shores. Near the western terminus of this pond is a large meadow, between which and the shore is a huge embankment nearly a mile in length, and some ten to twelve feet in breadth, with an average height of some six feet. No skilled engineer could construct anything with more accuracy or evidence of artistic skill. No person has the least positive knowledge of its origin or purpose, but it is supposed to be the work of beavers. It must have existed for ages, as the remains of gigantic trees which have grown on its summit, and long since gone to decay, are still plainly visible.

Town Division.

The town of Poland, though comprising but half the original grant, is still the largest in the county. The several grand divisions of the town may be designated as East, West, and South Poland, Mechanic Falls, and the Centre, or Poland Corner. These are sub-divided into districts or boroughs, known by some nickname, or into hills of note, named after some early settler or prominent person or persons who have resided there. East Poland is known as the Empire, Hardscrabble, Minot Corner, Hackett's Mills, Bailey Hill, and Harris Hill; South Poland as Ricker Hill, Shaker Hill, the Range, and a portion of a borough long known as Beeftown; West Poland comprises Megquier Hill, Johnson Hill, Allen's Hill, Black Cat Hill, Herrick Valley, and the Ridge or Promised Land; while the Centre may be said to comprise a portion of Pigeon Hill, White Oak Hill, and Poland Corner. Another borough once existed known as Rabbit Valley, but deaths and removals have entirely depopulated the place.

POLAND'S SELECTMEN AND REPRESENTATIVES.

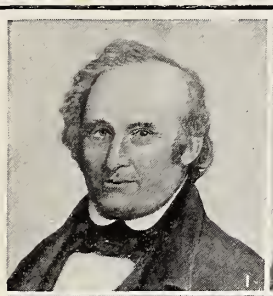
Previous to 1824, the town records were kept in a chest in the loft of the town house, or at the private residence of the chairman or one of the selectmen, in an unbound volume, and were totally destroyed by some idle boys; consequently no authentic record can be given back of that date, but we give the names of selectmen and representatives from 1824 to the present time:

	Selectmen.	Representatives.
1824	John Cousens James Twitchell Wentworth Ricker	Col. Wm. Dunn
1825	Josiah Jordan Daniel Waterman, Jr. Wm. Stevens.	Col. Wm. Dunn
1826	Wm. Stevens John H. Bartlett Jabez True, Jr.	Jabez True, Jr.
1827	John H. Bartlett David Harris Nathaniel Dunn	Jabez True, Jr.
1828	John H. Bartlett David Harris Nathaniel Dunn	Jabez True, Jr.
1829	John H. Bartlett Daniel Waterman, Jr. Wm. Dunn	Daniel Waterman, Jr.
1830	Daniel Waterman, Jr. Reuben B. Dunn Benjamin Waterhouse	Reuben B. Dunn
1831	Reuben B. Dunn Benjamin Waterhouse Daniel Herring	Reuben B. Dunn
1832	Benjamin Waterhouse Zenas Lane Moses Snell	Benjamin Waterhouse
1833	Benjamin Waterhouse Zenas Lane Moses Snell	Benjamin Waterhouse
1834	Zenas Lane Joseph Freeman Jediah Pratt	Wm. Maxwell
1835	Benjamin Waterhouse Daniel Waterman, Jr. Wm. Maxwell, Jr.	Wm. Maxwell
1836	Daniel Waterman, Jr. Wm. Maxwell, Jr. Stephen M. Marble	Stephen M. Marble
1837	Stephen M. Marble Joseph Freeman Wm. Stanton	Stephen M. Marble
1838	Stephen M. Marble Wm. Stanton David Dunn	John Megquier
1839	Benjamin Waterhouse Eliphalet Davis Joseph H. Snell	John Megquier
1840	Benjamin Waterhouse Eliphalet Davis Joseph H. Snell	David Dunn
1841	Benjamin Waterhouse Eliphalet Davis Joseph H. Snell	David Dunn
1842	Benjamin Waterhouse Eliphalet Davis Joseph H. Snell	David Dunn
1843	Benjamin Waterhouse Samuel Cousens John Megquier	David Dunn
1844	Benjamin Waterhouse John Megquier Samuel Cousens	Eliphalet Davis
1845	Benjamin Waterhouse Joseph H Snell Samuel Cousens	Freeland Marble
1846	Joseph H. Snell Robert Martin Wm. Dunn	Freeland Marble
1847	Joseph H. Snell Robert Martin Samuel Cousens	David Dunn
1848	Robert Martin Samuel Cousens Rufus Haskell	Robert Martin
1849	Robert Martin Stephen M. Marble Daniel W. True	Robert Martin
1850	Daniel W True Wm. Cousens James S. Gerry	David Dunn
1851	Daniel W. True Wm. Cousens James S. Gerry	Daniel Waterman, Jr.
1852	Daniel W. True George Bridgham, Jr. Benjamin Waterhouse	Daniel Waterman, Jr.
1853	George Bridgham, Jr. Benjamin Waterhouse Whitney Frank	George Bridgham, Jr.
1854	George Bridgham, Jr. Benjamin Waterhouse Whitney Frank	Wm. Stanton

1824
1891

POLAND'S REPRESENTATIVES

TO THE LEGISLATURE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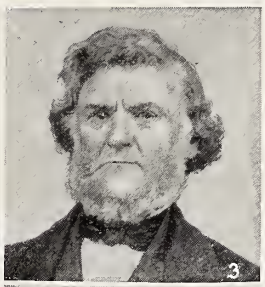
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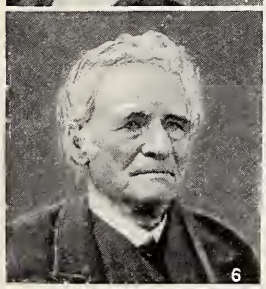
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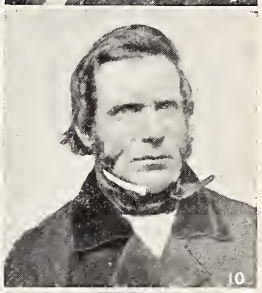
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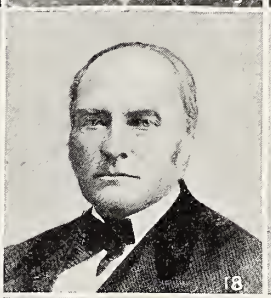
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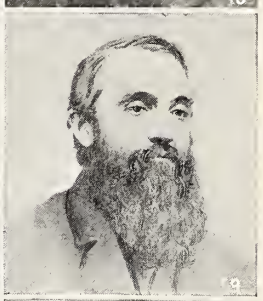
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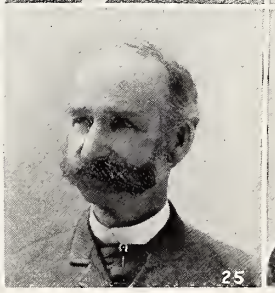
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	Selectmen.	Representatives.
1855	Thomas Lane James H. Fernald Wm. A. Tobie	Wm. Stanton
1856	Thomas Lane James H. Fernald Wm. A. Tobie	Thomas Lane
1857	Thomas Lane James H. Fernald Lewis Perkins	Thomas Lane
1858	Benjamin Waterhouse John M. Allen E. W. Fyler	Charles F. Jordan
1859	Thomas Lane Wm. Cousens Luther Perkins	Charles F. Jordan
1860	Thomas Lane Luther Perkins Wm. A. Tobie	Wm. Cousens
1861	Thomas Lane Luther Perkins Wm. A. Tobie	H. G. O. Haskell
1862	Benjamin Waterhouse Wm. A. Tobie A. J. Weston	H. G. O. Haskell
1863	Luther D. Cobb Wm. A. Tobie A. J. Weston	From Wales
1864	Luther D. Cobb Isaiah Wentworth A. J. Weston	Adna C. Denison
1865	John R. Pulsifer Thomas Lane A. J. Weston	John R. Pulsifer
1866	Thomas Lane A. J. Weston James S. Gerry	John R. Pulsifer
1867	A. J. Weston Joseph McDonald W. W. Waterman	From Wales
1868	A. J. Weston J. S. Gerry J. C. Davis	A. J. Weston
1869	A. J. Weston J. S. Gerry J. C. Davis	A. J. Weston
1870	John R. Pulsifer Simon Libby Peter R. Tileston	Luther Perkins
1871	John R. Pulsifer Simon Libby Peter R. Tileston	Luther Perkins
1872	John R. Pulsifer Simon Libby W. W. Waterman	Wm. H. Rounds
1873	A. J. Weston Luther D. Cobb Jabez T. Waterman	Adna T. Denison
1874	A. J. Weston Luther D. Cobb Jabez T. Waterman	Adna T. Denison
1875	A. J. Weston Luther D. Cobb Jabez T. Waterman	C. H. Dwinal of Minot
1876	A. J. Weston Luther D. Cobb Jesse B. Stanton	Jesse M. Libby
1877	Thomas Lane John R. Pulsifer V. P. Waterhouse	Gideon Bearce of Minot
1878	Thomas Lane V. P. Waterhouse Charles L. Hackett	D. B. Perry
1879	V. P. Waterhouse Charles L. Hackett Orrin S. Keen	Gideon Bearce of Minot
1880	V. P. Waterhouse Orrin S. Keen Alfred G. Thurlow	Thomas B. Swan succeeded by D. B. Perry, March 1881
1881	V. P. Waterhouse Orrin S. Keen A. G. Thurlow	No election in September
1882	A. J. Weston L. D. Cobb Leonard C. Herrick	John S. Briggs
1883	V. P. Waterhouse L. C. Herrick James H. Stanton	Biennial
1884	V. P. Waterhouse Wm. M. Megquier S. L. Littlefield	Benjamin H. Noble
1885	L. C. Herrick A. E. True James D. Downing	Biennial
1886	A. E. True O. S. Keen James I. Chipman	Charles N. Burns
1887	V. P. Waterhouse James I. Chipman Charles E. Stevens	District System abolished
1888	James I. Chipman S. I. Jewett Francis Storer	From Wales
1889	James I. Chipman S. I. Jewett John G. Davis	Biennial
1890	James I. Chipman J. Gilman Davis E. W. Jordan	W. W. Denning

It seems to have been the custom in the early days of Maine, to call all small villages "The Corner." Consequently the little village right in the heart or center of Poland was called Jordan's Corner until Uncle Sam gave them a post-office which must have a name. This being the largest village in town, the post-office was named Poland and by degrees it changed from Jordan's Corner and has been called for many years Poland Corner. The term Poland Corner will be used in this work in order that a clear distinction may be made between this village and the town.

J. S. BRIGGS'S RESIDENCE, POLAND.

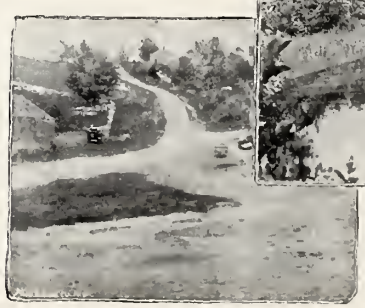
The first house built at the Corner was by James Hackett who came from Minot, and for some years kept a hotel and store. He was succeeded by Josiah Jordan, and he by Simeon Lane. Mr. Lane sold to James Dunn, who moved from Bailey Hill. Mr. Dunn was succeeded by Mr. Edgecomb, and sold to George Bridgham who ran a hotel successfully for many years, until the railroad carried the travel in another direction.

Another hotel was built by Dennis Hayes who sold to S. M. Marble, and he to Josiah Jordan. Mr. Jordan ran this house on strictly temperance principles.

Hotel keeping was a great business in those early days; this being the great thoroughfare by which a large portion of Oxford County, Upper New Hampshire, Vermont, and even the lower border of Canada passed to and from Portland, which was then the most available market. Long lines of teams were seen at all hours of the day, passing to and fro; many now living will recollect these rollicking, jolly fellows, who were ever ready for a good time, as they called it, which at this day would be denominated nothing more nor less than a riot. After getting elated on liquor, they would often get uproarious and smash furniture and glass to their hearts' content, to say nothing of heads and noses; the good-natured landlord, meantime, offering no objection. When morning came the bill, damages and all, was presented, and was cheerfully paid in full, the landlord and guests parting on the best of terms.

William Cousens was one of the early traders, and was joined in company by Thomas Lane in 1847. For many years they continued in trade, also carrying on the manufacture of potash and barrels, employing a large number of hands. Jefferson Dunbar, R. B. Dunn, Freeland Marble, James Dunn, and several others ran stores here, but to what date or extent we are unable to state. The first mill was built on the outlet of Range Pond by Captain Geo. Waterhouse, in 1792, long before any settlement at the

WATERHOUSE BROOK.



VIEW OF WHITE OAK HILL.

Corner. Captain Waterhouse was an emigrant from New Hampshire, and a soldier of the Revolution, where he rendered long and efficient service. He also built a large house for the accommodation of travelers, as the main road then passed that place; he also ran a blacksmith shop. The house stood on the spot well-known as the Isaac Barton place. Captain Waterhouse was followed by Samuel Lane and Deacon Brown who settled on the elevation now known as Waterhouse Hill. It seems that Mr. Waterhouse had a partner named Waldron, who fell into mishaps and failed for a large amount, for payment of which Mr. Waterhouse was bound. As good luck would have it, previous to this, he had deeded the mill to his son Timothy, and for non-payment of his partner's debts, was thrown into prison, where he remained for a long time. No hand would release him, and disclosures were then unknown. This state of affairs is looked upon at this day as a relic of barbarism.

The mill was sold to Robert Waterman, and soon after carried away in a freshet; Robert being in the mill at the time, was carried through the flume and severely injured, rendering him a cripple for life. Robert sold the mill to Jacob Rowe who owned it until it became nearly useless. The grist-mill was built by the land proprietor, Little, and afterward sold to Isaac Barton.

In 1874 this privilege was sold to A. C. Denison & Co., and the grist-mill was shut down. Soon after, the last vestige of the mill disappeared, and the water was held in reserve for use at Mechanic Falls.

In the year 1870, a steam-mill was built by John S. Briggs. It was built for a stave-mill, and large quantities of shook were manufactured here, the farmers in this vicinity receiving five dollars per cord for the oak bolts. In 1875 Mr. Briggs made an addition and put in a board, saw and shingle-mill, also a clapboard-mill and planer. Two years later he put in a grist-mill, grinding wheat and all kinds of grain. Nearly all the lumber sawn in this mill has been used in building and repairing buildings in the town of Poland.

In 1884 Mr. Briggs made further additions to his mill to make room for the butter factory, for which he furnishes steam and power. In 1888 he made further improvements by putting in a threshing machine. Besides the mill business Mr. Briggs has one of the largest agricultural warehouses in Androscoggin County.

The town house was built in 1844, previous to which, town meetings were held in the schoolhouse, after the destruction of the old meeting-house on the plains.

The marked improvement in the appearance of this village for the past few years, speaks well of the thrift and industry of its inhabitants.

The first officers of Poland were Thomas Bailey and William Harris, selectmen; John T. Merrill, clerk.

Josiah Jordan moved to Poland Corner in 1814, and opened a hotel, it being the third in that locality.

Immense quantities of lumber and country produce passed over this road previous to the completion of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

In 1830 Mr. Jordan opened a temperance hotel, which he ran until 1844, when he closed his house owing to the falling off in travel, which made it unprofitable. Some years after he moved to Lewiston. The only old-timers now living are Benjamin Waterhouse, aged 89, Thomas Lane, aged 85, and Jonathan Lane, aged 83.

Potash Factory.

The potash factory is said to have been built at Poland Corner about the year 1825, by George and Daniel Lovering. It was built on the left-hand side of the road from the post-office to the outlet of the pond, at the first turn of the road. It was a two-story building on one side, and one-story on the other side.

Potash was made by leaching ashes and boiling down the lye. It found a ready sale in Portland. The last was made by Stephen Marble, about the year 1842.

Speaking of potash calls to mind a feat performed by Greenleaf Woodman, who was lifting on a wager with another man. They went into the store and each lifted with ease a barrel of pork, and set it upon the counter. There being nothing in the store which they could not lift, they repaired to the potash factory, where four hundred pounds of potash was weighed into a barrel, headed up, rolled out on the ground by the side of a double wagon, and they were invited to put it in. Mr. Woodman took it up with apparent ease and set it in the wagon. The other man tried, but could not clear it from the ground. So Mr. Woodman took the ten dollars, treated all hands, and went home the stoutest man in Poland.

Poland Creamery.

The Poland Dairy Association was organized in 1884.

This factory is carried on upon what is called the cream gathering plan: that is, each patron sets his milk at home in tin cans, about twenty inches deep and about eight inches in diameter, these cans are placed in a large tank of water kept cold by ice.

The water is kept at a temperature of from forty to forty-five degrees. The cans are supplied with a glass panel, and the cream gatherer measures the cream by

inches, two inches of standard cream making one pound of butter.

The cream will all rise in twenty-four hours. It is gathered and carried to the factory every day, where it is "ripened" and churned, after which it is worked (without breaking the grain) and printed in the finest style known to the art. It is put up in forty pound cases, and immediately shipped to its destination.

The Poland Spring House uses Poland butter exclusively. It is used in many other of Maine's popular hotels. Many of the guests of the Poland Spring House, enjoying the nice sweet flavor of the Poland butter, on their return home send orders to the Poland Factory for a weekly supply. A large amount of this butter is used in Portland and Boston, and it has always found a ready sale at a good price. The average out-put of the factory is about three hundred pounds per day.

The farmers receive about twenty cents per pound, paid every month.

Lodges.

A division of the Independent Order of Good Templars was organized in this village, February 22, 1887, with twenty-one charter members. The first officers were D. A. Davis W. C. T., Miss Emma Kimball W. V. T., Everett Haggett M., Miss M. L. Kimball W. S., J. S. Briggs, Jr. W. A. S., Georgiana Mills C., Edwin Leach O. G. The present number is about fifty. The order is in flourishing condition, and has lately purchased a fine organ.

A division of the Pilgrim Fathers was organized March 13, 1884, with twenty-seven charter members.

Political.

The politics of Poland up to the year 1851 and 52 were strongly Democratic, insomuch that the Democratic party was often divided among themselves, putting two candidates into the field, one of which was sure of an election, as the Whig party was so far in the minority as not to stand an even chance. What Whigs there were in town were men of some influence and ability. Josiah Jordan was a standing candidate for representative for many years, but as he stood no chance of an election, of course no great effort was put forth.

It is said that certain families in town who were closely allied by marriage connections, held the balance of power between the two wings of the Democratic party. Being numerous and under the patriarchal government, in a manner, of their family head or file leader, the candidate who gained the good-will of this family patriarch in season was sure of an election, as the illustrious head would carry all his subjects with him. In 1852 and 53 the new issues of the Temperance and Anti-slavery question completely broke the party lines, when the Whig party was swallowed up in the new issues, making a decided majority in favor of fusion and against the Democracy. Since the formation of the Republican party, in 1856, the town has generally been Republican by a small majority, except in a few instances.

Poland Votes for President.

1832—Jackson, Democrat..... 249 Clay, Whig..... 82
Gen. Jackson was elected.

1836—Van Buren, Democrat..... 249 Harrison, Whig..... 61
Martin Van Buren was elected.

1840—Van Buren, Democrat..... 360 Harrison, Whig..... 169
William Henry Harrison was elected.

1844—Polk, Democrat..... 355 Clay, Whig..... 90
James K. Polk was elected.

1848—Cass, Democrat..... 289 Taylor, Whig..... 71
Gen. Zachary Taylor was elected.

1852—Pierce, Democrat..... 281 Winfield Scott, Whig..... 61
Franklin Pierce was elected.

1856—Buchanan, Democrat..... 191 Fremont, Republican..... 308
James Buchanan was elected.

1860—Lincoln, Republican..... 312 Douglass, Democrat..... 186
Abraham Lincoln was elected.

1864—Lincoln, Republican..... 287 McClellan, Democrat..... 231
Abraham Lincoln was elected.

1868—Grant, Republican..... 312 Seymour, Democrat..... 131
Ulysses S. Grant was elected.

1872—Grant, Republican..... 305 Hendricks, Democrat..... 207
Ulysses S. Grant was elected.

1876—Hayes, Republican..... 285 Tilden, Democrat..... 233
Rutherford B. Hayes was elected.

1880—Garfield, Republican..... 307 Hancock, Democrat..... 328
James A. Garfield was elected.

1884—Blaine, Republican..... 286 Cleveland, Democrat..... 241
Grover Cleveland was elected.

1888—Cleveland, Democrat..... 238 Harrison, Republican..... 307
Benjamin Harrison was elected.

The first collegiate in Poland was Thomas Bailey, Jr.

The first lawyer in Poland was Augustus Haines, who came in 1830. Mr. Haines removed to Saco in 1834, and was succeeded by David Dunn, who still resides in Poland.

Jabez C. Woodman came from Gloucester, stayed a few years, and moved to Minot Corner, where he continued practice until about 1845, when he moved to Portland.

YE SKETCH OF YE ANCIENT MEETIN'.

A wide, old, spireless church once stood
Beside a village green;
Before it stretched the dusty road,
The houses white between.

Behind, the gleaming marble spires
Marked where, in peace, at last,
So many weary souls aside
Their heavy cross had cast.

Within, the high, unc ushioned pews,
That held one stiffly straight;
To me they seemed a foretaste of
The purgatorial state.

I see the preacher rise to pray,
Beseeching Heaven's grace,
First for the world at large, and then
Each separate soul and place.

He then began, with easy grace
To cast some savory grain
Of salt, before his waiting flock;
Attention close to gain.

If we, like our first parents, stray
Wide from the path of duty,
And, by our wayward folly mar
Life's rounded lines of beauty,

Must find, like them, where might have been
The flowers of Eden growing,
The same wild weeds and thistles rank,
Our chosen paths are strewing.

He showed a straight and narrow path
That upward led to Zion;
But barred it with his ponderous creed
As with a gate of iron.

Who could not draw its massive bolt,
Or scale its lofty paling,
Was crushed beneath the Juggernaut
And doomed to endless wailing.

But, gazing from the windows wide,
On waving fields and meadows,
We heard the happy songs of birds,
And watched the changing shadows;

And wondered why our Father wise,
Who knew from the beginning
That sin would tempt our feet astray
Was wroth with helpless sinning.

Till, lost in speculative doubt,
We wished with weary sighing,
Like meaner creatures, haply dumb,
Our fate might end in dying.

At length, roused by his earnest tones
In final admonition;
We turned to hear the closing hymn
And welcome benediction.

Still stands that ancient, spireless church
Unchanged in all its features,
There milder, briefer creeds are taught;
But not by worthier teachers.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, POLAND CORNER.

On the Plains, near the Middle Range Pond, when 1800 was young, there stood a church, erected by subscriptions from the inhabitants of Poland. It was for the accommodation of all the so-called evangelical sects. Remains of the ancient cemetery may still be seen there. It would seem that the good old Congregational fathers worshipping there desired a church home of their own, and took the following steps to secure one:—

November 1, 1825, a council, composed of Congregational ministers and delegates, assembled at a schoolhouse at the "Rang" to form a Congregational church. Rev. E. Payson, D. D., of Portland, Rev. Percy Chapin of Pownal, Rev. Elijah Jones of Minot, Rev. Elisha Mosely of New Gloucester, Rev. J. G. Merrill of Otisfield, with delegates from those places and from Raymond, were present. After the reading of the Confession of Faith and other papers, the following persons were examined and organized as a church, viz: Geo. Waterhouse, Jabez Ricker, Daniel Waterman, Zenas Cobb, Mary Ricker, Elizabeth Bailey, Dorcas Cobb, Abagail Waterman, Elizabeth Lane, and Hannah Allen. Public services were holden in the afternoon, at the town house at Jordan's Corner (now Poland Corner). In the church on the Plains, the little body of Congregationalists first worshipped. Their first moderator was Zenas

Cobb. The Lord's Supper was first administered November 9, 1825, by Rev. E. Jones. Twenty-five persons were admitted to the church the first year.

July, 1826, James P. Richardson received a call "to settle over them in the gospel ministry." He was ordained after examination, on August 16, 1826. During the first six months thirty-five persons were received into the church on confession of their faith, nearly all being heads of families. Among them were Moses Harris, Daniel Harris, Levi Bailey, Ephraim Harris, Edward Ross, Daniel Pierce, John Cousens, John Nevens, and Jacob Rowe. In May, 1827, Daniel Waterman and Levi Bailey were chosen first deacons of the church.

May 30, 1827, the new meeting-house situated at Poland Corner, "was solemnly dedicated to the service of God." Sermon by the pastor. Rev. Messrs. Greely, Stowe, Jones, Peckham, and Long assisted. This day was a "red-letter day" in Poland. "The people assembled in the old town-house (then standing on the road leading from Poland Corner to Harris Hill), and marched in procession, under the marshaling of Daniel Waterman, and to the music of a violin flute, to the new meeting-house at Jordan's Corner. Here the procession halted, and opening its ranks, allowed the new minister to pass into the house."

The years 1830–31 were memorable for a revival, followed by the addition of many to the church; also for the loss of many members by death. September 14, 1833, Rev. J. P. Richardson resigned. Rev. Charles R. Fisk next received a call from this church, with a salary of $350 "for his support." Mr. Fisk was installed pastor on May 27, 1834, Rev. John Gillet of Hallowell presiding. He remained a year. Mr. Thomas Williams was next pastor. Salary $400 per annum. He was installed October 13, 1835.

May, 1837, Dr. Eleazer Burbank and Daniel Pierce were chosen deacons. 1839 was blessed by a "gracious revival," of which Mr. Williams writes: "The result was very happy in removing sectional prejudices, and in drawing more closely the bonds of brotherly love. It did good to the church in particular by reclaiming a number of backsliders, settling some difficulties of long standing, and in promoting spirituality and individual responsibility." In the year 1840 a branch church was organized at Mechanic Falls.

Mr. Emrich writes: "At this time, through the perseverance of John Cousens, Edward Little of Auburn gave to the first Congregational church of Poland a piece of land which was sold for $1,000, the interest of which was to be appropriated for the support of the Congregational parish in the town of Poland. The wise foresight of the fathers has helped their children in perpetuating the institutions of a Congregational society."

Mr. Williams continued pastor here until the day of his death. In 1847 Rev. Stephen Gould became pastor of this church, and remained until the day of his death. Mr. Gould was greatly loved and respected by the boys in his parish. The fathers built a substantial church. The pews were made of the finest pine lumber; were unpainted, and remained so until the renovation in Mr. Emrich's time. Mr. Emrich speaks of the pulpit as being "fearfully and wonderfully made." It was high, with a door to shut in the minister, and doubtless the boys of that day thought the pulpit a wonderful piece of machinery. Mr. Gould seems to have been the latest settled pastor, Rev. L. W. Harris supplying in 1860 half the time.

Since that date, the Congregational ministers of Mechanic Falls have supplied here, the Rev. F. E. Emrich doing efficient service, interesting young and old, and harmonizing those of differing creeds. Several united with the church through his labors.

HIGHLAND SPRING HOUSE, POLAND—OWNED BY LUTHER PERKINS.

It was by means of Mr. Emrich's active services that the meeting-house was remodelled—"the quaint old pulpit on the wall" replaced by a modern desk, a new carpet, new pews, etc., being second, and a steeple and bell added. Rev. C. A. White was the latest acting pastor, and was faithful and earnest in his work.

Widely as we may differ in belief from these strong old church founders, we must all acknowledge they were powerful in promoting Christianity and the countless blessings which follow in its train; that it is to them we owe the liberty and privileges in which New England excels. To this grand old stock we owe the best that is in us—their children.

To the Rev. Mr. Emrich's concise and clear *resumé* of the history of this church in Poland, I am greatly indebted.

Mrs. J. P. Watchouse.

Poland, the Indian Chief.

It is known that there was a chief among the copper-colored tribes called Poland, and many have the impression that the town of Poland was named for this chief. This is not so, as is stated in another part of this history; but a brief sketch of his life may prove interesting.

Little is known of him, except that he was at the head of several tribes who took an active part in the French and Indian war. Tradition, however, tells us that he was a brave warrior, swift of foot, a dead shot, and an implacable foe of the white man.

He possessed the leading characteristics of his race, treachery and bravery, united perhaps with more than ordinary sagacity; but, notwithstanding his bravery, he seemed to be afraid of Manchester, the scout, the two being personally acquainted, though by what means or circumstances they became so we have no means of knowing. One fact remains certain, that Poland was very unwilling to meet the scout in a personal encounter. Both were stalwart men; both inured to hardships; and both skilled in every artifice pertaining to Indian warfare.

We have an anecdote which we will give as illustrative of Indian treachery:—

One day while hunting in the forest of Falmouth, Manchester and Poland, unexpectedly to each, met face to face. The old scout, ever on the watch, and perhaps never quite forgetful of the fact that foes might be lurking near, was not to be taken unawares, and the two brave men stood facing each other with leveled rifles. The wily Indian quailed before the fierce gaze of Manchester, who was ready and eager for action, and raising his hand he begged for a parley.

"Manchester," said the great chief in broken English, "me know you well. You big hunter and big brave. Me big hunter and big brave. You no shoot me, me no shoot you."

Manchester, well knowing the treacherous nature of Poland, merely bowed his head in token of acquiescence and passed quietly on.

When several rods away Manchester stepped behind a tree, at the same time impaling his hat upon his ramrod and holding it out in full sight of the retreating chief. Poland walked on a few paces, then suddenly turning, sent a bullet straight through the hat which he supposed must contain the head of its owner.

To the utter dismay of the Indian, who expected to see his most implacable foe struggling in his death agony, Manchester gave a shout of exultation, and hastily approaching the would-be assassin to within a few feet, pointed his trusty rifle straight at his heart, and addressed him as follows:—

"You vile, contemptible dog of an Indian! Your time has come. You thought to murder me, but I knew you well enough to upset your little game. I am going to do the earth a great favor by removing from her face a cowardly brute who has long shown himself unfit to live upon it. Hold up your hands."

Poland threw his empty rifle upon the ground, and raising his hands in obedience to the command, stood silent and sullen, not deigning a word in reply. Manchester took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The unerring bullet sped on its errand of death, piercing the heart of the savage, who fell without a struggle or a groan, and Poland, the Indian chief, lay dead.

There are other traditions concerning this chief; but as before stated, very little is definitely known regarding his life.

VIEW OF LOWER RANGE, BOAT LANDING.

CHAPTER VI.

RICKER HILL.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT—THE SHAKER DOCTRINE ADOPTED—AN INFURIATED OX—THE WORLD-FAMOUS POLAND SPRINGS—MOLL LOCKETT, THE INDIAN SQUAW—THE SHAKER'S SQUARE HOUSE.

THE second permanent settlement in this town was made by John Wooster in 1779, on the southerly slope of this hill, where he built a log-house on what is now known as the Dockum farm, though Samuel Jordan claimed to have felled the first opening a year or two before. His advent was followed by others, and by the year 1782 the following persons, being heads of families, had settled here: Philemon Parsons, Samuel Jordan, John Rowe, John Mathews, Josiah Holmes, Eliphas Ring, Barnabas Briggs and Ephraim Briggs, William Berry, Daniel Parsons, Nathaniel Maxwell, James Merrill, and Benjamin Chipman, the five latter being farther south and near Raymond line. Mr. Wooster stayed but a short time, when he moved to West Poland.

In 1783 an itinerant preacher of the Shaker faith came from Lebanon, New York, and commenced preaching in this neighborhood, declaring in accordance with their well-known doctrines, that the second advent of the Saviour of mankind took place at the birth of Ann Lee. That as Christ was the father of the church, Ann Lee, his successor, was the mother; that all true Shakers had passed the resurrection, consequently must neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be holy and pure like the angels, and if they fulfilled these injunctions they would never die. A large number of people came to hear him, some of whom accepted the doctrine, while others, as is natural, became alarmed at the thought of losing all hold on their dearest earthly treasures, and turned away. On November 24th the first converts were made in the persons of Eliphas Ring and family. One of these early Shakers, Eliza, his daughter, died April 2, 1861, aged 82 years. Her father, who moved from Poland to Alfred to join those of like faith, once owned the farm now owned and occupied by Hiram Ricker & Sons. At first the new converts retained their property as before, but soon resolved to hold it in common. These Shakers were ere long joined by other converts from Buckfield.

Other conversions followed, and the New Gloucester Society was formed. In 1819 the Poland Society settled on the present site of their possessions, which for want of proper management, and by lack of recruits, which come mainly from foundling children and unfortunate persons, who are seldom denied a refuge, have been going to decay for years, and are now finally abandoned. They are an industrious, neat, frugal, and peace-loving people, but lack enterprise and tact to match the times, no doubt owing largely to their secluding themselves from the world and society.

A man of the world, as they called him, was once employed to repair their clocks, of which they ran a large number. The Elder, Trull, finding him a good workman, and clear-headed, importuned him to join their family.

"Why," replied the man of sins, as he was denomi-

nated, "what in this world do you want of me who am unable to do farm work?"

"Ah!" said the Elder, "We have help enough, but lack brains to manage."

"I dare say," replied the man of sin. "Those who have brains are sure to run away; now I have a wife and child who are all the world to me, and never leave my mind while absent; without them life would be a blank."

"There, there!" exclaimed the Elder. "You are a man of sin and you must get out of that, or be lost." This led to a furious contest in which the Shakers were worsted.

"Well, I do believe," chimed in an ancient dame, "that a man who has a virtuous loving wife, and an intelligent and promising family of children, is to be envied."

"Prudence," roared the now infuriated Elder, an angry frown upon his brow, "you should have had a different name."

Long sermons were in vogue at that time, and one of the oldest inhabitants tells of having heard Elder Scott preach from eleven o'clock A. M. until four P. M. without intermission. As we have stated before, the first meeting-house in Poland was built near Minot Corner, but after the division of the towns was taken down and moved to the plains below Poland Corner, and near the Middle Range Pond in 1804. This was no doubt, as has been often suggested, to escape a fine, which by a contract the town had subjected themselves to, if they neglected to provide and maintain a place for public worship. The house is said to have been very large, and contained very heavy timber. At the raising prayers were offered by the Rev. J. Scott in accordance with the custom of those days. The people then being generally poor and finding their funds short, the scheme of selling pews before they were built was resorted to. By this device quite a revenue was obtained, and as was alleged was used for other purposes by the treasurer, but as to that the building was never finished, and no seats were provided except temporary ones. It was used as a meeting-house for many years, but the lack of convenience for warming precluded all idea of using it in winter. The house was free to all denominations, and being the only one in town a large congregation was usually in attendance.

In 1825 James P. Richardson came to this place from Massachusetts, and was ordained in this house where he continued to preach until the church was built at the Corner, and finally moved to Otisfield, where he preached for many years. He was a man of marked ability, lived a most exemplary life, and was both loved and respected by all who knew him.

The old home was finally abandoned, and soon destroyed.

In the spring of 1824 Dr. Nathaniel Morrill came from Rhode Island and settled here. He was a young man of much promise, and his coming was hailed with joy; but he came to an untimely end, which brought grief to many hearts that had learned to love and respect him during his short stay, in the following manner:

A man named Bolster living at East Oxford had reared an ox of gigantic dimensions which had always been kept in a dark place, and fed by one person who had complete control of him, but the approach of any other person seemed to irritate him so much as to render him perfectly frantic. On the sixth of April the owner, accompanied by the lad who had cared for him, started for Portland to market this ox. After coming a few miles the boy returned, when the ox immediately

PINE GROVE—RICKER HILL.

began to grow unruly. Just as he came to the foot of the Range Pond he encountered the doctor who was taking a walk for pleasure. With a loud bellow the ox charged upon him, and impaling him on his long sharp horns, tossed him high in the air, and ere he reached the ground was tossed a second time by the infuriated brute. The driver at last succeeded in driving him away, but paid no heed to the wounded man who lay helpless and senseless by the roadside. Coming to Mr. Ricker's he informed them the ox had hurt a man who didn't know enough to get out of the road, but he guessed he would go it after he had got over his scare. With all possible haste the wounded man was brought to Mr. Ricker's, and physicians summoned who at once ascertained that he was beyond recovery, as his spine was injured so as to destroy all sense of feeling in his lower limbs. "Count the joints above the wound," said the now dying man. After being informed of the number, he murmured that he should live just that number of hours, which alas, proved too true. Near the former site of the old church on the plains, stands a slate stone slab marked with the name of this unfortunate man, and the manner of his death. The stone is handsomely ornamented by masonic emblems, and bears a tribute to his good character and standing in society. Thick and shrubby bushes for years obliterated all signs of this memorial of the honored dead, but of late some kind hand has removed them. Bolster hurried on till he came to the house of Joshua Gower, near Sabbath Day Pond at West Gloucester. Here the ox spied a girl in the door yard whom he charged upon, and would have killed her too, but for her proximity to the open door, which she reached in time to save herself, after having her clothes torn to shreds. Mr. Gower seized his rifle and at a single shot laid the monster dead, much against the will of his owner.

Half-way between the two Shaker villages, and near the Gloucester line, for many years stood a plain old-fashioned four-roofed building known as the Shaker Square House. This was one of the first framed buildings in the town, and built by Eben Simonton at an early date. Simonton kept a house of entertainment for many years, and sold to William Edwards. Edwards was an Englishman and taught school for many years in various localities. Many people now living remember this man as the noted sheep shearer. He is said to have on several occasions sheared over one hundred sheep in a day. For this he received three cents per head, or three ounces of wool. Edwards sold to the Shakers in 1819, and moved to Oxford. Simonton moved to Allen Hill, and from there to Cape Elizabeth where he lived to a great age.

The Square House was for many years occupied by a member of the Shaker family named Mace. Mace was a prominent man among his people and strove hard to propagate his doctrines among outsiders by holding meetings in various neighborhoods, but we never learned that he made any proselytes. He had a daughter who is still living with the Lower Family.

To the east of the Square House once stood a block-house, built during the French and Indian war.

There are many heart-rending tales of the sufferings of these hardy pioneers, but no record is left, and no information can be gained except from tradition. Several of the oldest inhabitants distinctly remember the ruins of the old fort, but that is all except an account of one Daniel Jackson who came from England, and settled first in Gloucester, but fled to the block-house from fear of the Indians. He afterward settled near the Poland Spring in his old age. Either he or his son kept a public house near the the foot of the hill.

The Square House has long since disappeared. This was a place of much note for many years, and took its name from its singular shape and appearance.

VIEW OF GROVE NEAR POLAND SPRING.

Poland Spring

POLAND SPRING is located about twenty-five miles north of the city of Portland, and ten miles west of Lewiston, on an elevation reaching about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. The water issues from the spring at the rate of about eight gallons per minute.

The bedrock of this and of the surrounding tract of country is composed largely of gneiss and mica schists, at a high angular elevation, with a trend of about twenty-five degrees east of south and west of north. The spring itself issues from a bed of gneiss scarcely distinguishable from the original granite, this gneiss being, as the geologists inform us, the oldest of the sedimentary rocks.

The gneiss, of which the main portion of the hill is composed, is intersected with numerous veins of porphyry, varying from a few inches to twelve or fifteen feet in width. The spring boils up from a fissure filled with an intrusion of this porphyritic rock; upon the north side, or foot-wall of the vein, is a clay seam of about eighteen inches in thickness. Inasmuch as porphyry is the intrusive rock of the old red sandstone era, it would appear that this section of the Maine country received its chief topographical features during that early period. There is no evidence that since that era of upheaval this region of country has been subjected to the pristine forces. During the period of the tilting and folding of the slates, granite was evidently the intrusive rock, filling the fissures or foldings of the slates and, in some instances, forming huge surface protrusions of granite. The period of the folding of the slates ceased when the plastic granite upon which they rested became solid. The old red sandstone formation is the oldest formation resting, without conformation, upon the slates. Porphyritic veins occur no later in the series than the old red sandstone, consequently the date of the vein formation in which the Poland Spring is located goes back to that era.

Best Yours
Hiram Ricker

The formations through which the spring percolates, as is shown by the uniform temperature of the water at all seasons of the year, would seem to point to the fact that the spring has its source at a great depth, and thence passes through several formations or strata from which it derives its renowned freedom from organic matter, and its medicinal properties.

And now, to speak more popularly, the spring, the location of which has been described after the fashion

of the geologist, is situated on what was once known as Ricker Hill, but now bears the name of Range Hill, so called from its proximity to three lakes lying in a direct line and designated as the Range Ponds.

Nearly every resident of what was called Shaker Hill was infatuated with the new religious movement, and became actively engaged in it.

An exchange was made with one William Allen and his friends and neighbors. Hence originated the society known as the Lower Family of New Gloucester Shakers. In 1793, Jabez Ricker, then residing at Alfred, Me., until 1872, and since that time by the sons of the latter. The old house has been remodelled and refitted with all the conveniences of a modern hotel.

The first public religious meeting, outside of the Shakers, was held at the Mansion House, in the days of Elder Scott.

In 1800 the second public house was opened, by Daniel Jackson, near the foot of Range Pond.

In 1859, the spring lay embowered in the shadow of a primeval forest, protected only by a stone wall and the old-time familiar bars.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD—"MANSION HOUSE"

bargained with certain of the new sect, and, with his sons, Samuel, Wentworth, and Joseph, moved to the Range. Joseph Ricker was the first blacksmith in the town, and Wentworth Ricker opened the first public house in 1797; this house, being what is now known as the Mansion House, is located at South Poland. This is a remarkable instance, perhaps the only one in the State of Maine, of a public house which has been maintained by the same family for fully three quarters of a century. It was kept by the original proprietor until his death in 1837, then by his son Hiram Ricker

The discovery, and the circumstances attending the development of the efficacy of these waters, were like that of steam-power, electricity, the laws of gravitation, and many others, purely accidental.

In the year 1827, Wentworth Ricker, who for some time had been severely afflicted with gravel, while at work on his farm drank of this water merely for refreshment, and to his surprise in a short time his pains ceased and his disease vanished; but to the day of his death he never imputed his cure to the drinking of spring water. In 1844 his son Hiram, now living, had a severe attack

of dyspepsia caused by humor in the stomach in consequence of which he was tormented by a constant thirst. He drank freely and constantly of this water, and to his surprise and gratification was in a short space of time completely cured. At this time he began to have faith in the water, and urged his friends who were similarly afflicted to test its virtues, many of whom were relieved in the same manner, but never once dreaming of its efficacy in any other disease.

In the summer of 1859 William Schellenger who is still living, a hale, hearty old gentleman of 85, was attacked by a disease of the kidneys, which had been gradually undermining his constitution for nearly two years. While working in proximity to this spring he drank freely of the water, and in a short time found himself cured of this dire disease. During the next winter he had an ox of gigantic stature which began to fail and lose flesh. By the next June he had become a living skeleton, and was turned into the pasture containing this spring to die.

Being where he could get no other water, he drank from this spring, and soon began to show signs of improvement which continued until September, when he had become good beef, having gained six inches in girth. He was sold for beef and on examination of his internal organs, it was discovered that his liver had been badly diseased which must soon have caused his death, but for his removal to that pasture and spring.

In the year 1800 Joseph Ricker lay sick of a fever. He was attended by several of the most eminent physicians who all gave him over to die. As the popular treatment at that day was blood blister and calomel, of course no water was allowed. One of the physicians, who being more humane than the others remained throught the night, in accordance with Mr. Ricker's earnest entreaties which were most heart rending, ordered Joseph Thurlow, the nurse, to let him have all the water he wanted as he couldn't possibly survive till morning. "Get some from the spring that cants to the north," murmured the suffering patient. Joseph soon returned with a large jug filled from this same spring, and pouring a measure brimming full placed it to his parched lips, and he eagerly swallowed the contents at a draught. He drank freely several times during the night, and

VIEW OF POLAND SPRING AND BARRELING HOUSE.

when the physicians came in the morning they found their patient free from fever, and with a good prospect of recovery. He lived fifty-two years after this, dying at a good old age.

The first physician who prescribed this water for kidney disease was Dr. E. Clark, of Portland, who ordered it in the case of Hon. N. J. Miller, and with good effect.

There is positive evidence of the fact that the spring was well known to the aborigines of the country, and that they must also have known something of its curative properties is alike presumable. Around the spring a large number of Indian relics have been exhumed, these comprise arrow-heads, tomahawks, stone tools for various uses, etc. The last Indian to forsake the place was a squaw, who bore the name of Moll Locket. The story goes that she was very fond of ardent spirits. Once upon a time, she complained to the grandmother of the present proprietors of a severe toothache, and requested a quantity of rum to hold in her mouth. The rum was given to her, but her moral courage was not strong enough for the emergency. "Me golly," said she, "dat rum jes slipped down; but give me some mo', an' I'll hol' it if I have ter try a hundred times."

Two other anecdotes of Moll are worth relating. One day she started through the woods on a long journey to Canada, to consult with a priest about having her husband (sanap) removed from purgatory. The priest told her to put down her money, which she did, without retaining any for herself. He then prayed for her husband. When he had concluded, Moll asked: "Is he out?" "Yes." "Are you sure?" "Yes." She then snatched up the coins and started to leave. "Hold!" cried the priest, "If you take that money I'll pray your husband back into purgatory." With a twinkle in her eye, she answered: "Oh, no! My sanap cunning; whenever he got into a bad place, he always stuck up a stick!"

Toward the close of her life Moll became converted, and was wont to attend religious service regularly. One Sunday she strayed off to church in a neighboring village. When she went in she found, much to her dismay, that no one offered her a seat. It occurred to her, however, that she could look after herself, and so, having procured a stick of wood outside, she went and planted it directly under the pulpit, and on it sat down, and was a patient listener through the whole of the service.

This noted woman was known from Canada to Portland and many anecdotes of her cunning and sagacity are related by the people of Bethel and Newry, where for years she made her periodical visits.

After the medicinal virtues of this fountain had become a fixed fact in the minds of the people, many invalids came to the old Mansion House for entertainment, while they tested the healing power of the water. Hundreds came to throw down their burdens, and go away happy. The old Mansion House being found inadequate to entertain the numerous guests, even after its enlargement and refitting, the Spring House was erected in 1876. This lofty and imposing edifice has since its erection been a landmark for many miles around, looming like a palace from its elevated position.

The Poland Spring House was erected upon an elevation eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, commanding a most beautiful and diversified landscape. Its high altitude, its invigorating atmosphere, its unequalled facilities for drainage, and the excellent drives and attractive walks, in connection with the Poland Spring water, render the hotel one of the most charming spots in New England for tourists travelling for pleasure, or for invalids in search of health.

No pains or money have been spared to make the Poland Spring House a home in every sense of the word. All the modern devices for comfort and luxury have been added, so that at the present time it would be impossible to suggest anything lacking for the enjoyment of its patrons.

The Poland Spring water is forced into every story of the hotel by a steam pump, which on every floor supplies the closets and bath-rooms, where guests can have hot and cold baths in the spring water. From the extensive veranda of this hotel, facing west, southwest, and northwest, can be seen three beautiful lakes at a mile's distance, all admirable for boating and fishing, and still farther on, Mt. Pleasant, Kearsarge, and the whole range of the White Mountains. On the south is a large pine and oak grove, within three hundred feet of the house. In a separate building, are an extensive bowling alley and billiard hall.

For the past few years, Maine, as a summer resort, has been spoken enthusiastically of by people and the press all over the country, extending even across the Atlantic. Much has been said and written of Maine's delightful scenery and health-giving and restoring climate, of its people, its surroundings, and its institutions.

Poland's sons and daughters are quiet, progressive, and industrious people, moving slowly but surely with the tide of progress.

So it has been with Poland's greatest industry. From a bubbling spring of water that lay hidden in a primeval forest, has grown a gigantic institution of over a million dollars in value.

This spring has given Poland a world-wide notoriety, and the beautiful surroundings of the town have interested many people who have visited this resort, to live with us permanently. It is only the matter of a few years, it is believed, before Poland will be the headquarters of summer tourists, and its well-adapted location be the site of many elegant houses.

NORTHWEST FRONT POLAND SPRING HOUSE

Ages ago, Nature, out of primeval rock, lifted a dome-like formation of vast size, from the level of river and and lake, hundreds of feet into the air, so that from the top of it, man, when he should appear, might have unimpeded view of a landscape which for variety and loveliness in form, color, and contour, stands distinguished, even in a region noted for its majestic altitudes, beautiful perspectives, and vast expanses of vision. Over this noble formation, as other ages came and went, she sifted material for a soil so rich in soluble matter that it might feed a majestic growth of pine and oak, those sturdy rivals of our American forests which require a thousand years to grow, and a thousand years to return to their original dust.

At the foot of this majestic hill she opened innumerable springs, whose steady flowage created a chain of lakes, whose shining links of bright appearance made for the surrounding and enveloping woods a charming contrast. From a fissure near the crest of this magnificent mound of oldest rock, she poured, from deepest depths beyond the guess of man, a stream of water so pure that he who sees remembers it ever after as a marvel, and in it mingled such properties that he who drinks of it at whatever stage of weakness from certain disorders that defy all medical skill, has all lurking and evil humors that pain and kill charged out of his blood; so that he who is sick and about to die, or destined for years of suffering, becomes well, and lives the years of his life out in health and vigor.

On this old-time formation of primeval rock, overlooking the lovely lakes that gird it about, amid the remnants of the primitive forest, and near the marvellous spring, whose water, unmatched in all the world, has

healed so many of dire troubles and mortal disorders, stands the magnificent and world-renowned Poland Spring Hotel.

It is an imposing structure imposingly placed. A building of ordinary proportions, even in this land of mammoth hotels, would be dwarfed by the location and appear insignificant to the eye. But this structure, immense as it is in size, is so finely proportioned, so harmoniously constructed, its fronts, balconies, and towers so adequate and appropriately correlated, that it fits the place whereon it stands, crowns the great hill fittingly, and seems a harmonious part of the surrounding landscape, vast and far-reaching as it is. We cannot recall another structure of like character which American enterprise and wealth have erected, which more perfectly meets the artistic demands of its location.

There is among men a principle known as *heredity*—a biological force which transmits the characteristic qualities of ancestors to their descendants. This principle or force known to us moderns as *heredity* is an old thing under a new name; for in the beginning it was ordained that "Every seed should bring forth after its kind." And so it has been from the beginning, and so it will be to the end. Not only is it granted to the strong and vital to repeat themselves as regards their physical appearance in their offspring, but, what is more important, to transmit also their mental and spiritual qualities, their characteristic virtues, and distinguishing talents to their children. By the benign operation of this law of transmitted forces, families are established in honor, ancestral fame perpetuated, and that which was best of the past grows by accumulation to larger and better in the present.

This biological principle of transmitted forces and powers is well illustrated in the origin, growth, and present magnificence of its establishment for popular entertainment, recreation, and health, at Poland Spring. The oak of to-day was an acorn once, but all the magnitude and splendor of the present appearance was existent in the germ force out of which it has grown in the revolution of the years. A hundred years have come and gone since the seed out of which the present great hostlery has grown was planted; and in its size, the elegance of its appointments, the perfection of its every detail, the thoroughness of its organization, is seen not only the expansive force of the originating germ, but even more plainly the ripening and refining influences of those hundred years. Many hotels, so called, consist of a big, hastily-built building, and a jam of visitors, politely called guests. But the great establishment at Poland Spring is of another sort, and the thousands who find each season rest, pleasure, and health there, represent a different class of people and a higher order of custom, and are guests indeed, and not merely in name.

A hundred years of hotel-keeping in one family! What a record! A hundred years of experiment, of observation, of administration, of executive development, and of ever accumulating knowledge as to the best way of entertaining people; none of it lost, but handed down from generation to generation as an heirloom and family treasure. In how many places can one find an experience like this in hotel business? Is it a wonder that "the Rickers know how to keep a hotel?" Is it a matter of surprise that among the coming and going of hundreds, the feeding of a thousand mouths, the management of scores of servants, the purchasing of supplies, the welcoming of coming, the speeding of parting guests, the wheels of administration run so smoothly that they are never revealed, and the strong hand of government which with firm and wise authority controls the whole, is no more seen by the guests than if the thousand were but ten, and the vast multitude within the huge establishment was only a family group "self-governing and self-entertained?" The ability and knowledge to run a great popular establishment, as the palace on Ricker's Hill, near the famous Poland Spring, is run, cannot be hired by a stock company a few weeks before "the house is to be opened." It is "fighting blood" that wins battles, and it is the "hotel blood" in this Ricker family that enables them to manage their great hotel as they do.

We have often wondered if people, in the placing of their houses, realized the value of *location*. The question of ventilation, warmth, convenience, coziness, as truly as of view, are included in it. Whether a house can ever become a home is decided by what is outside as well as by what is inside of it. Placed in one spot, a loving woman can make a home out of it; placed in another, it can never be anything more than a house; and a house that every member of the family wants to move out of as soon as possible, at that.

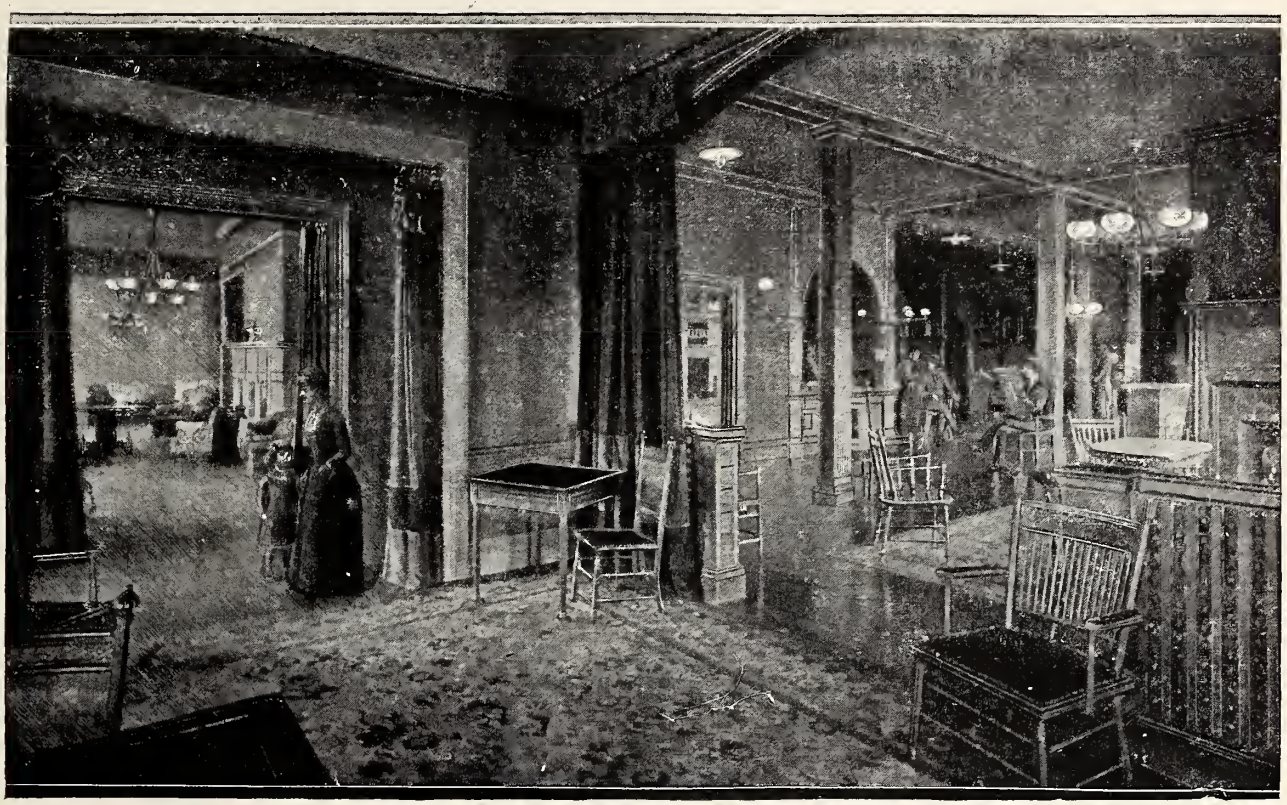
The same may be said not only of private but of public houses. They are so placed as to be habitations of fog; homes for typhoid; boarding-houses where chills and fever are accommodated, where ennui is a perpetual guest, and virulent dyspepsia has "the best the house affords." And to such miserable places the public are invited to go for rest, recreation, and health!

To those who are intelligent and thoughtful enough to apprehend the significance of location, the spectacle which this great hotel presents to them when they first behold it, is one which affords them positive delight. "Here," they exclaim, "is a hotel placed as one should be placed." See the noble hill on which it stands and which it becomes, as a crown becometh a king's head. Notice the facilities of perfect drainage, that first condition of health of which every visitor should be assured before he enters his name on a hotel record. Mark how the native oaks and maple trees in groves have

And lastly look far and wide, and see the vast expanse of country, the clustering farms, the emerald hills, the shining lakes, and those majestic peaks of the White Mountains, behind which the sun sinks from view as a ship disappears, sailing below the horizon in crimson seas.

At the Poland Spring, the visitor sees a grand house grandly placed; a noble hotel nobly located. It is a sight worth seeing.

He who builds a house should not so construct it as to fence the outdoor world out, but to fence it in.

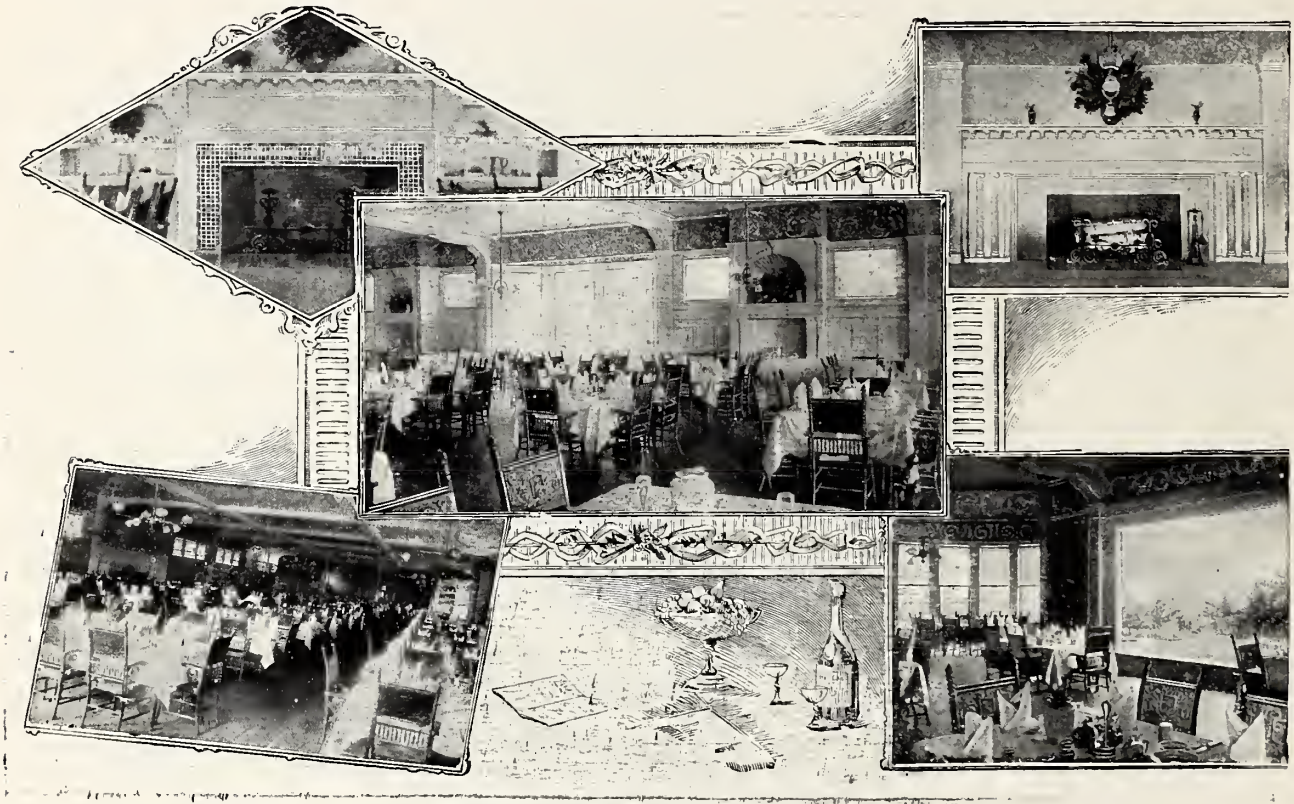


friendly alliance with the house. From their countless leaves the air around is vitalized, and under their expanse of branches the guests find grateful shade as they stroll or sit beneath them. Observe the double verandas, as wide as a room, five hundred feet in length, on which as many guests can stroll and promenade and not be crowded. Note the multitude of windows that give the sunlight free access to the rooms, proof that the builders knew the hygienic quality of the solar ray, without whose warmth within his plumage, and whose splendor on his throat, the song-bird will not sing.

How many houses are luxuriously furnished dungeons. How thick the walls; how narrow and few are the windows; how sombre the hall and gloomy the apartments. What a sense of constriction and suffocation comes to you as you enter them. Where is the sky view; the sight of sun and moon; the vision of waving grasses, swaying trees, and fluttering leaves? And how many hotels are among us that make you feel, as you enter them at the hour for retiring, like a badger creeping into his hole, or a swallow dropping like a plummet into a chimney.

A million of brick are framed into the fireplaces of this house, and with them a million blessings for the guests. What a symbol of comfort a fireplace is. Welcome is written across its front, and hospitality is carved in lasting letters on its broad hearth-stone, while memory festoons its arch with her fadeless wreath, and hallowed grief suspends her withered garlands above its mantel. Who of us may ever tell the visions we have seen as we sat in front of fireplaces gazing silently into the coals? Visions of forms that are or have been; faces of youth and of age; forms strong and straight; forms weakly and bent; faces rosy with health, and faces so white that we know they never will glow again, as we kiss them, unless out of death; and beyond it there shall come unto men a new life, and with it the old loves, sweet and strong as before. And in the coals we have seen castles in Spain, and ships, for which we had waited so long, coming home laden deep as our wishes; and have we not all of us, old or young, seen our wildest and sweetest dream come true as we sat gazing into the coals? What a pity, friend, that you and I cannot gaze and gaze on forever!

The great dining-hall is nearly two hundred feet in length and amply wide, it is a marvel of space and roominess. How the old Norse kings would have loved it when they met for feast and wassail, because of its size, its noble height, its gleaming floors, and the magnificent views of nature they might behold from its multitude of windows. For as you eat you look out upon shining lakes and blue skies, green lawns acres in extent, and forest-covered hills, still valleys far below you, and more silent peaks which penetrate the stillness of remoter skies.



SECTIONS OF MAIN DINING-ROOM AND LARGE WINDOW.

At the far end of this great hall of feasting, with its unique chairs, elegant table furniture, and artistic ceiling, is a picture. Since when have artists learned to paint motion into trees, sketch leaves that sway and flutter on their canvases, and endow their birds with power to hop from bough to bough, flash through their branches, or soar above them singing? Verily we have but one Artist that has ever done this, and His works cannot be purchased to adorn the halls of men. And yet those trees in yonder painting do move, those clouds are floating through that sky, and that is an eagle soar-

ing above that distant valley. That marvellous picture of moving life is Nature's own. That is not canvas between the widely extended frame on which man's hand has painted trees and rocks, hill and dale, but a monstrous piece of plate-glass framed into the end of the great hall, through which, with unimpeded eyes, the gazer sees Nature's own charming and realistic presence. A triumph of art, indeed, but of a sort no mortal artist ever made. What is the name, Messrs. Ricker, of that Bostonese art lover and art patron and celebrated *connoisseur*, who, sitting one still summer morning gazing

HOTEL FROM GROVE.

at this plate-glass picture of nature, remarked, not guessing the deceit, as she sipped her coffee, "Strange that the proprietors of such a hotel should not have better ideas of true art than to place such a daub as that in so prominent a position!" It is said she took the stage at noon. How much fun one can innocently get from observing the foibles and silly vanities of people, and—yes, let us say it—what fools most mortals are!

The secret of making a great hotel like this popular, is to provide them with *entertainment*, especially something pleasant to do. The patrons of this hotel are given the best that money, care, and skill can provide. Perfect ventilation, sanitary drainage, expert plumbing, provocation to healthy exercise, boating, bathing, canoeing, fishing, sailing, riding, walking, bowling, lawn tennis, music, dancing, a well-selected library, and, best of all, the marvellous water of the spring free to all, and freely sent into every room in the house. These are the great points which are kept steadily in view in behalf of the patrons, and not merely the stuffing of them with rich foods. This is an explanation that shows why the Poland Spring Hotel never lacks guests, and why the number of would-be guests, in spite of repeated and immense enlargements, has invariably far overrun its accommodations.

We have spoken of this immense establishment as a hotel, and properly. For while the fame of the Poland Spring has gone forth unto all the earth, and more water is annually sold from it than any other spring in the world, and more than from all the springs at Saratoga combined; and while half a million of people are living to-day who have reason to, and do, thank God for the curative properties of its waters, and hundreds come each year to drink of them, and are, by the drinking, cured of grievous troubles, nevertheless, the mammoth establishment on the crest of Ricker Hill has never been, and is not in appearance or fact, a Sanitarium.

It is not kept by an M.D., or a group of M.D.'s, regular or irregular; but by Poland boys and hotel

GROVE NEAR HOTEL.

men, and is run as a hotel in the interest of popular entertainment, recreation, and health. Judged in the light of this purpose it is a great success, perhaps the greatest in the country; a success which has not come in the way of luck, but has been won by enterprise, talent, experience, honorable methods, and devotion to the health and happiness of the people. It is a monument of integrity and enterprise, an honor to the family that owns it, to the town it is in, and to the country at large.

CHAPTER VII.

EAST POLAND.

ELMWOOD FARM—HACKETT'S MILLS—HARDSCRABBLE—THE "EMPIRE," AND WORTHLEY BROOK SKETCHES—BAILEY HILL—HARRIS HILL.

EAST POLAND was first settled, 1768, by Nathaniel Bailey, who was followed by John Newman in 1769. These settlers were soon followed by Josiah Dunn, Jonathan Pulsifer, Captain Davis, John Rollins, Captain Farrington, Henry Bray, Benjamin Coombs, and Mr. Woodward. Here they cleared farms, erected buildings, and opened up one of the most fertile and productive sections of the town. The above named families came in at different times between the years 1768 and 1795. The soil is a rich loam, sandy in places. The face of the country is comparatively level.

John Nevins is said to have felled the first opening, but at what precise locality is not known. John Nevins was the assistant of Daniel Davis, the old surveyor who laid out the town and established the lines. Davis is said to have been a very correct man, but by trusting to subordinates many crooked lines and ludicrous blunders were made, which caused much trouble and numerous litigations in after years.

David Pulsifer, great-grandfather of the present generation, was born in Essex, Mass., 1730. He came to this town in 1790, and settled on the farm long known as the John R. Pulsifer farm, now owned by James Sanborn of Boston, and run as a fancy stock-breeding establishment. David and his wife Hannah were each sixty years of age at that time. He purchased five hundred acres of land, at $1.25 per acre, which he divided among his sons, all men grown, and two of them married. These sons were five in number: Jonathan, Ephraim, David, Samuel, and Solomon. There were two daughters: Sally Dunn and Hannah Knowlton. They all married and settled in Poland, reared large families, and lived beyond the allotted age of man. David and Hannah died within a year of each other, Hannah in 1831 and David in 1832, both having lived more than a century. Many of this noted race and prolific family are still living in our midst. As a rule they are social, kindhearted and friendly, with keen perception and large business capacity.

John R., who occupied the old family mansion until his death, was the largest farmer, and for many years one of the foremost men of the town.

Moses R., uncle of John R., born in 1799, studied medicine with Dr. Eleazar Burbank, formerly of Ricker Hill. He married a daughter of Josiah Dunn and practiced his profession in Minot and Poland for many years. From here he moved to Ellsworth, Maine. He reared a large family of seven sons and three daughters; one of the sons, J. D. Pulsifer, the stenographer, has been known long and favorably in our courts.

Josiah Dunn, another of the early settlers, died in 1825 at the house now occupied by his granddaughter, Mrs. John Locke, at the age of ninety-two years. He reared two large families of children, but little of whose history we are able to obtain.

Josiah, Jr., the eldest of the second family, married Sally, daughter of Rev. Father Barnes, the first Universalist preacher who ever held a pastorate in this state.

Josiah, 3d, so long known as a sheriff of the county, died February 3, 1843, aged sixty years. His wife died December 30, 1858, aged seventy-six years. Their eldest daughter, Mary, who married Dr. Pulsifer, died comparatively early in life. Their eldest son, Reuben B., was extensively known as one of the most active

and successful business men in the state. James D., brother of the sheriff, was for many years a prominent and leading citizen at Poland Corner. Joshua Dunn, an elder son of Josiah of the first family, lived in several places, and finally moved to West Poland, where he died about 1843, having lived nearly a century. He was a soldier of the revolution, a large, portly man, possessing a fine physique, and a noted wit and practical joker. His witticisms and quaint sayings will no doubt live for generations to come. His numerous progeny display in a greater or less degree these prominent family traits of character. He reared a large family of sons, and one daughter, all of whom have passed away.

It was from Joshua Dunn that this locality received the name of "The Empire," by which it has since been known, in derision of its fancied greatness.

William Dunn, son of Josiah, Jr., father of Mrs. Locke, and commonly known as the Colonel, was another prominent citizen. He held, at different times, many responsible offices within the precincts of the town and county, and up to the time of his death held the belt as the most entertaining story-teller in the state.

Near the Empire Station stands the store and steam mill of Bailey Bros. This store was built by Gilman Martin, soon after the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway. It has been run by various parties until it was purchased by the present proprietors, who erected the mill in 1884. This mill is furnished with a sixteen horse-power engine, built by J. W. Penny & Sons of Mechanic Falls. They maintain a large wholesale trade with the surrounding country, carrying a capital stock of $50,000. In addition to this they carry on an extensive manufactory of barrels, for the Poland Spring trade.

Elmwood Farm.

In the eastern part of Poland, six miles from Lewiston, and thirty miles from Portland, is situated the Elmwood Farm. Just one hundred years ago, David Pulsifer migrated from Essex, Mass., and settled here. The old homestead that faces the east has stood the tempestuous blasts of winter, and the intense heat of the summer's sun, sheltering the scion of three generations.

The land is level, and comparatively free from stones. The soil is rich deep loam. It comprises an area of two hundred and fifty acres, with twelve acres of fine meadow. It is situated one mile from the Grand Trunk dépôt, on a slight elevation commanding a fine view of the White Mountain range.

The yearly production of hay is some sixty tons, and of fruit some two hundred and fifty barrels of first-class apples.

This farm was purchased by Mr. James S. Sanborn, of the firm of Chase and Sanborn, of Boston, in 1886. The following year he erected one of the largest, and by competent judges said to be the most commodious and finely finished barn in New England. Its dimensions are 150 x 44 feet, two stories high, with a cellar extending the entire length, which is divided into manure vaults, pigpens, horse stalls, and a close room for vegetables for stock feeding, well cemented and pleasantly lighted. A south wing contains an eight horse-power engine, arranged for sawing, churning, pumping water for stock, and cutting ensilage, with which one large silo is filled with the produce of six acres. Two silos, 12 x 14 feet and 36 feet in height, are completed, but one of which has been in use, which indicates that the capacity of the farm is to be largely increased. The dairy house is also situated in the south wing and is fitted with creameries, ice house, refrigerator, and a revolving churn of the capacity of 40 lbs. His present stock consists of many thoroughbred Holstein cows, most of them imported. Their beauty and uniformity of color and shape is truly a wonder, and speaks well for both breeding and care. The north wing of the barn, 36 x 28, is used as a carriage repository and for farm implements. The upper story contains a workshop and sleeping-rooms for the farm help and groom. The erection of an elegant mansion, some time in the near future, is in contemplation.

The Elmwood Farm is the home of Gemare, the famous gentleman's road horse.

As Poland is fast becoming notorious for her enterprise and natural liking for the breeding of fine horses, we do not consider it out of place to devote some space to its prosperity and advancement in this direction in the pages of this history.

Gemare is a thoroughbred Arabian stallion. He is five years old, stands 16 hands high, and weighs 1,250 pounds. His color is a bright bay with star in forehead, and his glossy coat, symmetrical build, fiery eye, thin, transparent ear, and intelligent face plainly indicates his careful breeding, which extends back for a period of over 200 years. Gemare was bred by M. Jehenne, of Hevland, department of Calvados. He was imported from France by a Mr. Dunham, of Illinois, from whom Mr. Sanborn purchased him for $4,000.

Gemare directly traces sixty-one times to the Arab,

and thirty-three times to the most renowned Turk and Barb stallions of north Africa.

It is evident that there are few living horses in which are concentrated the blood of so many ancestors who are famous in the equine history of the past two centuries.

It is easy enough for men of fifty years of age to tell what was the horse of the past in this country, for they remember him distinctly. In their boyish days the highest

type of horse in New England was the road horse—and a very high type he was, in fact. Physically he was not a very large horse as a rule, but there was a great deal of horse in him in spite of his lack of size. In the stable he weighed, it may be, only 900 pounds, and stood barely fourteen and a half hands high, but when you led him out of the stall after a good night's rest and began to put the harness on him, he grew taller with every strap you buckled, and on the road he weighed a ton, and took a steep hill like a high-pressure engine—everything whizzing.

The Morgans were the road horses par excellence of those days. They were handsome to look at, spirited and docile. They were as tough as elm tree knots and closely fibred. They had good stout legs and strong stomachs. In color they were blacks and bays and chestnuts; good, strong colors, and pleasant to the eye. Their hair had the luster of health and breeding, and the gleam of sunlight and starlight was in it. Now and then one was spiced with a pungent dash of temper, but they were never stubborn. Like a high-bred woman, their management called for intelligence and wisdom, good sense and affection; but granted these, and what helpmeets they made! To hold the reins on a frosty morning over a span of such roadsters was enough to make a man of correct religious conceptions keep saying "Hallelujah" all the while!

Yes, the Morgans were the very embodiment of every quality and characteristic that is called for in a roadster. In them the poetry of equine nature and motion was visibly expressed and set to music. In action they made a heroic appearance, and their hoofs beat melody from the path. In them was dash and shine and rhythm. They struck the road with the same nervous stroke with which the pigeon in full career strikes the air, and like that tense-winged courier of the

sky they laughed at hills and mounted them with a dash of spirited flight.

But the Morgans as a family have gone, and the glory of the class they composed is departed. For thirty years New England has bred horses for speed, and speed only; and speed she has, and only speed. She is full of "trotters"—horses that can speed in thirty; but where can a gentleman who loves the free air, the sight

of plain and hill, the smell of earth and hedges, and the safe exhilaration of the country road, buy him a horse spirited, docile and handsome, that can whirl him along twelve miles in the hour and level the hills flat at the touch of his whirring wheels? Here and there, there may be such an animal found, but there are few sections of New England where a buyer can go with any certainty or even likelihood of finding one. Once he might find plenty, and from numbers take his pick and suit his taste for color, style, and form, but now should he find one it is by chance, by sheer good luck, and it stands, as here and there in our landscape a giant oak or pine tree stands, the majestic sign and proof, the last treasured reminder, of a noble forest growth which once characterized and ornamented the land.

And is there one farmer or breeder in New England who is foolish enough to think that he and the country are not losers by this deplorable state of things? There cannot be one. For do not all know that in breeding, a "real trotter" is a chance result, a bit of gambling luck, a fortunate ticket from a lottery, whose wheel in revolution throws out a hundred blanks to one numbered card? Now and then comes a prize—a trotter that trots way down in the "twenties" or below, and the press of the whole country heralds his fame and the fame of his breeder or owner; but the press does not tell the miserable story of the multitudinous failures which went before and came after the one brilliant hit; of the thousands of dollars, the years, the study, that were spent in the effort to produce the one trotter, and a landscape full of colts and horses that could neither trot in "twenty" nor anywhere else to the watch that gave them any value, and which could not road twelve miles an hour for three hours together on a country road to save their own lives or that of their breeder. Verily, what a farce and loss this wild, frenzied, long-continued effort on the part of New England to breed "trotters" has been! The loss from this unbusinesslike ambition has fallen heavily enough on the breeder himself, as all who know anything of the subject know; but the private loss is as nothing to that far heavier one which has fallen, because of it, upon the country at large.

The civilization which we Americans are building up on this continent is such as the world never saw before —at least neither the history of letters nor that written fragmentarily in ruins give us the least hint of one like it. The base of it is material development. Above this, as the foundation, is a mental development wholly unprecedented. Hitherto electricity has been of the earth and the air. In the Yankee it is incorporated. Lightning in the clouds is an old thing, but lightning in human brain-cells is a new thing under the sun. As Lowell says in the "Bigelow Papers," "They didn't know everything down in Judee," and Solomon, wise as he was, never mentally forecast a Yankee. As business men, we all belong to a "fast set." We eat fast, drink fast, die fast. There is, therefore, a certain poetic harmony in the way in which we come into the world, act in it, and get out of it. There is not a slow pulse in an American. He is all vitalness. He thinks as he eats, and is a mystery to himself, for not one of us can tell ten minutes after eating what we have swallowed. A Yankee is like an arrow in full flight, flying so fast that he sets himself on fire and burns himself into ashes by the fierce rapidity of his own motion.

To such a people out-door exercise is the only salvation. Our business men must leave their business often or they will soon leave it once and forever. Sunshine and starlight, wind and rain, they must see and feel, or they will soon pass beyond all seeing and feeling. Whatever can draw them out from and beyond and above their cares, whatever can bring them a respite from toil, surcease of care and escape from pressure, is a boon. "A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse!" should be a business man's cry. For who, whether alone or with loved ones, when behind a good horse cares a snap of a finger for business? The shining sun, the shadowy clouds, the refreshing breeze, the odors of the earth, the songs of birds, and that "sweet amity of earth and sky," as Bret Harte so delightfully phrases it, are they not all his? And then the sight of the country roads and fields, the narrow, winding lanes so full of woody smells, the mossy rocks and old stone fences under whose sheltering slabs the mice and conies find birthplace and home, and all the blessed memories of early days these sights and sounds recall, verily where can the business man find healthier rest and recreation than in those quiet country places to which his good, strong, gentle roadster can so speedily bring him?

There are two styles of horses for which there is a genuine and earnest demand in New England and the country to-day, and for this demand there is no supply and no source of supply. The first is the roadster and the second is the coupé or coach horse. The former must be of good size, handsome to the eye, docile, and able to pull two persons from ten to twelve miles an hour and burst out when called upon to a three-minute gait. The latter must be of larger size, of fine form, of good

solid color, gentle in stall and harness, of high, showy action, and able to pull a coupé or carry-all eight miles an hour. Such horses will sell, and sell at good prices, and whoever breeds them will find himself breeding to a profit, and a good round one at that.

There is in France a race of horses which, crossed on our native stock, might and probably would give us the people's horse, or the horse of the future. His appearance is noble, his form handsome, his temper gentle, his spirit high, and his blood, through many clearly-defined and well-known channels, flows clean and straight from the desert.

Centuries of governmental supervision and controlling authority have placed his pedigree beyond dispute, and made him the embodiment of prepotent forces to a degree unmatched in the world, beyond the limits of Arabia. If stallions from this famous stock could be, by private enterprise or concerted action on the part of our breeders, imported to New England, the style of horse for which there is such a demand and of which there is no supply might speedily become attainable. In a few years the finest carriage-horse in the world and a noble class of roadsters would be seen in our city and on our suburban roadways, and the breeders of the country would have what they need—a horse that would sell, and sell for a good price and sell as soon as he was educated to go safely to harness. That is the kind of horse gentlemen want and are ready to pay for.

Hackett's Mills.

The first house at Hackett's Mills was built by Moses Emery, Jr. It stood on the site of the present residence of W. W. Denning. He also built the first mills at this place, and was prosecuted by Josiah Little, Esq., for overflowing a piece of land on the banks of the stream about a mile and a half above the dam. After Mr. Little had gained judgment he found to his chagrin that he had prosecuted the wrong man, as Moses, Sr., was the proprietor.

"What!" exclaimed Little, "you keep Moses under your thumb, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," replied the father, "and touch him if you dare!"

The prosecution was pressed no further.

The mills were run by Moses Emery for several years, when he was succeeded by Daniel Waterman, who was afterward succeeded by William Harris, James and Barnabas Hackett. Several others named Hackett have been concerned in the mill from time to time, one of whom was Levi, who ran the saw-mill for more than forty years. He and his wife are still living at this place, being the only old settlers now living in this vicinity.

The leather-board mill of the Mousam Manufacturing Company was moved from Oxford to this place in 1884. At present it employs a crew of over thirty men, night and day.

The manufacture of leather-board has become one of the great industries of New England. First-class board is manufactured from tow, the refuse of dressed flax, which is shipped from the western states. A cheaper kind, known as shoddy, is made from the chips and refuse of the various shoe shops, and manufactured very much after the manner of paper.

This establishment is owned by Emery Andrews, of Kennebunk, Me., and has been under the supervision of W. W. Denning for the last twenty years.

Hardscrabble or Marston's Corner.

From 1785 to 1790 a large number of families established homes in the extreme eastern part of the town, since known as Marston's Corner, among whom were the following persons, who were among the earliest settlers: Nathaniel Nason, Thomas Frank, Robert Starbird, Aaron Bray, Samuel Bailey, Jonathan Emmerson, Benjamin Coombs and David Libby. Mr. Emmerson was a man of means, and did business in Portland. He was also a large land owner in this and other towns. In winter time, as in most other places, the men were engaged in felling timber, making shingles, etc., for which they found a market at Yarmouth, where it was shipped to other parts.

The land in this vicinity is somewhat sandy, but mostly a clay loam. It is said that Mr. Emmerson owned the first pleasure wagon in town. It had neither springs nor thorough-braces, but the clumsy body was bolted fast to the axle. Still this might well do for the occasion, as there were none but bush roads, and all travelers went by a line of spotted trees.

Methodist Church.

The Methodist Church at East Poland was organized about the year 1795, and has ever been one of the largest and most prosperous churches in the Western Maine Conference, outside of the cities. The Empire Grove camp-meeting is held here annually. The grounds are improved and beautified each year, until they have become regarded as among the finest and most convenient camp-meeting grounds in New England. These grounds were leased of Nehemiah Strout, in 1858, for a term of ninety-nine years.

BROOK SKETCHES

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.

WERE we going to write a novel, or any such work of art, we think we should call it "Worthley Brook;" for the country neighborhood through which the beautiful stream of this name runs, has been the scene of more romance than any other of our acquaintance; and then, in a soberer point of view, it is rich in personal and historical details, which, if properly written out, could not fail to interest, if not to charm, all curious readers.

The stream in question issues from a single spring, whose clear cold water bubbles from the foot of a short range of rocky hills; and it runs in a winding career through a succession of meadows which, in this month of November, are fresh and green as any meadows ever were in the warmer month of June. The country house in which we stay stands upon the grassy brink of this charming rivulet; the space between the house and the stream is a gentle slope from near the west side of the large building to the water's brink; and this escarpment covered with its green carpet and shaded by towering elms, with its borders edged by shrubberies of a shorter growth, presents a scene of natural beauty seldom witnessed. From the windows of the room in which we write, the running water can be traced for about a mile above and below the house; and when the sun shines down upon it, as it has for days together since our coming here, it looks like a silver ribbon, somehow woven into an emerald carpet, flashing back the fallen sunbeams at their utmost brilliance.

When the cool stream has just passed the house it widens out into an expanse which a child would look upon as a small lake; and then, as if suddenly forgetting this proud ambition, it as suddenly contracts again to its former size, running away through the lower meadows with a ripple and a laugh, as if its former magnificence were only taken on for sport. Here, precisely at the point of narrowing again, it is crossed by a solid stone bridge; and the road over it is a thoroughfare between two twin-cities and a famous watering-place, along which there is an almost incessant or non-intermitting current of wagons, carriages, coaches, stages, laden with passengers of all ages and conditions, travelling to and fro on business or for pleasure. In front of the house and starting from the thoroughfare just mentioned, branches off another important highway leading to a railroad station, to the post-office of the neighborhood and to several villages lying off in that direction; and the point occupied by the house of our present residence is thus made a kind of centre or point of convergence to the people of all this surrounding region. In fact, the two leading railroads of the State have no less than five stations within an easy hacking distance of this central spot; and they constitute more than a half-circle round it.

Besides the branch road heretofore spoken of, there is another running along the crest of a ridge lying half a mile eastward of the central spot, which connects these several northern villages with Maine's "natural seaport;" and on this third thoroughfare clusters the post-house, the school, the church, the cemetery, comparing with many of modern date.

Next, on the same road, comes the "model farm" of Maine, according to the decision of a committee appointed to make discovery of this worthy place; and on all sides are found excellent and consequently thriving farmers, who know their duty to their farms, and knowing, dare to do it.

But this is not all that may be said of the neigborhood of this Worthley Brook. Within the limits of the parish whose bounderies we have sketched, and inside of the last fifty years, the locality has raised up, or brought in by marriage, one governor, one president of a college, one high sheriff, one senator, two members of the governor's council, one house messenger, two United States consuls, five college professors, one grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Masons, two masters of arts, two doctors of divinity, two doctors of laws, one with both the doctorates of divinity and law, and of clergyman—all of the Methodist denomination, to which also all but one of the above list of celebrities belong—not less than twenty-five, if we ought not make the number twenty-six.

Nor is this all. Besides the men here pursuing their careers in these several departments of education, religion and politics, the place has produced, in the way above stated, not less than three editors of magazines and newspapers, and five authors, whose volumes are well known in the literary world. The number of works produced by the writers here alluded to, we cannot give; but one of them, we know, who long since deceased, published about twelve volumes; another, who is still living, not far from twenty; and the productions of all together would be enough, so far as numbers go, to constitute quite a village library. We need scarcely add, since Worthley Brook parish is exclusively a Methodist parish, that the above were all Methodist authors; and the reader will be ready to acknowledge that this would be a fair literary showing for any denomination in one small country neighborhood.

But the glory of this parish of Worthley Brook, for the half century past, has been its social character. All the families here, from the wealthiest to the poorest—though none have been really poor—have been noted for their hospitality and good cheer. Little neighborhood visitings, parties, and social gatherings have always been characteristic of the parish. Could we tell the reader of the huskings, quiltings, raisings, loggings, paring-bees, and similar demonstrations of neighborly love and friendship, we should give him an idea of social happiness long to be remembered; and then come the courtships—the wanderings by moonlight across the adjacent pine-covered plains, the walks up and down the pearly streamlet that gives the locality a name, and the sweet starlit rides to and from the cities growing near—which still throw their charms upon the scene and upon every person and thing connected with it. How many happy weddings, introductory to most happy and successful lives, have here been witnessed! What blessings, what little angels in disguise, have here sprung up within the precincts of so many loving families! All these families, and all connected with them, for the whole half century, with no memorable exception, have lived together in the kindest fellowship and the most loving charity. Well may it be known as the home of religion and the birthplace of ministers. If there is any spot within our knowledge demonstrative of the divine power and priceless value of true religion to a population, in making the people what they ought to be, Worthley Brook is the one we should select for the important demonstration.

Predominant as has been here the influence of a heartfelt religion, now for more than fifty years, it may be well to remind the youthful reader that it has never been a gloomy region. The sun and the stars shine brightly here. The moon spreads here as soft a mantle of light over the scene as over any locality known to mortals. The birds sing as sweetly, the air here is as full of music, as anywhere on the earth's surface; and the people are as cheerful and happy as the birds that chant this music to them. Wit has had its favorite seat here at Worthley. We have read the witticisms of Leigh Hunt, of Tom Hood, of Douglas Jerrold; the *bons mots* of the French and German wits; nor have we neglected to peruse such American men of genius as Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and the few others of our race given to this style of talking and writing; but we think we can truly say that we have listened to more genuine humor, to sharper repartees, to quicker jets of fun, than any of these celebrated writers ever spoke or penned; and on the whole it is certain that we have laughed more, laughed louder and longer, laughed deeper and more uncontrollably at Worthley Brook than we had ever laughed before, or expect ever to laugh again. One story-teller in particular, whose fame in this way was once as wide as the limits of the State—a good Methodist, too, at that—we used to say evinced as much talent, or rather genius, in making out of little the most laughter-provoking anecdotes, and then in relating them to a roomful of listeners, as our favorite Shakespeare employed in writing his immortal comedies;

and we were generally sustained in this opinion by those who knew him. Once, at the residence of one of our departed governors, we saw and heard him put the table in such a roar that every guest of a large company was convulsed with laughter, and the governor himself lay rolling and shouting on the floor!

This little country neighborhood, in fact, has sometimes been called "the Empire," on account of the influence it has exerted on our State politics, and sometimes the "Happy Valley," because of the universal enjoyment reigning over it; and we do really believe that if Johnson's Rasselas had dwelt here, he never would have contrived to make a flying-machine to assist him in getting out of it. It is a place to stay in; and though our description gives but a faint idea of its real character, we will make amends for all deficiencies by saying in conclusion what we said at the start, that were we ever to write a real romance, we should take the substance of our story from this locality, and call the production by the name of "Worthley Brook."

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Once more, reader, we sit in our quiet room on the banks of Worthley Brook. The green carpet of a few weeks ago is replaced by a beautiful covering of snow. The snow at this very moment is, in fact, falling fast upon the broad fields around; and the merry sleigh-bells send forth their cheerful music, while we ponder upon the sad yet pleasing recollections of the long ago.

We remember the scene, the people, and the events of the place for almost half a century. We look back over the past, and call up, among other things, the names of the living and the dead whose lives were devoted to the ministerial work. Without the aid of book, or of any record, we can restore, by memory alone, the entire roster of those brave souls, who, connected with this country parish by birth or marriage, went forth from this rural neighborhood to preach the Gospel as it is in Jesus; and the list must be looked upon as remarkable, if not without a parallel within the limits of our church, when we consider the size of the small circuit out of which it comes.

Besides the honored name of Professor Merritt Caldwell of blessed memory, who devoted his life to teaching, and the names of Rev. A. Dinsmore and of Rev. Daniel Green, who were not of our denomination but who hailed from this little neighborhood, memory gives back to us a long line of names, all of which are certainly respectable, and many of them illustrious in the annals of our church. Beginning with the year 1829, not yet fifty years ago, and not going beyond the narrow limits of this one country circuit of not over two hundred church-members, our ministerial roster reads as follows: William F. Farrington, Isaac Downing, Moses Davis, Moses Rollins, William C. Larrabee, Charles P. Bragdon, Levi S. Stockman, B. F. Tefft, John W. Dunn, E. A. Stockman, Stephen M. Vail, C. C. Covell, Charles H. Titus, Joseph Turner, Jesse Hayes, Joshua A. Tobey, H. B. Ridgaway, E. S. Best, N. C. Clifford, Elbridge G. Dunn, Isaac S. Cushman, John A. Strout, Irving Cummings, Melville Cummings, and M. C. Pendexter, all of whom stand connected by birth or marriage with this little parish.

Every one will say: "Well done, Worthley Brook!" And some will be inclined to learn something more of this ministerial list. But in giving some notices of their individual lives and labors, we are admonished of the necessity of being brief. Having noticed the manner of the sportsmen who haunt the stream before us, we begin with the latest, and follow the course of things upward to the fountain-head of nearly fifty years ago, as we can in this way the more readily pick up the golden links of the long chain which memory has forged for our present and future use.

Reading the list backward, therefore, we find, first, the name of Rev. Merritt Caldwell Pendexter, who entered the ministry in 1877, and is now at Naples, in the State of Maine. This young man is a nephew of Mrs. Merritt Caldwell; he has good blood in his veins; his education is good; and his ministerial work opens with a fair prospect.

The two brothers—Irving and Melville Cummings—were the sons of that excellent layman, Amos Cummings, Esq., of Poland Corner. We cannot give their history. But if they followed in the footsteps of their sainted parents, their work will be good, and their reward glorious.

Rev. John Albion Strout is the son of Joseph Strout, Esq., of this parish. He was a good boy from his earliest childhood. His English education is good; and his gifts as a speaker are quite excellent. He is now preaching at Woodford's Corner, near Portland. He will make his mark. The best of it is, his acquaintances always respect and love him.

In early life, Rev. Dr. Isaac S. Cushman received a thorough education. He was the son of Samuel Cushman, Esq., a distinguished citizen of this place; and he was a brother of Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Vail, Mrs. Bragdon, and Mrs. Pendexter. He first studied and practiced medicine; then he entered the ministry within the

bounds of the New England Conference; and in that work he died, but in what year we cannot now remember. His career was somewhat remarkable; and we regret that we cannot more fully state it.

Next in the list comes the name of Rev. Elbridge G. Dunn, who entered the ministry in 1853, and died in 1858. But his work was excellent, and he left the savor of a good name behind him.

Rev. N. C. Clifford married the daughter of Honorable Josiah Dunn, for many years high sheriff of Cumberland County, and father of Reuben B. Dunn, Esq., so well known as a business man and benefactor to the church. The father and mother of Mrs. Clifford were Universalists; and in early life she had much difficulty in becoming a Methodist. But, in spite of all obstacles, she persevered; and the end was, she married Mr. Clifford and entered the itinerant connection. Her husband was worthy of her; he has proved himself, though in delicate health, a true evangelist, sure to gain the esteem of all with whom he comes in contact. He joined the Conference in 1847 and is still hard at work.

Of the Rev. E. S. Best, now a member of the New England Conference, we need say but little, as he is well known as a minister and writer, his occasional articles in the church papers being generally read. We believe he is of Scotch descent. He married his wife in this neighborhood. She was the daughter of Mr. Roswell Farnham, of Bald Hill, within the limits of this parish. Her mother was the daughter of Samuel Cushman, Esq., who has been already mentioned; and she was one of that distinguished quintette of sisters, at the head of which still stands the ladylike Rosamond, widow of Professor Caldwell. To say that Mr. Best is doing his *best*, is as much as can be said of any man.

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Still going upward in our examination of the long line of Methodist ministers connected by birth or marriage with this rural neighborhood of Worthley Brook, we next enconnter the name of Rev. H. B. Ridgaway, D.D., whose character is well known throughout the country. He was not born here; but he married the daughter of Mrs. Merritt Caldwell, who, as we have seen in a previous sketch, was the daughter of Samuel Cushman, Esq., a wealthy and distinguished citizen of this parish.

Dr. Ridgaway entered the Baltimore Conference in 1851, where he remained till 1859. In 1860–61 he was a member of the Maine Conference; and he preached at Chestnut Street Church in Portland—the largest and wealthiest Methodist congregation of the whole State. His subsequent service in the leading churches of New York made his name known everywhere. He is now a successful minister in Cincinnati. We scarcely need to characterize him. He is noted as a profound rather than a vivid thinker, but is a man of fluent thought and ready utterance. His manner in the pulpit is easy, dignified, graceful, and always quite impressive. He has traveled; he has written letters from Bible lands; and though his facts are generally those that were well known before, his style of composition is what would be characterized as plain, straightforward, easy English. He is a pleasant and instructive writer, his manner corresponding quite exactly with his matter. He writes and speaks, not so well for critics as for common people. But his career has been a worthy one; and in all his positions he has been, as he has deserved to be, highly popular. Popularity, in fact, is the word by which he will be remembered; and our little parish looks out upon his career with a quiet relish of his success in the great world beyond it.

Rev. Jesse Hayes and Rev. Joshua A. Tobey were never members of the Conference. They were local preachers, always in good standing.

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In 1844 the Maine Conference received another member of our list—Rev. C. H. Titus, A.M.—from whom the church has received much valuable service. Mr. Titus was born at East Monmouth, in this State; was for some years a successful student at Kent's Hill Seminary; studied for a couple of years in Bangor; graduated and took his degrees in course at the Asbury University of Indiana under Professor Larrabee and Dr. Matthew Simpson; and finally joined the Maine Conference in the year above stated, from which, after doing good work at Frankfort for two years, he was transferred to the Providence Conference, where he has for a long period held some of the best appointments. * * * His sound common sense, his clear head and immense reading, however, could not fail to make him everywhere a successful minister. His wife was the youngest daughter of Hon. William Dunn of this parish.

In the year 1842 there were three young men in this part of Maine, and in some way belonging to this parish, who joined the Maine Conference together. These young men were Rev. C. C. Covel, Rev. E. A. Stockman, and Rev. Dr. S. M. Vail, whose name is a household word throughout the nation.

Mr. Covel, from 1842 to 1855, served the church well in several important places. He then took a superannu-

ated relation, and now resides, we believe, at North Pownal. In 1851–2 he was preacher in charge on this famous little circuit; and it was here that he found that true and noble woman, Hannah Davis, whom he had the good fortune to make his wife.

Mr. Stockman was born on the farm lying next north of the one on which this sketch is written. He came from a good family, received a good education for those times, and possessed natural abilities of a high order. But in 1846 he began to preach doctrines not approved by the Church authorities; and in 1847 his connection with the Conference was discontinued. Since then he has gone out of the range of our information.

Of Dr. Vail we need scarcely speak. He has a national reputation. There is, indeed, so much that can be said of him that, needless as the saying of it may seem, we must defer it to another paper. We have had the opportunity to know his history from boyhood to the present moment; and his life, had we space to write it out with considerable fullness, could not fail to interest and profit many readers.

Those readers will perceive, too, that we have in this paper just entered upon the more important and interesting portion of these country sketches. Names of the highest value to the Church still lie before us; and we have facts to report of them never yet given to the public. We, in fact, know of no equal section of the great Methodist Church, either in America or England, so rich in these ministerial reminiscences as this beautiful and romantic little parish of Worthley Brook.

We believe it was at the beginning of the autumn term of 1832, at Cazenovia Seminary, in New York State, and at one end of the fourth-story hall of the new building of that institution, that we first saw the young lad now so widely known as Dr. Vail. He was standing by the end window of the hall alone. As we passed up the stairway and landed at about the middle of that hall, we heard what we took to be a suppressed sob in that direction. We proceeded directly to him and asked him what his trouble was, and his reply came quick, that he was a stranger there, and that he could get no one to take him in, as all the young men declined rooming with a boy.

We then, as a sort of student teacher, had a room at the other end of the same hall. So we told him to go over and stay with us till he could find a better place. At once accepting our invitation, he tarried with us in that room for a couple of years; and it was in that same room, also, that he experienced religion, while his room-mate and other young men of the institution were praying for his conversion.

Dr. Vail remained at Cazenovia while we were closing up our course of study at Middletown; and then, in 1836, we met again at Brunswick, where he had entered as a freshman at old Bowdoin. His leading characteristic as a student was not rapidity, and dash, and splendor, but close application and the most absolute thoroughness. He took time for everything. He mastered whatever branches of learning he undertook; and this course, when his four years at Bowdoin were completed, added to his three or four years at Cazenovia, had made him one of the best scholars in the Methodist connection.

But on leaving college he did not, as too many do, abandon study. He continued to be, what he ever since has been, a student. In 1842-46 we find him a member of the New York Conference, where he took high rank in the work of the ministry and of education. In 1847–48 he was a member of the New Jersey Conference, where he was still successfully engaged in the sweet labor of instruction. In 1849 he went to Concord as Professor in the Garrett Biblical Institute, remaining in that work till 1868, holding his ecclesiastical relations, we believe, with the Maine Conference, of which he is still a supernumerary member.

Besides these memorable services to the Church, Dr. Vail has served his country as a consul in Germany, at the termination of which office he spent some time in travel and study in the countries known to us as sacred. His pen, too, during all these years has been a busy one. His writings have been chiefly of the magazine and newspaper order; and in these he has aimed at immediate practical results within the limits of his own Church. His work on ministerial education covers the whole ground of that important subject, and is an earnest of his ability in every line of knowledge and thought. * * * It remains only to tell the connection sustained by Dr. Vail with this little country parish. Like the writer of this meagre sketch, he is of New York origin, his father's home having been in the country near Poughkeepsie. But not only did he finish his classical education at Bowdoin, only twenty-five miles away, but he here married, within the bounds of this circuit, the youngest daughter of Samuel Cushman, Esq., before mentioned as one of its leading citizens.

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Senator Blaine, iu his eloquent speech in the Senate chamber on the occasion of the presentation of the statue of Governor King, first Governor of Maine,

pronounces a fitting though brilliant eulogy on the artist, who saw the image of the man in the rough marble and brought it forth. The Senator says: "In this list of great men, great from devoted service to their States, William King is fitted to rank with the greatest. And it is in this spirit that Maine offers his statue to the national gallery. In the rotunda of her own capitol she cherishes a faithful portrait of him, painted by a contemporary artist of rare merit. No one could pass it without being arrested by the striking features, the intellectual strength, the energetic expression, which rendered him as marked for manly beauty as for elevated character. The same characteristics have been reproduced in marble with admirable skill by one who, if the dead could speak, would have been chosen by Mr. King for the task; a sculptor born in his own State, developed originally by laborious self-culture under adverse circumstances, and advanced and refined in his great art by years of patient study amid the best models of all the ages, and under the best of living masters."

We have no desire to make extravagant claims for our little country parish. We cannot assert that the great sculptor, Simmons, here so warmly eulogized, was either born or married within its limits. But one of his own blood resides here. Mrs. Nehemiah Strout is a cousin to the great artist; her honor is also in part our honor; we cannot feel indifferent to anything reflecting upon her happiness; and we need not conceal the fact that, in other years, the scene of these sketches was often visited by him whom the most brilliant member of the senate delighted to cover with a portion of his own glory.

In the olden time, however, this circuit covered a much wider territory than it does to-day. Going no farther back than the days of Joshua Soule, it extended eastward into Durham, including the very spot where Miss Annie Louise Cary was born and educated, till her higher musical career was begun, when she went abroad to study under the great masters. As the circuit now stands, we do not claim her; and her name is mentioned, that the distant reader may get an idea of the sort of intellectual air we breathe in this vicinity. We can see over into Durham from the highest of our hills.

If this celebrated *prima donna* must be relinquished, since the contraction of our circuit lines, there is another musical artist, whose renown is certainly our own. We refer to that distinguished professor of music, Willard Woodbury Davis, so well known in Boston, and whose fame as a great teacher now covers the six New England States. Professor Davis was born and reared here within the present limits of our little parish. His relatives still reside among us; and we all look out upon the honors everywhere conferred upon him with a sort of proud but quiet satisfaction. He shows that his musical soul is inspired by the same atmosphere that swells the bosom of Miss Cary.

Among the foremost of the individual characters to which these passing paragraphs are devoted, there is no one more worthy of a record, than Professor Gilbert M. Dunn, who, at an early period of his life, graduated from Asbury University, Indiana, and at about the same time with Senators Harlan and Voorhees, who were educated at the same prosperous institution. After his graduation, Professor Dunn took charge of the Female Seminary at Centerville, Indiana, where he acquired a splendid reputation as a teacher and governor, and where, in consequence of his severe labors, he met his death. He was the fourth son of Hon. William Dunn, and cousin to that Professor Nathaniel Dunn whom we have before mentioned as our solitary poet. We count him among the most worthy representatives of this Worthley parish. If teaching is an art, he certainly has the right to be named on the same page with Simmons and with Cary; for there is no skill, no success, aspired to in this profession, not attained by this gentleman; and when he died, though among new friends, the honors conferred and the eulogiums pronounced were abundant proof of his having reached the highest place as a teacher, prompted by reason and inspired by art.

So far as oratory is concerned, perhaps we can point to no representative of Worthley who deserves to be mentioned among the masters of this science. Some very excellent speakers, certainly, have gone out from here, or have been connected with the parish by way of marriage; and if so, their names have been given in connection with other subjects. We need not repeat them. But Worthley has surely listened to some oratory, if it has not originated or produced it.

In our small parish meeting-house, the voice of Bishop McKendree has been listened to by our elder population. Bishop Roberts, too, has preached the Gospel from its simple pulpit. Here, also, Bishop Soule has uttered his great sentences. Nor is the little church here the sole recipient of this honor. There is a small common dwelling-house in this neighborhood in which the eloquence of all these great men has been listened to repeatedly. It stands on the main road running north and south through the neighborhood. It is a low-posted, steep-

roofed, square-rigged, old-fashioned building, but recently remodelled and finished off anew by its present occupant, James Dunn, Esq., whose wife, formerly Miss Deborah Strout, is granddaughter of the man owning it in the olden time. Vast and towering old elms guard the front of this ancient edifice; and all the surroundings have the aspect of other years. But the most interesting portion of these premises is the old-fashioned kitchen. It is a mammoth room. Here, in the days before the erection of the church edifice, when the house was owned and occupied by Mrs. Dunn's grandfather, Mr. Nehemiah Strout, long since deceased, an audience once gathered to listen to a sermon from that apostle of early Methodism, Rev. Jesse Lee, of blessed memory, who must be looked to as the founder of the church in this country circuit.

Subsequent to this first sermon by Jesse Lee, this old-fashioned kitchen was the ordinary preaching place of the early itenerants; and here, within its now ancient walls, have echoed and re-echoed the voices of the ablest speakers of the church. This old room, too, was the scene of the first great revival. Here, under the preaching of these apostolic men, the founders of our parish society were converted. The circuit itself, in fact, here took its origin; and no genuine Methodist can now enter this kitchen without sentiments of peculiar reverence.

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It is easy to say, as has been said and written, that Mr. Lee mentions no such preaching, or any preaching at all, at Worthley. Be it so; for that proves nothing. Dr. Franklin wrote the story of his life, but nowhere states that his mother ever nursed him, or that he himself was ever known to sneeze. Negative testimony, in such a case, is no testimony, as every reader must very clearly see. But the fact is proved beyond a question. Not only is the tradition still current here, in all its freshness, but the writer of these lines derived the statement of it from the original Nehemiah Strout, who heard the great sermon, and who was the first of those converted here under the preaching of Jesse Lee. Rev. William F. Farrington, also, who was born in the parish, confirmed me in my personal recollection of what I state. In going from Portland to Monmouth, this parish would be, in those times, directly in his path, and near the half-way point. The reader will see how natural it would be for the great man to stop here and preach on his journeys north; and no one can fail to notice the value of those casual discourses of a faithful minister, which, in our day, have blossomed out into all the bloom and beauty, through births, marriages, and a perpetual gospel, how, now crowning the hill-tops of this delightful little parish of Worthley Brook.

Next in point of time to Dr. Vail, come the names of Rev. John Wesley Dunn, Rev. Levi S. Stockman, Rev. B. F. Tefft, and Rev. Charles P. Bragdon. Omitting our own name altogether, we have short *memorabilia* to record of the other three; and we shall try to condense what we have to say of these representatives of Worthley Brook into this single article.

Mr. Dunn was born within the limits of this parish. Indeed, he was born exactly on the spot where this little sketch of him is being written. He was the eldest son of Hon. William Dunn, so long known in this place as its most intellectual citizen, and in the state as a leading member of its government. For forty years the father was almost constantly in office; he was one of the few men residing here whose political sway in the state imparted to this neighborhood its *sobriquet* of "the Empire"—a name it will probably forever carry. The son, in early life, fitted himself well for college; but his health proved inadequate for college labor, and he then turned his thoughts—or tried to turn them—to mercantile affairs. His mind, however, was forever dwelling on other subjects, and in 1838 he dropped business and joined the itinerant connection. His first appointment was the city of Belfast, and there he justified the confidence placed in his ministerial qualifications. But the work there was too heavy for his feeble constitution; and he was relieved by being sent next to Gray, a much easier position, where his labor was well rewarded. He was a man of eloquence, and so deep were his convictions, and so warm his manner of speech, that he soon broke down altogether. In one of his most brilliant discourses, to which the writor of this sketch had the sorrowful happiness to listen, he broke a blood-vessel; and though he continued, after a short rest, to burn like a seraph in the pulpit, he soon found himself compelled by the increase of his malady to cease preaching. In 1845 he died, mourned and even lamented by all who knew him; for he was by nature a great man, and the confidence in his sterling religious character was unbounded. His little world had learned to expect wonders from his future labors, success, and eminence; and strong men wept to see him so soon cut off in the very brilliance of his life's splendid morning.

Rev. Levi S. Stockman, brother to Rev. E. A. Stockman, was born, reared and educated altogether within

the limits of this parish. We think he never went out of it to school. But he was a boy of far more than ordinary natural ability, and he had an unconquerable ambition for some kind of professional distinction. His application to books, and to all other means of information, was untiring and incessant; his intellect was at work even when most engaged in manual labor, and by the time he had reached early manhood, he had acquired a large store of useful knowledge, besides making for himself a good style both as a writer and public speaker. His elocution, in fact, was always good, and sometimes splendid. Some of his sermons were spoken of as models of clear thought, refined expression, and elegant delivery; and it was said by his admirers that he had so much of the John-Newland-Maffitt finish in the best discourses, that he would have graced any pulpit. Unknown as he was, however, he took only ordinary positions in his conference. He joined it in 1836, and died June 25, 1844, just as his fine abilities began to make him famous. His eight years of itinerate service was slightly clouded by his adoption, in part, of the Millerite theory of the Second Advent. But his soul was sincere, his life pure, his work good. We have no feelings but those of sorrow over his untimely end. His monument should be a shaft of native granite broken near its base; but without a commemorative shaft, this country parish has abundant reason to keep green the memory of Brother Stockman.

The last of this trio of Worthley Brook representatives—Rev. Charles P. Bragdon—was not a native of this parish. He was born in New York State; and we first knew him at Cazenovia as a student. After years of study and preparation of the ministry at that excellent institution, he came to Maine in 1834; and to show the difference between those days and these, it may be added, that, in the same carriage with Professor Larrabee, the writer hereof, and the writer's *fiancee*, now his wife (see In Memoriam, p. 59), the long trip was made by horse-power more pleasantly than it can be now made by steam. In 1835 Mr. Bragdon joined the Maine Conference; and in a short time thereafter he married one of the daughters of Samuel Cushman, the third of that quartette of sisters of which Mrs. Merritt Caldwell is the oldest. Mr. Bragdon at once took a good rank among his brethren. After doing noble work at Thomaston, Winthrop, Brunswick, Alfred, Hallowell, Skowhegan, and Kennebunkport, his health failed. While at Brunswick he was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs; but by perfect care of his habits he still kept himself measurably fit for work and continued to preach till 1853, when he took a superannuated relation. Thinking that his native air might be better for his health, he returned to New York in 1854, and was a member of the Black River Conference during the remainder of his days. For several years he kept the conference bookstore at Auburn, where he was much respected, though the people there knew nothing of the faithful, if not brilliant, service he had elsewhere rendered to his church. He died Jan. 8, 1861, just as his ears caught the first sounds of the coming civil war. His last words were a sort of prayer that his country might succeed in suppressing the rebellion, in wiping out human slavery, and in the establishment of liberty, in its truest and broadest sense over the whole continent. His prayer was fully answered; and we doubt not that the answer added to his raptures even in the land of eternal bliss.

Such were the three noble men who gave their solid and brilliant qualities to the church in early life. Such was the loss suffered by that church in their untimely deaths; and such the reason this small country circuit has of inscribing their names high up on the scroll of honor, if not of fame, kept here for reverence by the surviving members of this memorable parish of Worthley Brook.

The name next in order in these desultory sketches—that of William C. Larrabee, LL.D.—is a name known to the world, and in every way a name to be honored and remembered. His fame centres, however, in this neighborhood. He here began his public life. Here he married; and this was the spot of this green earth that ever afterwards haunted his imagination and hallowed all his memories.

With all his practical talent—with his great natural abilities and thorough education—Dr. Larrabee was preeminently a child of fancy. In the midst of his coldest intellectual work, even in the severest labors of his after life, he was ever picturing to himself the scenes of his earlier years; and this very Worthley Brook, now flowing at our feet, and the sweet fields through which it winds along its devious ways toward the river and the sea, were to his imagination the beginning and the end of all perfection.

Just across this silent streamlet, on the level ground beyond, and within the shadow of those lofty pines, still standing where he saw them grow, did he often dream of coming back from his distant life-work to build and dwell. Over there he was to spend the closing period of a useful life. There, when past hard

work, he was to sit down and dream. There he was to read, and think, and write; his daily ramblings were to lead him out on the pine-covered plains beyond; still farther on the little lakes of the neighborhood were to furnish him with the means of rendering yet richer his quiet, peaceful, poetic life; and here, by the bank of this ever-flowing Worthley, when his days should be numbered and his work done, he was to find in his final resting-place the end of mortality and the sweet morning sunlight of eternal blessedness!

But his grave is not to be found there. No beautiful home, such as his fancy pictured for him, stands there within the shadows of those pines. The green and level field of his early years is a level and green field still. His ashes are mingled with the richer mold of one of our western States. The pitcher was long since broken at the fountain. The hallowed anticipations of his early days are all blasted. We will tell the reader how it was, and relate what has never yet been published. The story of that useful career is not all sadness. It was a chequered career; and the lesson it leaves to us is one of vast encouragement to all men having to depend upon themselves.

Dr. Larrabee was born on Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, within sight of the boundless and billowy sea. His mother was a very poor and unfortunate woman. His father he never knew. Born thus in obscurity and poverty, his childhood witnessed a perpetual struggle for the means of getting bread. While too young to labor, and too remote from school to enjoy any educational advantages, his days were spent in idleness, if so active a mind as his could ever suffer him to be a moment idle. His earliest recollections carried him to the seaside, where he would sit for hours watching the tide, and perhaps even at that early time wondering where the waves came from, and what were the tales from afar they had it in their power to tell. In spite of his disadvantages, he in after life could not remember when he learned to read; and we are certain, from what we know of his intellectual character in maturer years, that, if his mother had a single printed book in her possession, his fourth or fifth year would not find him destitute of the power to make himself master of its contents, so far as a child could comprehend them.

So soon as the gifted child had reached the age of possible service in the most menial capacity, he was put out to a farmer, to work upon the farm, and to earn thus his clothes and board. The place of his boyhood residence was the town of Durham, not far from the spot since made famous as the birthplace of Annie Louise Cary, the celebrated *prima donna;* and he here first fell upon the sweet privilege of enjoying a few weeks of winter schooling. His master, indeed, was a kind and considerate man. He early saw the bent of the boy's mind towards intellectual things; and the boy himself, after devoting the whole of each day to the severe labors of the field, was allowed to spend what time he would in study and the reading of useful books at night. Sometimes the lad would thus forget himself and read till morning. He was soon known as the brightest scholar and most promising boy of that good neighborhood; and thoughtful people used then to cast his horoscope and predict for him a very brilliant future.

Some sudden change in the farmer's affairs, or family, when young Larrabee was coming to his fifteenth or sixteenth year, caused him again to be thrown upon the world to work his own way along as he had done from childhood. In some way, being either invited or recommended, we do not remember which, he next proceeded to the town of Strong, on the Sandy River, where he made his home with the father of Dr. Eliphalet Clark, of Portland.

In this excellent and intellectual family the young man found himself at once possessed of the means of unlimited domestic culture. It was a family of books, of reading, of religion. The whole household were devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, to the practice of Christianity, and to the performance of of all social duties in the gospel spirit of universal brotherhood. The days were given to labor; the evenings to reading and useful conversation; the whole of life to the highest ends of intellectual and moral culture. Here was found the right atmosphere for a youth of aspiring genius. The years spent here were years of hard work, hard study, and wonderful progress in the labor of self-cultivation. Here, too, the young man was taught the elements of Christianity; and here he made his profession of religion. So powerful, indeed, was the impression here made upon his mind and heart—so radical as here experienced were the revolution and progress of his life—that he resolved to stamp upon himself, in some way, a constant reminder of the family by whose influence the great work had been accomplished. Thus it was that the young man, till now known only as William, showed his gratitude by adding the name of his benefactors to his own; and from this time William *Clark* Larrabee was the name of the struggling youth, who resolved not to disgrace these benefactors by it.

Somehow, while residing with this good family, he found the means of paying his board and tuition for a short time at the Methodist Academy at Newmarket, in New Hampshire; and here we next find him working with the energy so natural to him in the pursuit of a classical education. While at this school, he used to study about fourteen hours out of every twenty-four, leaving only ten hours for eating, for recreation, and for sleep. He did everything with a sort of rush. He always ate as if each meal was to be his last. He would exercise, even in the gentler pastimes, with all his might; and when it came bedtime, he would throw off his clothes and tumble into bed as if he were pitching into the beginning of the hardest kind of job. We never could divine how he managed to lie still long enough to get to sleep.

From Newmarket he returned to the Clark family at Strong; and here, without personal application, he was furnished with a license to preach. He had not intended to be a preacher; and we have often heard him say that the acceptance of this license, however reluctantly, was his first great mistake in life. But he yielded to the advice and entreaty of his friends. Possessed of remarkable intellectual capacity and power, and conscious of this possession, he nevertheless was wanting in some of the elements requisite to a good public speaker; and yet his pulpit labors always had a charm quite beyond the reach of what is commonly known as eloquence. He, however, was always ashamed of his pulpit efforts. After the delivery of his first sermon, he did not dare to go down and face his auditors, but crawled out of the pulpit window and fled to the woods, where he remained till the middle of the night, and then crept silently homeward and to bed!

Next we find the growing young man at Bowdoin College, where he at once took high rank. We once asked Prof. Cleveland about his scholarship; and the answer was, that, "whether up in his lessons or otherwise, no man could ever corner him." He had, as companions and competitors, such men as Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States, and Henry W. Longfellow, the great American poet. In some studies, young Larrabee stood higher than either of these gentlemen; and though we cannot say of him, that in all things he was *primus inter pares*, he at all events stood about equal to the best in the several departments of the collegiate curriculum.

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It was during his stay at college that Mr. Larrabee became acquainted with this country neighborhood. Having still to depend upon his personal exertions, he came here to teach the district school. He taught it two successive winters; and here he became acquainted with Miss Harriet Dunn, daughter of Col. William Dunn, whom he afterwards made his wife. It was at this time, too, and in this manner, that he formed that powerful attachment to these scenes of Worthley Brook, which haunted him everywhere he went, and held fast to his imagination to the last days of his mortal life. Having never known any real home of his own, the home of his betrothed, and the scenes connected with it—the sweet brook, the green fields, the waving trees, the broad and level plains—together with the good cheer of one of the happiest and best of families, could not fail to fasten his affections to a spot in itself so beautiful; for the writer of these lines knows something of the same feeling from his own similar experience.

The remainder of Dr. Larrabee's life the world knows by heart. From college he went to the charge of the old academy at Alfred; thence to the work of instituting the Wesleyan University at Middletown in Connecticut; from Middletown to the headship of the seminary at Cazenovia in New York; from Cazenovia to the principalship of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill in this eastern State; from Kent's Hill to a professorship in the Asbury University at Greencastle, Indiana; from Greencastle to the editorship of the *Ladies' Repository* at Cincinnati; and from this field of labor to several state offices in Indiana, including that of superintendent of public instruction, in which last work he fairly revolutionized the common school system and the cause of education as a whole, within the bounds of his official jurisdiction.

During his residence in Indiana, he also wrote and published several good and useful books—the "Scientific Evidences of Christianity," and "Asbury and his Coadjutors" being, it may be, the best; but he is most known as a magazine writer; and it can be very confidently said, that his monthly contributions to the *Ladies' Repository*, then the most popular periodical published by the Methodist Church, were characterized by nearly or quite all the recognized elements of a finished English style. If they had any fault, the rigid critic would say, perhaps, that the tone of his writings was a little too sentimental. But the writer was nothing in literature if not a dreamer. His soul lived on sentiment. The hard realities of the present were to him always glorified by the soft haze of a perpetual Indian summer. With all his clearness and strength of intellect, he was by birth-

right a poet; he lived, not now, but always, in the past and future, and his most powerful thinking was ever overpowered by the loving tyranny of his affections. He could not be natural, therefore, without being sentimental. His last book—privately published under the name of Rosa-Bower—which was the name of the vine-covered spot where he had laid his sweet little daughter, Rosabelle, to rest—came from the soul of a great man stricken by sorrow and given up to dreams and reveries.

When not dreaming—when awake and engaged in his daily work—Dr. Larrabee's leading trait, strange as it may seem, was that of a great organizer; and his wonderful organizing faculty was best seen in his ability to manage to perfection a literary institution. In this work we knew him, as we have known many others, thoroughly well. But his equal, as we think, has not yet risen up in the Methodist Church. His resources in this way were apparently unlimited. No condition of things, no circumstances, no accident, however sudden, was ever known to "corner" him. He always saw, not by a process of reasoning, but by intuition, precisely how, and where, and when, to take hold of any difficulty; and whatever was the origin of the uprising trouble—whether it was from the board of trustees, the faculty, or the body of students, or a mixed confusion of all these oft-times warring elements—he always knew how "to ride upon the whirlwind and to direct the storm." Once only, when the cost of the necessary contest promised to outweigh the value of the coming triumph, he did as all sensible men always do under similar conditions—he left the institution to settle its own troubles; and this he did as a deserved punishment to those who had made and kept up the complications prior to his employment among them. His sudden resignation, indeed, was itself a victory.

His genius for managing literary institutions was unconsciously, but thoroughly, supported by the natural kindness of his disposition. The poor and needy among the students were always and everywhere his wards, his connections, his children by adoption. He thus, without intending it, ever gained and held the warmest love, esteem and admiration of those studying under him; and in this way he always found himself, in any emergency, surrounded by an army ready to march anywhere, and fight any sort of battle, for his advantage. The old prophet wrote: "Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged;" and if ever there was a great public man who never lost sight of this commandment, that man was Dr. Larrabee; for in all his dealings with his students, or with the world, he never ceased to sympathize with those struggling with difficulties, or starting from a humble origin. He kept himself in want by his boundless charities. He never could refuse to do a favor. He could not even neglect an opportunity for showing kindness. We once knew him to expel a student who, out of all reason, had disobeyed, injured and insulted him. Hearing the next morning that the young man was poor, he borrowed quite a sum of the writer of this sketch to send him as a present to help him home. The bad young man was never heard from afterwards; and Dr. Larrabee died poor in consequence of his perpetual benefactions.

Our readers will see from this faint sketch of a great life, why so many thousands of our leading people who are yet alive, revere the name of William Clark Larrabee. Clergymen, governors, congressmen, professors, authors by the hundreds, have listened to his instructions and shaped their destinies under his plastic administration. Thousands upon thousands have hung upon the pages covered over with the beautiful emanations of his genius. His good, warm, manly heart is yet answered, beat for beat, in the breasts of even millions. But of all the people of this world—of all the places on this round earth—there are none that give his name a profounder reverence than the citizens of this little country neighborhood. The grave he intended to make is not found here among us. We have had no call to build his monument. Next to his work in life, however, the scenes about us—the brook, the fields, the plains, the waving, sighing pines—are the perpetual memorials of his character. So long as this rivulet continues its tortuous pathway through these meadows to the sea, so long the career of this good and most useful representative of Worthley Brook parish will be remembered by those living where it flows.

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It is a wise and profound saying: "Happy is that nation whose history is dull." A country may move along in peace and quiet for centuries together, and present no salient points for a single page of historical description. One war, however—one season of suffering and struggle—furnishes materials for the most brilliant rhetoric; and this is the sense in which the thoughtful adage must be taken.

But the saying is not confined to nations. The same thing is true of individuals. Let even a great man stick to his books, his daily routine of honest labor, his true and noble ends in life, and there is little to be said of

him when he is gone. The single sentence cut upon his tombstone—"A good and great man has found here the door of heaven"—tells the story about as well as anything that can be written. Take a much smaller man, however; let him fret and fume for even a shorter period of time upon the stage of existence; let him hurry and stride over the boards, this way and that, for a few seasons; let him run himself into scrapes and difficulties, showing his hand in many places and positions, and a book will scarcely contain an account of his interesting, but profitless proceedings. Vice has always made more noise in history than virtue; and the greatest men of every age have often been those the most seldom mentioned. They have been content to do the work given them by Providence, not for fame, but as a duty, deeming themselves sufficiently rewarded by securing the favor of God and the approbation of a good conscience.

Natural and self-evident as are these reflections, not now only, but in all times and places, they must be uppermost in the minds of all persons acquainted with the lives and labors of the good men whose names come next on the list of our Worthley Brook worthies—Moses Rollins, Moses Davis, Isaac Downing and William F. Farrington! Who can realize the full significance of these four names in the true work of the gospel ministry! Not one has sought or obtained applause in our contemporaneous annals. Not one has even dreamed the dream of being noted, or even mentioned, in the pages of that portion of our history which is yet to be undertaken by some future writer. And yet all were worthy. All gave their lives to the cause of saving people from their sins and fitting them for heaven. All have done noble work in the Lord's vineyard. Their record is on high; and they knew it. Meagre pay for their great labor would be the applause of a few thousand readers; and yet this is their due, and should be liberally awarded them.

Moses Rollins! Reader, that name has long since been written on the Lamb's book of life. It is a name this day well-known among the angels. His earth-life was brief, but glorious. The son of that excellent citizen of this parish, Jacob Rollins, esq., he was like the young Samuel, given to the Lord from early childhood. His youthful days were devoted to reading, to study, to intellectual and moral improvement; and from the time of his joining the Church, his walk was marked by every trait of a good, sound, faithful Christian. He entered the Maine Conference in 1830, and found his first field of labor in the town of Berwick. Next year he went to Baldwin. 1832 he was sent to preach to his old friends and neighbors on this circuit; and well did he sustain himself under this generally trying and difficult ordeal. He was universally beloved. Everybody, old and young, had the highest confidence in his Christian character. But his health was poor, and at the end of this year he was, at his own request, discontinued. His good work was done. He lingered along for a short time, and then the angels called him. The savor of his sweet life still remains among us.

The next name is that of Moses Davis. Here was another man great in goodness. The law of heredity was in him sustained, for his father and mother were saints before him; and his whole life was the result of good blood trained to high and noble purposes by the influence of home examples. He was a member of the little Church here in early life; and his quiet career in this religious neighborhood was noted for its absolute consistency with his profession. In 1829 he became a member of this Conference, taking the Church at Waterford, the home of Artemas Ward, as his first appointment. His subsequent positions were: Paris (the home of Hannibal Hamlin), Monmouth, Bethel, and then Durham, where Allen H. Cobb, of glorious memory, resides. In all these stations, which in those days were of first consequence, this excellent man and good preacher did work of the highest order for the cause of God. He was really a man of strong intellect, warm heart, fervid eloquence, and the most thorough sincerity of purpose. He lived the religion which he preached to others; his life, in fact, was as eloquent as his speech, and both together, when the heart of the good man was thoroughly roused, carried all before him. His audiences were always under his absolute control. He was, in fact, for a young man, a great preacher. We have known some bishops that would be put to their best work to beat him. But his days were too few to prove the full promise of this grand beginning. In 1834, his health began to show signs of failing; and in 1835, Aug. 29, he died, honored, loved, lamented by all who knew his history. Such, in fewest words, was that noble son of those saints of God, William and Hannah Davis!

The third of this quartette of preachers is Rev. Isaac Downing. . . . Mr. Downing united with the Maine Conference in 1829; and on all his successive appointments—Bethel, Strong, Paris, Georgetown, Bath, Vienna, Minot, Waterford, Monmouth, Mercer, Phillips, Wilton, and New Portland—his work was good. From hard labor added to a constitution not entirely sound, he was twice superannuated, and twice returned as supernu-

merary. He finally located in 1853. . . . Always basing his sermons upon the plainest passages of Scripture —passages so plain as to admit of no doubtful interpretations—he ever went home to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. His manner, too, was soft, insinuating, and pleasing. He never failed to call things by their right names; but he also never gave offense by needlessly assailing the sensibilities, or even prejudices, of those who listened to him; and he consequently had good success. The people everywhere respected him. He was noted as a peacemaker; and he now enjoys the glory promised to that character. . . . The next in the order of this long series of Worthley Brook ministers—William F. Farrington—has been so many years before the world, and is to be mentioned in so many attitudes and positions, that we despair of doing him justice at the close of a paper already long enough for most readers. There is much to be said about him. He has done a vast amount of labor in his day; and yet the world has not truly known him. His life is worthy of a very careful record. We know him here as the first and oldest representative of our quiet country parish. He was the first ministerial child of Worthley.

. . . . . .

No one, taking a long and lingering look over the scenery of this quiet little neighborhood of Worthley Brook, would dare to dream that it ever would have the power to produce such a list of able gospel preachers as have been thus far sketched. To a casual observer it appears like a dull, almost a sleepy place. A stranger would almost expect to find here the poet's Castle of Indolence, or the House of Morpheus, where, according to the description of an older bard, the god of sleep had brought everything together to aid him in his life-work of taking rest:—

> "And, more to lull him in his slumber soft,
> A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
> And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
> Mixed with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne
> Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
> No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
> As still are wont to annoy the walléd town,
> Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lies,
> Wrapt in eternal silence, far from enemies."

Neither Thomson nor Spenser was ever known to spend a day or night here at Worthley. But both had seen a similar place, or had dreamed of one, before writing out their descriptions. It is a broad and beautiful valley, walled in by the hills and forests on every side. In winter it sleeps beneath a soft white coverlet of snow; and not a sound is known here but the murmuring of the wind, or the baying of some distant watch-dog that knows not what else to do to celebrate the rising or setting of the moon. The streams and lakes are all bound in their five months of silence under the fetters of old king Frost. The barnyards, too, are silent, for the cattle and the cocks are at their winter's rest; and the birds, so tuneful in some seasons of the year, are all away on their Southern tour, leaving the forests as quiet as the grave. Summer itself makes but little difference. The growing grass makes no noise. The numerous orchards do their rich work in a manner very secret; and Worthley Brook itself, now so famous, winds its sinuous way along through the green meadows without a word. Winter or summer, Worthley is a most tranquil parish. It is a place of peace, of meditation, of study, if anyone is disposed to any sort of mental life; and all those whom we have thus far sketched, were evidently thus disposed.

It was here, amidst these scenes of beauty, that our present subject, Rev. William Freeman Farrington, first saw the light of life. His father's house, with the great elms standing in their majesty before the dooryard, still remains. Here, in the enjoyment of rustic liberty, lived the boy; but this liberty was not given over to rudeness, nor to idleness; for the lad was marked for his polite deportment and a brain always busy about something. His educational advantages were limited to those then comprised in the curriculum of an ordinary country school. But the schools of that day were quite as useful as those of more modern times. Not so many branches of study were admitted, but those received were more thoroughly pursued and mastered. It is an old adage: "Beware of the man of few books;" and it is a good caution, for those few books are apt to be well studied, and the person who makes himself master of even one good text-book, is more to be feared for his intellectual power, than is he who runs superficially through a

dozen, or a hundred. Young Farrington had no Latin, no French, no algebra, and none of the ambitious fooleries of our later district schools, to render him superficial in arithmetic, geography and grammar; and in all these studies he was at an early age proficient.

Grammar, as applied to both speaking and writing, was his favorite; his nice taste as to all the proprieties of speech constantly attended him; and by the time he was ready to leave school, his language was correct, clear, and even polished, as it has continued to be through life. He was also in early life a speaker. He loved declamation, but not debate. His temper was not sufficiently combative for discussion. When high words at any time arose, he would always quietly stand back till the storm was over; and then a jet of fun, of which his very skin was full, would ever come to cool off the heat of the most fiery disputants.

We are not quite sure of the date when he made a profession of religion; but, according to our best information, it was during his minority, for he is remembered here as taking an active part in religious meetings in his early manhood. So long ago as those now living can remember him, he was noted for his handsome face, his tall, manly form, his fine address when standing up to talk, his beautiful style of speaking, and his rich, melodious, ringing voice, which, whether he spoke or sung, always had the power to charm an audience.

His singing, even at this early time, produced the most wonderful effects. It was always enough to make the dullest meeting lively. In a full house, when the congregation was ready for something warm and enthusiastic, he would sometimes rise and sing alone, giving vent to his pent-up emotion in some strains of unusual significance and power, when the whole assembly would break forth into shouts of ungovernable rapture. We know whereof we speak. We have heard Philip Phillips; we have heard Sankey; but neither one of these has ever produced the storm of feeling which often followed and attended the singing of young Farrington in these moments of musical inspiration.

Nor has this gift of singing ever left him. Not many years ago, at an Annual Conference in this State, he was called upon by the presiding bishop to favor the vast audience of ministers and people with a song. All eyes were fixed upon him—breathing was almost suspended—when his large, massive, majestic figure was seen slowly rising above the crowd. Before the close of the first stanza, tears began to flow and suppressed shouts to break out over the whole house. Everyone was doing his best, however, not to disturb the singer or mar the song. But the second stanza was too much for mortal patience; and during the whole of the third and last, no living voice but his could have risen superior to the tempest of shouting and vociferation that threatened to swallow up both the singer and the music. When he sat down, the bishop was seen weeping like a child; the vast gathering of people were melted, and it was full five minutes after the song had ceased before the Conference could be brought down into sufficient composure to resume the regular order of business. Such has always been this great singer's power over a fit audience.

But this Asaph of singers was a fine preacher also. His license to preach was given him here in 1828. The next year he joined the Conference, and his first place of labor was Durham, where, both by his singing and his preaching, he carried all before him. His succeeding appointments show in what estimation he was ever held while a member of this Conference. The dry record we have to make is this: Two years at Bethel; two years at Strong and Wilton; two years at Waterford; two years at Paris and South Paris; one year at Kent's Hill; one year on Waterford district; two years at Gardiner; two years at Chestnut Street, Portland; one year on Gardiner district; two years at Pine Street, Bangor; two years at Biddeford; two years at Bath; two years at Congress Street, Portland; one year at Saccarappa; two years at Pine Street, Portland; two years on Portland district; two years at Union Street, Bangor; three years in Providence, R. I., and various other places. . . . Mr. Farring-

ton was connected with some of the best families of the neighborhood. One of his sisters was married to Col. William Dunn, a man of the highest order of intellect, who held many of the first offices in the gift of the State, and whose abilities were universally acknowledged. The wife of his youth was Miss Mary Davis, daughter of Moses Davis, esq., one of our ancient and substantial citizens.

IN MEMORIAM.

In the beautiful summer of 1832, when in my nineteenth year of age, I was acting as assistant teacher in Cazenovia Seminary, in western New York, while I was also privately fitting myself for college. The superior teachers of the school were William C. Larrabee, A. M., principal, Miss Falley, preceptress, with William H. Allen, A. B., and John Johnston, A. B., as associates in the board of instruction. We had about four hundred students, who were quite equally divided between the sexes; and among the males were many who have since, like their superior instructors, made themselves illustrious.

It is not of these, however, that with tremulous hand I now sit down to write. I write of one, on the contrary, who, in her retiring nature, would shrink from being mentioned in connection with persons of such distinction. Were she living, she would prefer not to be named at all. But the sweet memory of her earthly life is my property, my wealth, my glory; and my heart will say something of her excellence.

The person referred to was a girl of fifteen summers. Her father, Hon. William Dunn, of Maine, had brought her to the school in his own carriage, as there were then no railroads. The fact of her coming from so great a distance, however, made no impression, for many were already there from distances still greater; and for myself, I knew not whence or how she had arrived. But it so happened that she fell into one or two of my daily classes. I taught her algebra and I taught her music. She was one of some thirty or forty girls to whom I gave daily lessons; and among the hundred and fifty or two hundred other ladies of the school, she stood a slim chance to gain for herself any special notice.

A marked attention she did obtain, however, from all her teachers. Close application to her studies, correct deportment, a natural ladylike carriage quite beyond her years, together with a winning modesty of behavior, set her apart from her schoolmates as a person of no ordinary character. Her conduct never called for reproof; and when commended she would blush and as soon as possible make her escape. She obtained distinction by avoiding it.

Before the snow fell, this young lady and myself were the best of friends. Soon, without a word of marriage, we knew that our hearts were one. College life came and went without a change. In 1835, in the little cottage church at East Poland, Maine, Rev. W. F. Farrington, her uncle, ratified the contract which our hearts had made; and in the same church, on the 25th of April, 1883, the same good man pronounced her eulogium at the final separation.

What joys, what sorrows, what memorable experiences, between 1832 and 1883! Fifty-one years of perfect oneness! Not a day, not an hour, not a moment, in this half century, when our minds, our souls, our lives, were not in unison. Think what it is to tear such lives asunder! With her, indeed, all is well. She died as she lived, a quiet, undemonstrative, but genuine Christian. "Great peace!" said she, just as she was going out of this earthly life; and the last words I heard from her dying lips were words of triumph: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"

It is not my part to praise her, though my heart is full of eulogy. Never was there a truer wife, a better mother, a more persistent friend, or a woman of this world who would sacrifice herself more willingly for the happiness of others without a thought of her own comfort or of any personal advantage. This spirit of self-sacrifice was her lead-

ing characteristic. "The beautiful, unselfish, self-forgetting devotion of her life to those she loved," says Prof. Lattimore, who knew her well, "has set her apart and above all I ever knew;" and Mrs. Lattimore adds: "The kindest friend I ever had, and the truest, tenderest, most saintly woman I ever knew." Mrs. Prof. Caldwell, a life-long acquaintance, says: "So noble, true and good, the devoted mother, a sister so cherished, the friend always the same." Yes, always the same. Neither could prosperity elate nor adversity cast her down. It was always summer where she was.

One thing I here may state, which, if not stated in this its proper place, may never again find occasion to be made known at all. We had lived and worked together for some years. For thirty years we had worked beyond our strength. We had held some places of honor and trust, both in Church and State. There then came a time when other and more responsible positions were offered to our charge. "No," said the dear departed, "I never can consent. Your health, now broken by hard usage, is more to our children than all the honor and all the money in the world. Let us retire into some nook or corner where you can read and think without public cares, and our children can receive the benefits of your personal instructions. We can also be of some service to the world in a more quiet way. These earthly ambitions are but vanity and vexation of spirit. Let us live for truer, nobler and higher aims."

The advice was taken. All worldly ambitions were sacrificed at her shrine. We have since had a heaven below. She has now left it, indeed, for the heaven above; but no words can tell the happiness we have enjoyed in our domestic circle since this resolve was made. We have read, written, studied, taught, as we never did before. Preaching, lecturing, working, in different ways, mostly at our own expense, have continued to form a large part of the staple of our daily life; and I am as well satisfied with results as I probably could have been at any possible post. While she now rests with our four on high, I, with the four on earth, continue the work for a few days more, but seeking more than ever to go where she has gone.

Never did the next life seem so attractive. "I have nothing to leave you," she said, as she was parting with her personal effects, "but my undying love"—a richer legacy than if she had given me a continent. "Entreat me not," dear one, "to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

In the presence of such a life and death, what, indeed, is worthy of being mentioned in comparison? What idea of life can be put in competition? What theory of existence, what solution of the mystery of being, what explanation of the universal plan of nature, can be so perfectly satisfactory to human reason? Compared with her triumph in the hour of dissolution, all speculation is but vanity. Tell me not of what philosophy or proud science teaches as the true scheme of nature. Science and philosophy stand speechless before such a demonstration. We see in it that it is Christianity, and Christianity only, that casts a midday splendor over all the problems of this universe. The universe itself is one vast, dark, unbroken problem, which no man has solved, which no human ability can solve without the demonstration given us in the closing hour of the believing, trusting, triumphant Christian. The world knows nothing of such scenes of glorious confidence, of brilliant hopes, of overwhelming happiness, when the light and beauty of this mortal life are fading. God only, as revealed in Jesus Christ, can cause a soul so strangely to shout victory, in the very act of losing all the joys of life, all the amenities of earth, all the dear ties hitherto connecting it to home, family, friends, who stand weeping at their loss. To be a Christian, therefore—to know and enjoy all there is in Christianity—is henceforth all the ambition of my remaining days; and may my last end be like *hers!*

CHAPTER VIII.

WEST POLAND.

THE GRANGE—THOMPSON POND PLANTATION—SECOND ADVENT SOCIETY—FIRST FREE-WILL BAPTIST CHURCH—THE ARK—PROMISED LAND—BLACK CAT HILL—HERRICK VALLEY—ALLEN HILL.

THE town, without being rough, is picturesque, having a most agreeable variety of hill and dale. There is but little waste land. The hills are neither sharp nor abrupt, and are all capable of being cultivated to their very summits. There is quite a percentage of sandy or plain land which, though not valuable for grazing or hay crops, which constitue the staple production, is capable of being cropped to a certain extent; and if connected with meadows and intervale, as is often the case, by judicious management may be successfully cultivated, though very liable to damage from the early and late frosts.

The Little Androscoggin River, which forms its eastern boundary, is broken by falls or rapids in several places, giving a large and available water-power which at no very late day may be fully utilized. The town contains many fine, valuable and productive farms, and but very few poor ones. There are full as many men of wealth as in most rural towns. All these men have acquired their wealth by their own industry and frugality.

The first store in West Poland was kept by Eben Smith, near Potash Brook. Eben was the son of Gen. John H. Smith who settled on what is now known as the Perkins farm, and for many years manufactured potash from ashes gathered from the surrounding country.

The principal place of resort for young people on pleasure excursions was Shaker meeting. So when a youngster wished to pay his addresses to some fair damsel, his first advance was an invitation to visit the Shakers. Ofttimes on Sunday morning a long line of teams might be seen halting in front of the little store at Potash Brook, and the several gallants emerging from the door each provided with a small dipper of rum and molasses with which to treat his ladylove and cheer her on the way. When they arrived at Simonton's, since known as the Squire's house, they halted to cheer again. This was then considered respectable as well as social, and conducive to both health and happiness. The principal profit then derived from a country grocery and variety store was from the sale of various kinds of liquor, which were freely used in almost every family. No one thought of raising a building, butchering, or having a wedding, funeral, or even a visit from the minister without a good supply of liquor.

Old Father Phinney, one of the early preachers, used to relate the following incident which we deem worthy of record:—

"I was once called to the city of Bangor to preach a dedication sermon. The newly-erected edifice was one of the largest and most elegant in the city, and anticipating a large congregation of the most wealthy and aristocratic, I of course wished to appear at my best, so on my way to the church

I stepped into a store for a glass of brandy just to brace me up. After swallowing my brandy, I rubbed my stomach gently and smacked my lips, remarking the good feeling his liquor produced spoke well for its quality. At this juncture a bleareyed, seedy-looking individual approached and called for a glass of the same. The polite merchant, no doubt wishing to appear at his best before the new minister, reprimanded the poor sot severely, asking why he did not leave off drinking and go to work. 'Why,' replied the poor fellow, 'my stomach is feeling very bad this morning, and as Father Phinney said it made him feel so good, I thought it might do the same for me.' This well-timed retort struck me like a thunder-bolt. 'My God,' exclaimed I, 'am I an example for such men as this?' From that time forward I have never tasted liquor of any kind."

The store at Potash Brook ran for a time and Smith was succeeded by Captain Hodgdon, who built a store between this and what is now known as the Corner; but as to dates we have no means of knowing. Eliphalet Dunn built and occupied a store near Oxford line, near Herrick Valley, where he traded for several years, but died in the year 1832. Soon after this, Jasper Haskell built a store at the lower corner. He was succeeded by Francis Rounds who traded for several years, and was succeeded by Captain Joseph York. After him came J. H. Fernald, who for partners had James S. Gerry and Daniel Hutchinson for a time. This was about 1848. Since that time various parties were engaged in trade, the principal of which were C. F. Jordan, Jesse Partridge, Capt. William Perkins, Francis Storer and O. S. Keene.

Silas M. Megquire commenced trade in 1867. He carries a thousand dollars' worth of stock and does a paying business.

Storer & Goodwin carry a stock worth about three thousand dollars, besides doing a large outside business in lumber, meats of all kinds, wood, grain, etc.

H. A. Gerry has run a jeweler's store since 1881. He carries a large stock of clocks, watches, jewelry and fancy goods. Mr. Gerry is a first-class workman and has a large trade.

The carriage manufactory of Storer Bros. was built in 1871.

The first blacksmith at West Poland was Jonathan Holmes. His shop stood near the residence of Edwin Emery. He was followed by Moses Megquier who carried on the trade until about 1864.

The water-power of West Poland is limited to two small streams. The Potash Brook, which has been unoccupied for many years since, furnished power for a shingle-mill for a time, during the spring floods, and was occupied for several years by Hira Keene.

Taylor Brook is a small stream fed by numerous springs issuing from the slopes of White Oak and Allen Hills, and is not over a mile and one-half in length.

The large fall of nineteen feet, and the favorable site for an overshot wheel of full capacity, furnishes sufficient power for about three-fourths of the year. A small mill was erected by Solomon Knight about 1835, which was afterwards run by Daniel and David Brown. The present mill was built by Jesse Partridge in 1861. Partridge sold to Orin S. and Samuel H. Taylor, who sold to Samuel H. Dudley.

The West Poland Cornet Band was organized in the spring of 1876, with sixteen members, C. R. Keene, leader.

A lodge of Good Templars was organized on Johnson Hill during the winter of 1864. This Order flourished for a time, increasing in numbers and exerting a good influence on society, but deaths, removals and apostasy thinned their ranks insomuch that they were at last disbanded.

A Reform Club which swept almost the entire population was organized in 1874. Enthusiastic meetings were held and largely attended. This was maintained for a long time leaving its good effects like all such; but by degrees the enthusiasm died out and meetings were discontinued.

A Temperance Watchman Club was organized on Johnson Hill in 1851, and soon spread over a large portion of the town, increasing so rapidly in

numbers as to at one time nearly cause a division. This was kept alive for some years and with good effect.

The Grange.

Lake Grange, No. 24, was organized May 22, 1874 with thirty-two members. Master, N. M. Faunce; Overseer, A. H. Dunn; Lecturer, J. B. Stanton; Steward, Reuben Dunn; Asst. Steward, J. W. Morse; Chaplain, Nathaniel Keene; Treasurer, N. E. Stowe; Secretary, L. C. Herrick; Gate Keeper, O. F. Thurston; Ceres, Mrs. Sarah Dunn; Flora, Mrs. Jennie M. Emery; Pomona, Miss Mary E. Brooks; Lady Asst. Steward, Mrs. Lucretia E. Dunn. Meetings were at first held in schoolhouses. The membership increased rapidly, and meetings as a rule were largely attended, with manifestations of a good degree of interest. At most of the meetings animated discussions were held mostly on farming and dairy business, the participants and listeners deriving benefit and gaining much practical knowledge from an exchange of ideas.

For a time the Order met with violent opposition from preconceived and erroneous ideas of its object and aim, which gradually subsided as people came to know it better until it is now one of the great and popular institutions of our State and country.

In December, 1880, a dwelling-house was purchased of A. B. Emery. This was remodeled into the present large and commodious hall, which is both an ornament and a convenience to the place. The cost was estimated at one thousand dollars. The present membership is over one hundred.

The Patron's Mutual Aid Society was organized in connection with this order, Jan. 5, 1875. Present membership forty-five. This differs from most relief societies, as on the death of a member each granger pays one dollar. Rates of admission are in accordance with age, and none received above the age of thirty-five. In many cases stores were run for the special benefit of the members, but this did not prove a success as a rule, and has been mostly abandoned.

The first settlement at West Poland was made by Edmund C. Megquier in 1790. The ancestors of the Megquier family migrated from Scotland about the year 1710. The great-great-grandfather of the present generation came first to Cape Ann. His son John settled first in Woburn, Mass.; from there he came to North Yarmouth, and thence to New Gloucester. He married a widow at Cape Ann named Sarah Lewis, whose maiden name was Clarke, and reared a family of twelve children, six sons and six daughters, who all grew to be men and women, and married, settling in various parts of Maine and Massachusetts. Edmund came to Poland through Raymond and over Black Cat Hill; from there to Johnson Hill, afterward known as Thompson Pond Plantation.

This was the manner in which all our pioneers explored the country, by passing from hill to hill, which accounts for the location of most of the old-time country roads which are now mostly discontinued. He explored this hill for a day or two and not quite liking either the soil or locality, climbed a gigantic oak standing near the site of the Edward Hanscom farm and took a view of the surrounding landscape; and what a scene! On every point of compass so far as the eye could reach, extended one vast and unbroken virgin forest as yet unplanted by the hands of man. For a long time he stood admiring the panorama before him, so lonely, so solemn, and still so grand. Anon his eyes rested upon that beautiful ridge now known as Megquier Hill. This he selected as the site of his future home. Hastening down from his look-out, he crossed the deep ravine known as the Pot-ash, or Wareeslus cave, reaching his destination just as the last rays of the setting sun were disappearing over the western mountains. With all possible despatch he constructed a frail camp and bed of boughs, built a roaring fire, and after making a scanty supper of such as he had, stretched his tired body upon the rude bed, and was soon fast asleep.

His camp had been erected near the margin of the pond, and here, lulled by the mournful cry of the loon, the song of the whip-poor-will, the sharp bark of the fox, the hoot of the owl, and the occasional howl of some straggling wolf, he lay in uninterrupted slumber until the rays of the morning sun had tipped the mountain tops with gold and purple.

Leaping from his cold, hard bed, astonished that he had slept so long and soundly, he found himself pretty thoroughly chilled, as his fire had long since burned low. Hastily replenishing his fire, he took his gun, and going to an adjacent thicket, shot a brace of partridges. These he dressed, and roasted on the point of his ramrod. These, together with such other provisions as his now scanty supply afforded, furnished him a sumptuous breakfast, to which he did ample justice. Finely refreshed, he was now ready to finish his explorations. After a short tramp he selected the spot long known as the Wm. Jordan farm, now owned by the heirs of Joseph McDonald. The elegant farm buildings were destroyed by fire some few years since, leaving a mass of charred and broken ruins, greatly marring the beauty and fine appearance of the neighborhood. Here he spent a few days in felling trees to mark his location, when he found it necessary to return to Gloucester for a supply of provisions.

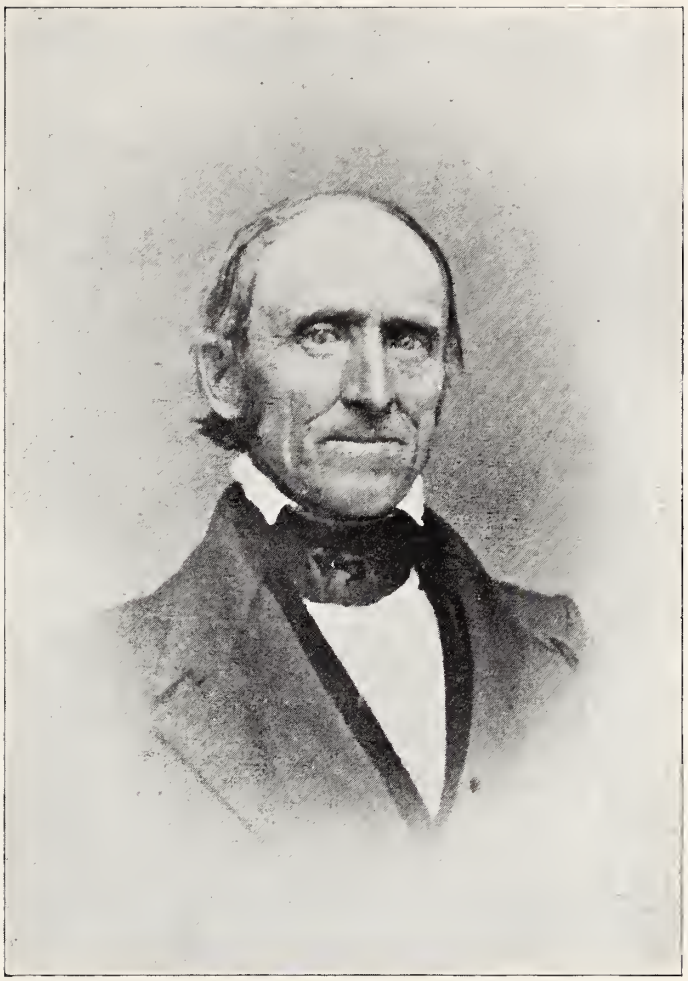
He soon returned, accompanied by a hired man, whose name we have never learned, and commenced the felling of trees and the hasty construction of a log house. We hope the reader may pardon the digression while we endeavor, in as concise a manner as possible, to give some idea of the building of houses, clearing land and raising crops by the early settlers; also how the deficiency of farming tools and household articles was supplied, and the ingenious methods resorted to in doing their cooking.

The first requisite in the erection of a house was a chimney, which was constructed of large, flat stones laid in clay mortar, the huge fireplace having a capacity of from four to six feet. This extended to the mantle; from there it was built of sticks and clay mud laid cobb-house fashion.

Above and out of reach of fire was a cross-pole, to which was affixed a long strap of iron called a trammel. In this were large holes at convenient distances for the insertion of hooks for the suspension of pots and kettles. This was finished so as to clear the contemplated by some three feet, then large trees of uniform size were cut and rolled together to form the walls. The walls, like the chimney, were laid cobb-house fashion, notched at the end so as to make as tight work as possible; the apertures between the logs being chinked with moss and clay mortar. In this way the walls were built to the required height, with two apertures for windows, and a door-way. Next came the roof, which was generally constructed of cedar splits, but sometimes of the bark of trees secured by wooden pins, as nails were scarce and not within reach of the poorer class, as they were manufactured by common blacksmiths, and cost from fifty cents to one dollar per pound. Doors were fitted from splits joined by cleats and suspended on wooden hinges. The windows were closed by rude shutters, but sometimes a dim light was admitted by the insertion of a piece of greased paper. Glass was an extravagance not often indulged in. The floors were sometimes of splits, but oftener of clay mortar. Instead of bedsteads, timbers were fastened to the walls by wooden pins, and on these were placed straw or boughs, covered by a coarse blanket or the skin of some wild animal. This served every purpose of a bed. Their bread was made from Indian corn, or rye, pounded in a huge mortar or trough, and called samp.

This, after being kneaded, was baked by being either buried in hot embers or on a big, wooden trencher, after the manner of the negro hoe-cake.

In the felling of trees an ingenious device was resorted to, which proved a great saving of labor. The desired area was measured out, and then commencing at one side (the south, generally), the trees were partially severed so as to weaken them, and left standing. In this way they cut through



REV. JAMES LIBBY.

the entire piece. Then taking the advantage of a strong north-westerly wind, the outside trees to the windward were severed, falling against the others, when with one grand swoop the entire area falls with a crash. This was called a drive.

For pretty much the entire season they continued their labors, making occasional visits to Gloucester for provisions and tools for their use. A comfortable dwelling and hovel were erected, a well dug and stoned, and several acres of trees felled and burned ready for next year's crop. Late in autumn they returned to Gloucester where Edmund remained during the winter, and in the spring of 1791 was married to Sally Merrill, and early preparations were made for a removal to their forest home. His glowing account of the fertility of the soil and the delightful surroundings had the effect to induce several other families to join his colony.

Wm. and Mark Emery, natives of Kittery, who came to New Gloucester several years before and married Sarah and Annie, sisters of Edmund, also a neighbor named Asa Loring were the first to come, leaving their families at Gloucester until they could locate and prepare a home for them. William Emery selected the place now occupied by Alpheus D. Keene, where he lived until the time of his death, which occurred in March, 1860, at the advanced age of ninety-five years. Mark settled on the spot now occupied by the Grange Hall, the farm being owned by his grandson, Anthony B. Emery.

Asa Loring settled on the lot next south, now owned by Orin S. Keene. Soon after Percy Loring settled to the north on the place now occupied by Leonard Foster. This opened the prospect for quite a little neighborhood, and each toiled on early and late, meantime rendering each other all the assistance in their power, and making frequent visits to Gloucester for supplies, which were brought either on their backs or by a horse.

Many were the privations they had to endure, as for instance their scythes were all made by a common blacksmith living at Gloucester Corner. They were said to be clumsy, awkward affairs, and often badly tempered and required a great deal of sharpening.

Joshua Keene, who migrated from Hebron and bought out Asa Loring, was the fortunate possessor of a whetstone, and as there was no grindstone nearer than Gloucester this instrument went the rounds, and all rainy days and odd hours were spent in sharpening scythes and axes.

About this time the first grist-mill was built in Otisfield by David Ray. These settlers had become heartily tired of pounding their corn, so they thought to patronize the mill. One morning Edmund, William and Mark started each with a load upon his back with no pathway or guide except a line of spotted trees. Their route lay through the present site of Oxford Village and over Greely Hill. The distance was some twelve miles, so they made preparations to stay over night. Edmund, who was a giant in strength and a lion in courage, took the lead with two bushels, while the others followed with a bushel each. When they became tired and discouraged, beginning to lag, as was often the case, Edmund would grasp a hanging limb and, pulling it taught, would halt in pretence of awaiting their coming. When at a convenient distance, he would let go the limb which was sure to give them a smart crack in the face. This generally had the desired effect of rousing their tempers and drooping spirits at the same time.

They soon became tired of this, and as soon as possible built a boat by which they could go within two miles of the mill.

The houses of William and Mark were finished in the fall of 1795, and in the March following, 1796, they moved their families to the new settlement. The distance was full fifteen miles, the weather was piercing cold, and the snow lay deep upon the ground. They intended moving with an ox team, and as the family of William consisted of seven persons, himself, wife and five small children, fears were expressed that they might perish by the way, but the ingenuity and forethought of Edmund soon overcame all these obstacles. Richard Tripp, who had recently settled on the south of the pond

still bearing his name, had purchased his land of a proprietor who agreed to receive his pay in baskets, stating that he would receive any size, be it ever so large. So a basket with a close-fitting cover was made, just the dimensions of a common ox sled, and four feet in height. This formidable structure was intended to carry grass seed to Boston. In this basket it was thought the little ones might be transported in safety. So, packing the little brood like so many chickens in clean straw and warm blankets, they came the entire distance safe and warm. This basket is still in existence and carefully preserved by a member of the Emery family now living in Northwood, N. H.

From this time forward this little settlement increased very rapidly; the giant forests disappeared as if by magic, giving place to broad fields dotted with charred and blackened stumps, which each season were hidden by a luxuriant growth of corn, grain and grass. Log houses were built throughout the entire length of the hill. When a new family moved into the place they were sure of a hearty welcome, and a part of some humble dwelling was kindly offered for their accommodation until they should be able to provide quarters for themselves. The entire population lent their aid so that it required but a few days for the erection of a comfortable dwelling, which was as good as their neighbor's and was considered good enough. If one fell sick, he was cared for free of charge and his out-of-door work went on all right. If anyone had a hard job before him, all hands turned out and it was soon finished. Thus, digging a well, junking and piling a burnt piece, or any other hard job was made easy by the many willing hands.

The first school was taught by Joseph Hall, who settled on the east side of Tripp Pond. Hall did not prove a very efficient teacher as he seemed to entertain the idea that his whole duty consisted in keeping order. If he was asked to explain a rule in arithmetic or anything of the kind, he answered: "That is not any business there in the book; you must not learn from that." One term closed his reign, and he was succeeded by Percy Loring, who settled on the Moses Snell farm. Loring proved more efficient as a teacher, still he held to many Puritanical notions which would be looked on with abhorrence in this enlightened day. Text-books were few and far between, one book generally sufficing for from four to six pupils.

Arithmetic was taught from a large manuscript gotten up by the teacher, never extending further than the simple rule of three, which was long since done away by analysis. As to grammar, it was a study almost entirely unknown. The discipline was of the strictest sort, each pupil on leaving the room was required to face about and bow to both school and teacher, nor turn his back until he had closed the door, that is, the male members, but the females must make a courtesy. Also on the way to and from school, every person they chanced to meet was treated to the same civilities, and any violation of these rules subjected the offender to a severe application of the ferrule the next morning.

At the summer term a female teacher was employed, whose duty it was to teach young misses to knit, sew and also embroider. The teacher generally boarded around, so many days being allotted each scholar. They often found coarse fare and hard lodgings, but no fault was ever found as the people did the best they could, and gave their guests as good as they could afford themselves. The wages of teachers were from fifty to seventy-five cents per week for females, and $8 to $10 per month for males.

When the crops were harvested and properly cared for, and the winter wood hauled to the door, then came the season of visiting. A pair of oxen was attached to a sled and the whole family loaded on. Their compliments, of course, were sent in season to have a roaring hard wood fire made, and the beds and other things removed from the two large rooms (if the house contained such) as one was allotted to the young folks for the playing of blind-man's-buff, etc., while in the other sat the adults and related witch and ghost stories, the truth of which was vouched for by at least a portion of the company. About eight o'clock a spareribb, goose

or turkey, laid by for the occasion, was brought forward and suspended by a string before the fire, with a pan beneath to catch the drippings. A large spoon was lashed to a long stick, and the company took turns at basting until the supper was thoroughly cooked. Then all hands sat down to supper. After an hour or two more spent in social chat, and the next appointment made, all retired to their respective homes.

Other localities now began to be animated with life; David Partridge came from Saccarappa and settled on Johnson Hill. He was followed by Curtis Walker, Jerry, William and Joseph Johnson. Next came John Worcester who settled near what is now known as Worcester's or Potash cave. Mr. Worcester first settled at South Poland in 1779, and was the first inhabitant of Ricker's Hill, but shortly moved to Johnson Hill for the sake of being near his kinsman, David Partridge.

Mr. Worcester was a man of diminutive stature, but full of muscle and courage to match, while his wife was quite large and fleshy. Aunt Worcester, as she was familiarly called, possessed considerable medical skill and a thorough knowledge of roots and herbs, so in this wild region so far from regular practitioners, her services were in constant demand.

Often, on an ox sled with no wraps but an old quilt or deer skin, did she face the cold, blustering storms in the dead hours of night, with her little stock of medicines in a calico bag hanging to her arm. When her services were required on either of the adjacent hills, there was a well-understood signal agreed on, which was three blasts from a trumpet and then a halloo: Yeer, Herr! Aunt Worcester!

One dark and stormy night she was suddenly awakened by the sound of the usual alarm. The good old soul hurried on her clothes and, taking her little stock of medicines, started post-haste. A furious storm of rain had been raging for several days and consequently the streams had become much swollen.

Coming to the Potash brook, she found it impossible to proceed farther as the rude bridge had been carried away, and the stream had become a roaring torrent; so, turning back, she fled to the house to call her husband. Uncle John soon appeared and the twain repaired to the bank of the stream.

The husband walked up and down for a few minutes then after selecting the best fording place, as he considered it, placed his back to a high rock, and ordered his wife to get upon it and he would carry her across. Bursting into a loud laugh she replied, "Why, you

little midget, you can't step with me, much more carry me through such a torrent as that."

It is a well-known fact, that nothing will irritate a man of diminutive stature like any allusion to his inferiority of person. So he again ordered her on his back and in no very amiable tones declared his ability to carry two such.

After some hesitation her anxiety for her patient overcame her fears and, after placing a stout stick in John's hand to feel his way, she concluded to risk the ordeal. Mounting the rock, she clasped her arms firmly about his neck, and the little giant proceeded with his precious burden, meanwhile comparing himself to Sampson carrying away the gates of Gazon. Slowly and surely he made his way through the turbid waters, and without a misstep landed safely on the opposite bank. In the face of a fierce and driving rain the brave pair hastened on with all possible dispatch as the mishap had caused considerable delay. For a mile or more they faced the pitiless storm until they arrived at their destination in season to be of service and perhaps save a valuable life.

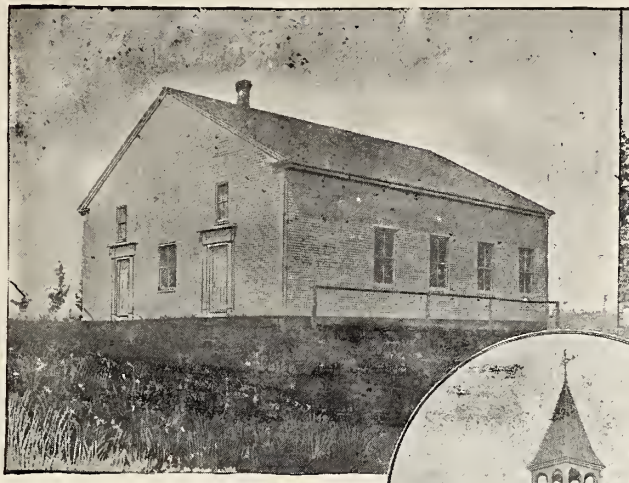
On other occasions she would be called in dead of winter to visit localities where no road had been kept for weeks, and perhaps months, and no means of egress except on snow-shoes. In case she had no snow-shoes of her own, she would place herself behind her guide and, placing her hands upon his hips, would put her foot on the hind part of his snow-shoe in conjunction with his foot, and at the word 'step,' now together they would travel for miles. In this manner she spent the entire summer and a portion of the autumn of life. At last misfortune came upon her in the form of a painful and incurable affection of the eyes, resulting in blindness and, notwithstanding her many deeds of kindness for which she neither asked nor received pay, she was suffered to become a town charge, and was set up at auction by the authorities year by year. But there was one redeeming feature—she never changed places; and, ever kindly and tenderly cared for, she lived to a good old age, being past ninety years of age at the time of her death. And now be it said to the shame of posterity, so many of whom she assisted to draw their first breath, she lies in a neglected grave in an obscure corner of the churchyard with no stone to mark the spot.

The rapid increase of population and the large productions of the farms of course necessitated the erection of more convenient and substantial buildings. The building of a house at that day was a very different affair from that of the present, when machinery and modern inventions facilitate the fitting of every part of a house so as to have it come together as if by magic. All nails were made by common blacksmiths, and were cut from plates of iron with a monstrous pair of shears and headed in a vice.

Board nails sold at forty cents per pound and shingle nails for one dollar. Shingles were riven from huge pine or cedar bolts with an instrument called a froe and shoved by hand. They cost a deal of hard labor, but were very durable. Most barns were covered with cedar splits four feet in length. Pine timber was plenty and considered of small value; only the largest and most shapely were ever used for building purposes. The boards were very wide and mostly free from knots, all sawed by an old-fashioned up to-day and down to-morrow saw. The frame down to the smallest brace was hewn out in the woods, and when drawn to the selected spot, the entire neighborhood was invited to come and help frame and raise it. This was often a tedious job especially if they did not have a competent master-workman. Of course plenty of rum was furnished, and when the last stick, the ridge-pole, was adjusted, the most daring of the crew was required to sit astride the pole with a bottle of rum, while a companion was seated at the extreme end. After taking a drink, one calls to his companion, "Here's a fine frame and what shall we call it?" The bottle was then passed, and the other answered in some simple rhyme like the following:

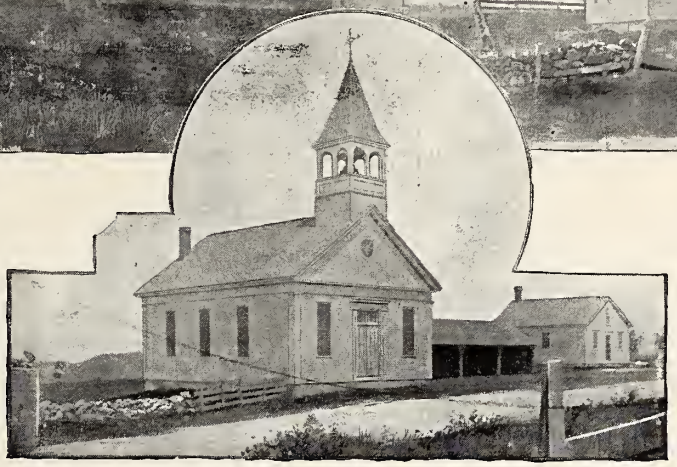
"Tear down the old and build the new,
That's what the rich man with money may do."

This form of christening is practised among shipbuilders at the launching of a vessel even to the present day.



BAPTIST CHURCH.

CHAPEL.



BAPTIST CHURCH, WHITE OAK HILL.

These gatherings answered the same purpose as the holidays of the present time, frequently ending with a game of ball, a wrestling match or perhaps a fight. But pettifoggers and trial justices were not so handy as at the present time, and such matters were seldom, if ever, litigated or even remembered after the fumes of liquor had passed away. Samuel Jr. and Josiah Jordan came from South Poland. Samuel Jr. settled on the place now occupied by Clarence Haskell. They were men possessed of some means as they erected many buildings; especially Samuel, who rented one-half of his house to Josiah Dunn who came about the same time.

VIEW OF MIDDLE RANGE, WEST POLAND.

They were sons of Samuel Jordan Sen., who cut the first tree at South Poland on what is now known as the Dockum farm. Samuel married Isabella Stinchfield, of New Gloucester. Mrs. Jordan was a woman of ease, intelligence and strict piety. For several years she taught the school in the upper district, not only in the common branches of English literature, but being possessed of an uncommonly kind and loving disposition, was ever striving with might and main to instil the young minds with that love for the good, the noble and the true, which might in after-life guide them to the paths of justice, truth and fidelity. Both of these brothers were men of large influence, taking an active part in all public affairs and were highly respected by the entire community. Four children were born to Samuel and Isabella, who lived and prospered for several years; but on the 7th of April, 1809, a terrible calamity fell upon this happy fam-

ily, the horrors of which served to cast a gloom over the entire remainder of their lives.

It was Sunday and a meeting was held at the house of Captain Robert Snell, who came from Hebron at about the same time. Mr. Jordan, his wife and eldest son attended the meeting, leaving the three younger children in care of a weakminded girl, a niece of Mrs. Jordan. Though strictly charged not to leave the house, the girl made haste to get the two younger children to sleep and then, in company with the other, went a plumming. Thinking to sweep before going, a shaving which clung to the broom took fire, and the girl being in a hurry did not notice it. The house was soon wrapped in flames; the alarm was given, but alas, too late; the house was totally destroyed together with all the household articles; and a nursing babe and a girl two years old perished in the flames.

Thompson Pond Plantation.

Thompson Pond Plantation was made up of several pieces of land consisting of gores, or odds and ends which, in the laying out of the towns of Poland, Otisfield and Raymond, were left after the bounds of each township had been established. The main portion of this plantation was a section of the well-known eighty rod strip which extended from Norway line between the towns of Otisfield, Casco, and Raymond on the west, and Oxford, Poland, and New Gloucester on the east. The portion of this gore lying west of Thompson Pond was annexed to Otisfield, except one half lot which has never been annexed to any town. This eighty rod strip crossed the pond near the southern terminus, and comprised the principal portion of what is now known as Johnson Hill. This Plantation was owned by Captain Jesse Partridge, of Portland, one of four brothers, viz: Jesse, David, Jonathan and Nathan, all of whom were soldiers of the Revolution.

Jesse was a man of considerable wealth owning, besides much real estate, a large number of ships, several of which were destroyed in the French war; in consequence of this, his heirs received a large dowery from the late French spoilation bill. Captain Jesse also built the mills at Casco Village which for many years were run by Richard Manning. Captain Partridge gave a lot of land to each of his brothers. The first opening was felled by Curtis Walker, who settled first at West Poland Corner on the place owned by James P. Walker, who was his son. This opening was merely to hold his claim as he did not move here for several years; when he did move here, he cleared not only this, but what is now known as the Ephraim Edwards farm, and then sold and went down to what is now known as the Heath Bridge where he cleared another. Here he remained until his death which occured somewhere in the forties. He was a man of untiring industry, but very eccentric habits. He is said to have cleared several hundred acres, amounting to more than cleared by any other man in the state. While clearing land, he often took a big loaf of bread and a jug of milk and going to the woods would not appear again for several days. When storms of rain came upon him, he retreated to a kind of cave or big shelving rock in the side of a steep hill where he often remained during the night. In gathering his crops, he would haul in corn during the day and then sit in total darkness and husk until far into the night.

The first permanent settlers were David and Joseph Partridge, who settled at the summit of the hill on the place now owned by Edward Hanscom. This is a fine locality, commanding one of the finest lookouts to the north, east and west in all the country around. The land inclines gradually to the north, a rather moist soil and most admirably adapted not only to hold crops, but grain and grass. This place in particular is free from stone and has ever been kept in a high state of cultivation. David, brother of Captain Jesse, and David, son of Jesse, known as David senior and David junior, came to this place in the spring of 1798 from Saccarappa, each bringing a bushel of meal, a gun and an axe, and driving a cow before them. They first constructed a rude camp which they covered with bark and then commenced the felling

of trees, meanwhile subsisting upon pudding and milk. After felling a large opening and burning it, they returned. The next June, 1799, they returned and after junking and clearing the piece, planted it to corn. David senior then returned and built a log house. The next January David

SAW MILL, MECHANIC FALLS.

junior returned for his family, moving them on an ox sled, coming through Raymond and over Black Cat Hill. His family consisted of a wife and three children.

Next came Joseph Partridge, Joseph Jerremy and William Johnson from Gorham. Then Moses Hodgdon from Windham, then Curtis Walker came to his opening, then General William Smith came to what was afterward known as the Captain Waite place, and engaged in making potash at the brook running between the two hills, which has ever retained the name.

The rapidity of settlement soon formed quite a neighborhood, all living in peace, harmony and contentment. For several years there was no road except a line of spotted trees leading over Black Cat Hill, and travelling was mostly on horseback. Most every family was provided with a horse and often two. When a man and his wife had occasion to visit another portion of the town, as going on a pleasure excursion, as was often the case, the woman was seated behind her husband on a pillow, or kind of cushion made for that purpose, attached to the hind part of the saddle. A kind of pannier or pocket was generally affixed to the skirt of the saddle in which to place their travelling outfit or any other merchandise they had occasion to carry.

G. O. GOODWIN'S STORE, WEST POLAND.

In this way most incredible loads were carried on the backs of even very diminutive horses with apparent ease and comfort, as the beasts were trained to carry burdens from colts. Pacers were in great favor and most of the horses were taught to pace by placing sticks of wood and timber at certain distances, and driving them across them, slowly at first, but gradually urging them to greater speed. In this way, and by careful driving, they

soon became confirmed pacers. Occasionally a case occurred that was a failure and such horses were considered of small value.

Two of the Johnson family were said to have been fine violinists, and ofttimes great gatherings were held for a social dance. Young people came from long distances mostly on horseback; a gentleman seated in front and a lady behind.

One winter night a youngster living in Raymond, now Casco, having engaged to carry his sweetheart to one of these gatherings, had his plans disconcerted by his older brother who, taking one horse and the old sleigh, drove off in high glee, anticipating a good time at his brother's expense and discomfiture. But the boy, being a live Yankee, was not so easily balked; hastily attaching an old pair of thills to a bob-sled, he harnessed the other horse, a powerful animal, and arrived at his destination some time in advance of his brother.

The first wagon in West Poland was owned by Josiah Jordan, and the second by Major Johnson. The people from far and near flocked to see the new vehicle. The body was some fourteen inches deep and the sides and panel work painted yellow with a black diamond in the centre of each panel. The wheels were quite low with hubs the size of a common water-pail. The body was bolted fast to the axles, which were of wood and very large. The back of the seat was some two feet in height with a large box underneath. A ride in this clumsy and uncouth affair was considered a rare treat, which all were allowed to enjoy in their turn. This hill and vicinity was beyond a doubt frequented by Indians up to the close of the French and Indian war, as is proven by the many Indian relics found buried in the earth and on the shores of the ponds. Arrow-heads of flint and curiously wrought chisels and other implements were found; and a few years ago two large knives were dug up just across the Heath. They were awkward and clumsy affairs, very thick at the back and deeply imbedded with rust, bearing marks of having been pounded on the back with a rock or some hard substance. Near the same spot was discovered a large piece of lead cut in squares and nearly severed. These squares were of the requisite dimensions to be used as slugs in an old-fashioned rifle, proving that these must have been placed there since the introduction of fire-arms among the Indians.

Wild animals were quite abundant, but no great business of hunting was carried on. Most of the inhabitants paid close attention to farming and the clearing of lands. David Partridge one morning in early spring started for Raymond on the crust, the snow lying deep on the ground. As he passed over the southern declivity of the hill, near what is now known as the Welch roads, he came to a fissure in the ledge around and in front of which he discovered fresh bear's tracks. Having an axe with him, he cut a short pole which he thrust into the den. Loud growls and snarls were heard, followed by the appearance of the head of a large bear. With one mighty and well-directed blow he clove his head, killing him instantly. He quickly dragged him forth, and another followed which was treated in the same manner. Again he inserted the pole, and a third appeared, which came near making his escape, getting some feet from the den; but David, with a wonderful agility, overtook the bear, and with his axe killed him after a short struggle. His day's work supplied a number with bear meat for the entire summer.

As the little settlement began to get settled down to business, the increase of families and products necessitated the erection of larger and more comfortable buildings. Boards were hauled from the Manning mills to the pond on a geboggan, so called, which was made of a crotched tree with a bunk fastened across. They were then rafted across and hauled home in the same manner. The boards were many of them of immense width, some of which are still in being, and one three and one-half feet in width and marked with the name of Captain Jesse Partridge.

The first child born on this hill was Moses Hodgdon junior.

The portion of this plantation lying east of the pond and Heath was annexed to Poland in 1827.

The other parts were annexed to Otisfield and Raymond, except the half lot before mentioned, which still remains incognito and by itself.

The Poland Packing Co. of Keene Bros. & Fernald was organized 1888. The building is provided with a full outfit of machinery of the most modern and improved pattern including two of Sprague's power cutters, which with a new and improved sifter washer and press enables them to dispense with a large percentage of the usual number of employes.

Second Advent Society at West Poland.

Adventism was first preached at West Poland in 1842 by Elder E. Crowell, Joshua V. Hines, and others. A large number embraced this new doctrine, comprising at one time much the larger portion of the church; but after a time came a falling off, and those who still hold to the faith asked and obtained a dismission from the church. Both sects continued to occupy the same house of worship until 1855 when the Adventists sold out to the Baptists, and built a neat and convenient chapel, which was dedicated as free to all sects and denominations. Deaths and removals have reduced this once large and flourishing society so that no church organization or regular meeting is maintained at present.

The Elders who have resided at West Poland were Joseph Turner, Luther L. Howard, O. R. Fassett, Jesse Partridge, Joseph T. Jordan, Jared Whitman and James Albert Libby. The latter is still living at West Poland, but mostly engaged in missionary labors.

This class of believers is also scattered throughout the town, and according to the census of 1889, when denominational preferences were given, forty voters gave their names for the Adventists. As many, no doubt, of the opposite sex are in sympathy with this people showing that the long-continued preaching of this faith has not been without effect. An organized church of some fifty or more members holds regular meetings at Mechanic Falls; and this year, 1890, the Camp Meeting Association of the society will begin its yearly meetings at Poland, about one mile from the village of Mechanic Falls, on the Lewiston road, where a fine lot has been purchased containing fifteen acres of wooded and open land having the many conveniences to be adapted to such a gathering. Already the ground is partly seated; the preachers' building is in place and a stable about sixty feet in length is erected. The Society hopes to make the grove and its surroundings a decidedly beautiful place for worship for all who come from near and afar; and besides that, many may resort hither from the cities and villages around to spend, in these cottages, the hot weeks of our blazing summers.

The Adventists hold with other evangelical bodies, in the main, on the fundamentals of Christianity, both doctrinal and practical, though they baptize only by immersion.

The lines of thought in which they do differ from other sects are these:

1. Man here on earth is wholly mortal.
2. Death then ends *wholly life and thought.*
3. Thus, immortality is made conditional.
4. He who states this fact and offers mortals Life Eternal is Jesus Christ.
5. To be saved thus forever, one must be a believer on, and a follower of the Christ, and also be raised up for immortality at the last day.
6. Christ is to make a second advent for this purpose.
7. He shall reconstruct and beautify our planet and reign here forever.
8. Those accounted worthy to put on immortality shall have eternal glory with Him. Those who have wilfully turned against His love and plan through earth's long day of mercy, and would not come to Him "That they might have life," shall perish forever out of being; so there will be no eternal woe, but only endless goodness.

First Free Will Baptist Church.

The First Free Will Baptist Church in Poland was organized October 8, 1798. The following

were the first members and those who participated in the organization: William Emery, Mark Emery, Edmund Megquier and John Fernald.

They met at the house of William Emery; Elder Zachariah Leach, of Raymond, and Elder Joseph Hutchinson, of Turner, were present and assisted in the ceremonies. During the same year Jonathan Fickett, Zudy Fickett, Edmund Megquier and John Fernald were received by baptism. Meetings were usually held in private houses, but as members increased, barns and groves were resorted to during the warm weather. Elder Z. Leach, who was the first pastor of the church, preached from 1798 until 1824 for the greater portion of the time with occasional visits from Joseph Hutchinson, Zachariah Jordan, Joseph White and Hubbard Chandler in 1825. Under the labors of Hubbard Chandler the church was reorganized and joined to the Gorham yearly meeting. In 1831 Rev. James Libby, of Danville, received and accepted the call to settle as pastor of this church, maintaining that relation until 1865, a period of thirty-four years. Elder Libby then, by reason of age and infirmities, resigned the pastorate of the church, but continued to preach occasionally for years after, and even to near the close of his life. Since his resignation the pastorate has been held for a time by Elder Chas. Bean, Jerry Hayden, David Libby, Ebenezer Eaton and J. S. Potter. The deacons have been Robert Snell, Stephen Cobb, Francis Rounds, Joseph Allen, Joshua Lunt, William Barton, Israel Herrick, Mark Emery, Joshua Jordan, Wm. E. Morton, Lemuel C. Keene and Wm. E. Lunt. The total membership since organization has been about 300; present number, about 80. The meeting-house was built in 1834 and dedicated January 1, 1835; dedication sermon by Rev. Geo. Lamb. In 1840 quite a number were dismissed for the purpose of forming a church on White Oak Hill, after which this was known as the First Free Will Baptist Church in Poland. For the past few years the pulpit has been supplied by Revs. J. S. Burgess, Wakeley, Gosline, and others. After the dedication of the church, a choir for singing was formed; first under the leadership of Wm. Stevens, and then Benjamin C. Megquier. This choir at last disbanded and congregational singing was in vogue until 1848, when a new choir was formed under the leadership of Nathaniel Keene, who held that position for over 30 years. No choir organization is held at present, and there is no resident pastor of the church.

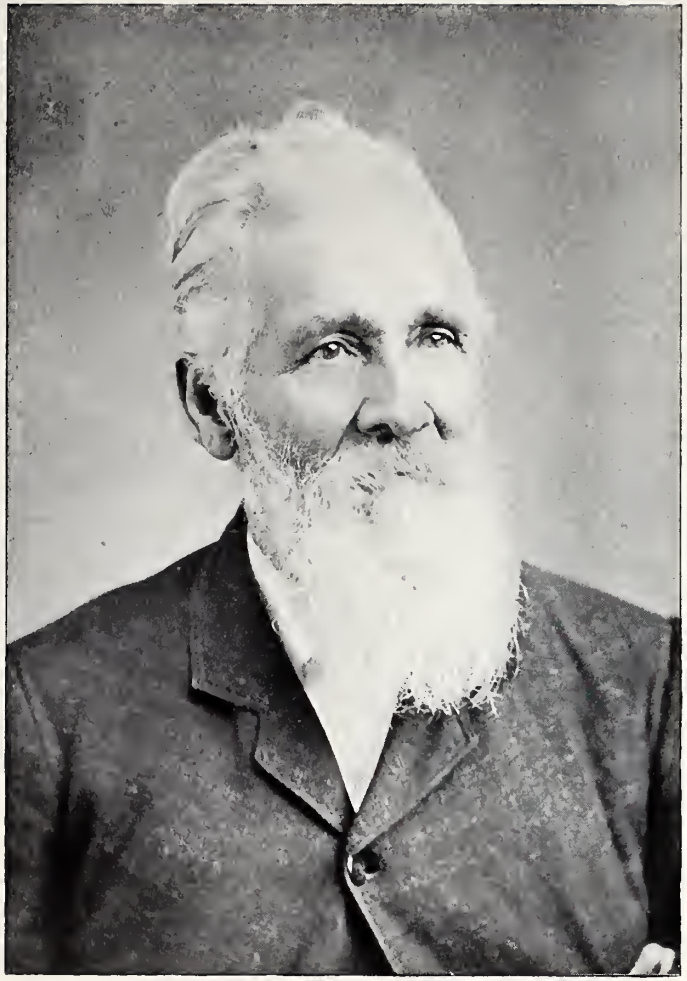
RESIDENCE OF LUTHER PERKINS, WEST POLAND.

The Ark.

When John Worcester settled on Johnson Hill, he built a house which, being long and narrow with very small windows, made a very uncouth appearance. One night a furious hurricane lifted the roof from the walls and deposited it on the ground. Having no other shelter, and lacking the means of rebuilding, they moved under this roof where they lived for several years. This dwelling was ever afterward called the ark.

The Ridge or Promised Land.

This beautiful locality took its name from the following circumstance:



LUTHER PERKINS.

MRS MARY PERKINS.

Before its settlement it was owned by the Emmerson Brothers, of Portland, and one of the firm dying, the undivided half was held in trust until the heirs should become of age. About 1820 William and Charles Brooks came from Pigeon Hill and felled an opening, but seeing no chance of a title, which was promised as soon as the heirs should become of age, they abandoned it. About 1830 John and Daniel, sons of Israel Herrick, came and occupied it for a season, but left for the same reason. This gave its name as being promised to the "children of Israel." The first house was built by Simeon Denning, who soon left for want of a title. Reuben Blair came about 1835 and built a log house on the spot now occupied by his grandsons, L. C. and F. M. Blair. Next came John Emery who was soon followed by William M. Perkins, William E. Lunt and Jasper Haskell; and then came Joseph Emery and Sprague Keene, second.

The ridge now comprises one of the finest farming sections in town.

The old country road leading from Oxford to Poland Corner and intersecting the easterly portion of the Promised Land was of very ancient date. It was situated entirely on the plains and easily kept in repair. Near the Promised Land it crosses the outlet of Tripp Pond. This stream was forded for several years, but for some unknown reason. It seldom, if ever, froze over during the winter, rendering it difficult to cross with heavily loaded teams. One cold, winter day three of the early settlers of East Oxford, then Hebron, came to this place, and before the setting of the sun had constructed a substantial log bridge. This was for their own accommodation; and to this day it is called the Winter Bridge. The builders were William C. Whitney and two men named Caldwell. This road was long since discontinued as far as the winter bridge.

Black Cat Hill.

This is probably the highest elevation in town, and took its name, according to tradition, from a fierce contest with a monstrous black wild cat when first visited by hunters.

The first settler was Luke Staples, he being followed by Jacob Barton, Benjamin Bailey, William Knight and a man named Cox, who engaged in the manufacture of hair combs which were said to have been of great height and highly ornamented by hand. The hill was covered by a heavy growth of hard wood and pine timber. The soil is rocky, and hard to cultivate. The neighborhood has in the past been prolific of remarkable events; but no records have been kept and but a meagre account of the past history can be given. Like by-ways and places difficult of access, the population is fast diminishing and many farms are now deserted.

Herrick Valley.

The Herrick Valley lies north-west and in proximity to Megquier Hill. The first settlement was by Aaron and Josiah Dunn, they being followed by John Herrick, who moved from Minot in November, 1823, accompanied by his two sons, Moses and Azar, who both settled on the same lot. Israel Herrick came from Greenwood in 1825 accompanied by six sons and one daughter, all of whom are married and settled in the immediate vicinity. The Herrick family were of Scandinavian origin, having sprung from a Danish family named Eyric that migrated to England during the reign of Alfred the Great, at which time England was conquered by the Danes.

Allen Hill.

Allen Hill was first settled by James Walker and Isaac Knight, but at what date we are unable to ascertain. The land, however, was owned by Edmund Megquier and his sons. Moses Megquier, Joseph Allen and Ezra Fickett afterward settled here.

The southerly slope was purchased by Nathaniel Schellinger whose decendants live there to this day. A man named Rand, who was far-famed for his physical strength, also settled here at an early date; but little, however, can be learned of him.

The Knight Murder.

In the early part of October, 1856, the entire community was suddenly shocked by one of the most horrible and atrocious murders ever committed in this state.

George Knight, the perpetrator of the crime, lived on the east side of Tripp Pond on the farm owned by Isaac Stanton. He was, at the time mentioned, about forty years of age. He was small of stature, with light complexion and small gray eyes that had a peculiar twinkle. He was of an active, nervous temperament, his movements being attended by a kind of restlessness rather painful to one with whom he happened to be holding conversation; still he possessed a remarkable command of countenance and temper, having perfect control of himself under the most trying circumstances. He was a man of good business capacity and had acquired a handsome property. He married the widow of an elder brother, some twenty years his senior, who had reared a large family of children by a former husband. Mrs. Knight was a most worthy and estimable woman, but for a long time had been in poor health. At the time of her decease she had for some time been attended by Dr. Josiah Carr, of Mechanic Falls, who had repeatedly manifested surprise at the singular symptoms in her case, and as it afterward appeared, entertained strong suspicions of foul play, being quite positive that his treatment was being counteracted by slow poison. Knight's conduct towards his wife had been calculated to excite suspicion; and he had, at various times, made the remark to his hired help that he wished he was rid of his old sick wife, as he had property enough and could soon get a young one. It seems, too, that the victim was not without her suspicions, as she had on several occasions, when writing to her daughter, stated that she thought her husband meant to kill her, that she thought she had been poisoned, as she had several times had violent pains in her stomach and vomited froth and foam.

These circumstances were not made public until after the fearful tragedy. This was on the night of October 6, 1856.

Near nightfall of the day previous, Knight communicated to the family his intention of taking advantage of the full moon and cool night to make a trip to Gray, a distance of thirteen miles, with an ox-load of shingles which he had promised. After giving directions as to the management of affairs during his absence, he yoked his team and departed just in the dusk of evening. The distance from the home of Knight to the country road leading to Gray was about one mile, partially by a bridle path leading through a thick wood. At the mouth of this road was a patch of waste land called the heater piece, from its oblong shape, and covered, as it is at the present day by scrubby pines and oak bushes. Some eighty rods to the north of this lived Israel Herrick. It was here he went for his load of shingles which were housed in Herrick's barn. Herrick assisted him in loading and saw him depart, as he supposed, direct for Gray.

The family consisted of his wife, an aged mother, Anna Partridge, aged thirteen, and a small lad named Ainslie Pulsifer.

The family retired at the usual hour. Mrs. Knight slept in the parlor, the mother in the bedroom adjoining and Anna in the back room adjoining the bedroom. Between twelve and one o'clock Anna was suddenly awakened by a piercing shriek followed by the sudden opening of her door, and a voice exclaiming in hurried and broken accents, that if there was anybody alive in the house she wanted to find them.

The poor child was badly frightened, but retained sufficient presence of mind to run for a light, which she always kept in a convenient place, but found to her amazement that it was gone. The match-safe, too, was empty, though she distinctly remembered having filled it on retiring; but by the help of the bright moonlight she at last secured a bit of candle and the stub of a match by the aid of which she succeeded in getting a light. She then ran into the parlor to look after Mrs. Knight. There she found a sash removed and a window open.

The sash was leaned carefully against the wall, likewise the casing, which had been removed. The bed had been occupied, but was then empty, and the pillows were gone. Passing to the bedroom, she discovered Mrs. Knight lying on the back side of the bed with a pillow pressed down over her face, on which were prints of bloody fingers. Removing the pillow, she discovered the head nearly severed from the body, and the bed a pool of blood. Nearly overcome with fright and the loneliness of her situation, as the old lady was almost a complete imbecile, she soon roused the boy whom she dispatched for the neighbors. The news spread rapidly and before daylight a large crowd had gathered. On examination a razor was found beside the body, but shut up and covered with dust. Bloody finger marks were discovered on the stool of the open window, the casing and the clapboards outside.

On questioning the old lady, she stated that Mrs. Knight came to her room sometime during the night with a pillow in her hand which she placed on the bed and then got into bed with her.

Suspicions were at once aroused and a messenger dispatched for Knight, also for a coroner and several physicians.

The messenger overtook Knight just after sunrise very near his destination. It was not until after much persuasion that he could be prevailed upon to leave his team in other hands and return with the messenger. He manifested neither surprise nor grief, but talked of business matters and commonplace affairs on the way home. On arriving, he went to the bedside and viewed the corpse of his wife with the utmost indifference for a moment, and then turned away to resume conversation on commonplace affairs. During the sitting of the inquest, he was observed in the act of wandering through the field in a northerly direction and occasionally casting a glance in the rear as if fearful of being watched. About parallel with his course lay a high stone wall, which a short distance below was crossed by a wooden fence dividing field from pasture. Two young men who had an eye on his manœuvres, immediately sprang behind the wall and made all possible haste upon all fours to the cross fence below. There, peering through the hedge, they beheld him mounted upon the cross fence and looking over the pasture as though anxious about the cattle. They perceived a sudden motion of the arm and something fall in the grass behind the wall. He then descended from the fence and slowly wended his way toward the house. As soon as he was at a safe distance, they scrabbled through the hedge and making their way to the spot indicated, discovered a large butcher knife covered with blood from point to handle, and on the handle the marks of bloody fingers. Wrapping it carefully in a handkerchief, they returned to the house and delivered it to the officer, who was already present. The knife was afterward recognized by Dennis Bragdon as the property of Knight, and one he had assisted him in sharpening some weeks before, since which time he had kept it secreted in the hay loft.

During the inquest Knight wandered about the premises in a careless and indifferent manner, opening conversation with every person he met. Among the crowd were Dennis and David Edwards, brothers, whom he tried to bribe into stating that he was at both their houses near Black Cat Hill during the evening before. This of course they refused. He then tried to buy their silence on the subject of the conversation; but failing in that, he was obliged to leave them. When the inquest ended, he approached a member of the jury, the eccentric and witty Zenas Briggs, and coolly inquired, "Well, Uncle Zene, who do they conclude did it?"

"O, gad sir! the fingers all point one way, sir. Right toward you, sir."

"Why!" exclaimed Knight in well-feigned astonishment, "they don't think I did it, do they?"

"We don't think anything about it, sir." At that moment he was taken in custody by Constable Lane and placed in the keeping of one Littlefield, known as Big Josh. He was allowed to remain on the premises and attend the funeral in charge of his keeper.

An examination was held at Poland Corner before Justice Waterman. He was defended by David Dunn, Esq.—C. W. Goddard, county attorney for the state. The examination was attended by a crowd of witnesses and a large crowd of spectators.

The contradictory stories as to his whereabouts during the first part of the night were made plain by examining the heater piece above mentioned near the mouth of the road, where it was discovered that he had driven his oxen into the thicket and chained them to a scrub pine while he returned to accomplish his horrid work, which no doubt he had been planning for weeks, and perhaps months.

Sheriff Strickland, of Livermore, who was in attendance, receiving hints that a rescue was premeditated by certain parties, appointed William E. Lunt as keeper in conjunction with Littlefield; and placing a loaded revolver in the hands of each, instructed them to shoot, and that to kill, if anything of the kind was attempted. Giving them quarters at the hotel, he left them for some other business. Soon after the evening meal, Big Josh was suddenly taken ill with every indication of poison, but proper restoratives being applied he was able to resume his duties. About nine o'clock a team with three men drove to the door and demanded to see Mr. Knight.

"You can't see him," replied Josh.

"Well, we can and must," returned a voice.

By this time Josh was fairly aroused. Cocking his revolver, he roared in tones of thunder which they understood to mean business, "Get out of this or I'll come out and kill the whole of you." At this the team drove rapidly away. Knight, who had appeared extremely nervous and anxious during the entire evening, inquired what that was, and what was wanted.

"A mob," replied Uncle Josh, "who want to string you up by the neck, and I was obliged to drive them away."

It was past midnight when they were surprised by the sudden appearance of County Attorney Goddard. Knight coolly advanced and offered him his hand, which Goddard refused.

"I can't shake hands with a murderer," replied the lawyer. "I have had a dream which sent me here at this unreasonable hour, and I must examine your underclothing, especially the sleeve on your right arm."

To this the prisoner stoutly objected, but a glance at his two stalwart keepers assured him that resistance would be of no avail. On baring his right arm, the sleeve of his undershirt was discovered to be a solid mass of dried and clotted blood. At this astounding revelation both keepers gave way to an exclamation of surprise; but the lawyer simply remarked, "Just as I supposed, and I am now satisfied. I rode home last night, and being extremely weary, retired early and was soon fast asleep. This very evidence of guilt which is now before our eyes appeared to me in my dreams in so vivid a form as to disturb my slumbers and so impressed my mind with the importance of an immediate investigation of the facts in case as to preclude all idea of resuming my slumbers. So, without further delay, I procured a team and drove over with all possible dispatch."

The examination closed with his committal for trial. The new jail at Auburn was not then completed and he, as all other prisoners in the then newly-formed county of Androscoggin, was sent to Portland to await his trial at the next March term of court in Auburn. Some time during the winter the jail was finished and Knight was removed to Auburn.

Hon. Nathan Clifford and David Dunn appeared for the defense; and Nathan D. Appleton, Attorney General, and C. W. Goddard, County Attorney, for the state.

The trial lasted for twenty-three days, three of which were occupied by the arguments of the counsel. The jury were out for several hours before being able to agree; but at last they pronounced him guilty, and the entire court breathed freely once more.

Thirty-two years have passed away and Knight is still at Thomaston plying the trade of carriage blacksmith. He still affirms his innocence, and occasionally a petition for pardon is presented.

JOSEPH WYER THE SCOUT.

THE notable Falls at Lewiston furnish the most valuable water-power on the Androscoggin River, except at Rumford, the latter not having yet been utilized to any great extent.

A legend is connected with this water-fall, which, though often related in bygone years, still may be of interest to a portion of our readers.

Just previous to the French and Indian war, a family named Wyer, living somewhere near the seaboard, was murdered by the Indians, with the exception of one son, Joseph, who happened to be absent. When he returned and found his home destroyed, and no family connection left, he for a time was partly bereft of his reason. This he regained after a time, but fell into a kind of melancholy, making no conversation with any one, but intent on killing every Indian that came within reach of his rifle, which is described as a most formidable weapon of great length. He spent the most of his time in the dense forest, living on what he could catch, and whenever he got a pop at an Indian would exultingly exclaim: "There goes another of the accursed race!" As a scout and spy, his equal was probably never known in all New England. In stature he was tall, gaunt and muscular, with the eye of an eagle. He was lithe as a panther, and bounded through the forest with the ease and grace of a deer. In sagacity and cunning he was more than a match for the most wily Indian, his brilliant intellect giving him still greater advantage.

At that time the town of Brunswick had become quite densely populated, and was considered an important trading post. Many fine farms had been cleared, and the inhabitants had quietly settled down to business.

The Androscoggin tribe had held a council, and decided to make a raid on the town, and after murdering its inhabitants, burn every building to ashes, and thereby annihilate the entire town. By some means unknown, Wyer became apprised of their intentions, and being conversant with all their habits and customs, was well prepared to act. The first thing was to provide himself with a large bottle of rum, with which he hied himself to the vicinity of Lewiston Falls. Here he lay in ambush, awaiting the approach of the warriors on their errand of death and destruction. Soon after dark he descried a light above the Falls, at the head of the rapids, on a large flat stone. With his rifle at a trail, he sped like an arrow for the spot. Here he found a lone Indian in the act of building a signal fire to apprise his fellows of their approaching the rapids, as of course they must disembark here and carry their frail canoes around the Falls. Wyer cautiously approached the Indian, and well knowing his love of the fire-water, at once presented the tempting bottle. By smooth words and gentle manners, he soon gained his entire confidence, and drink after drink was urged upon the unsuspecting savage, until he had the satisfaction of seeing him reeling on the ground in a drunken slumber. Wyer now lost no time in extinguishing the signal fires which he rekindled below the Falls. He then returned to watch the sleeping Indian, and await the approach of the warriors. But his waiting was not long. They soon appeared, gliding swiftly along, impelled by a powerful current, as it was early spring-time and the river extremely high. Their number was never known, but there were many canoes filled with warriors, all in high glee and gaily bedecked in war-paint and feathers. They approach the rapids. Wyer stands close by the sleeping Indian, lest he may awake and give the alarm. Anon an alarm was sounded from the foremost canoe, as they found themselves amid the rapids which must quickly bear them to certain destruction. The hindmost Indians, hearing the alarm, made almost frantic efforts to stem the current and retreat; but all efforts were futile. Faster and faster they were borne by the now seething current, till the frightful precipice down which the roaring torrents now dashed, with a power that shook the very earth, was plain to view. Seeing their last hope gone, and their destruction inevitable, each warrior set up his death song, and with one wild and melancholy wail, the entire posse went down among the sharp and jagged rocks, to be engulfed in one common and watery grave.

Thus, by the sagacity and foresight of one man, was a thriving and prosperous town saved from total annihilation.

Sometime after this, while at work splitting rails, he was suddenly confronted by six warriors, who at once informed him that they had had ample opportunity to shoot him, but as he had been the death of so many of their people, they thought to reserve him for the torture. Wyer, who never lost his presence of mind, nodded assent, and seemed resigned to his fate, but begged as a

favor, that they would just help him to rend the log he was then working on, as he made it a point never to leave a job half-done. Every warrior good-naturedly inserted his fingers in the crack made by the short stub of a wedge, and each exerted his entire strength to assist in opening the log. With one dextrous blow, Wyer knocked the wedge clear, when the exultant Indians found themselves fast in a trap. Scorning to sue for mercy, each one silently and sullenly resigned to his fate, which their captor soon sealed by knocking them on the head with his axe.

Two straggling Indians once captured a young lady in the suburbs of Falmouth, with whom they immediately started for Canada, as her youth and beauty would, as they well knew, bring them a large bounty. Her affianced lover, on hearing of the act, was at first nearly beside himself, but regaining his self-possession, he concluded to make one desperate effort to overtake and rescue the prisoner from them. Wyer happening to be in town, was engaged to pursue the Indians, being offered a reward if successful. So the two men started in pursuit, and overtook the trio, near the present site of Casco Village, where they had encamped for the night. One of the savages was on watch while the other was stretched at full length upon the ground, soundly sleeping. They approached to within a few yards, when the impulsive youth, who could refrain no longer as he beheld the dusky savage standing guard over the object of his affections, while she with her face buried in her hands, was weeping vehemently, raised his rifle and sped a bullet through the heart of the merciless captor. The maiden and the sleeping Indian leaped to their feet simultaneously; but the maiden, a few feet in advance, as if she recognized the crack of her lover's rifle, sped in that direction, quickly followed by the savage with upraised tomahawk, ready to brain her. Not a moment was to be lost. The maiden sped directly for the position of her rescuers, while the Indian kept close in the rear so as to prevent a shot from her friends. He gained on her rapidly and was now within arm's length, with his weapon raised ready for the fatal blow.

"Double on him, my gal!" roared the scout, in tones of thunder.

Instantly the maiden leaped to the left, while the tomahawk was buried in a tree. The scout immediately took advantage of the momentary exposure, by sending a bullet through the redskin's body. The maiden fell fainting into her lover's arms, while Wyer finished the earthly career of the Indian. Wyer continued his exploits until the fall of Quebec, which put an end to the war. He was several times captured and condemned to death by torture, but always managed to escape.

CHAPTER IX.

MECHANIC FALLS.

BUSINESS INDUSTRIES—CHANGES AND THE SITUATION—HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL AND UNIVERSALIST CHURCHES.

MECHANIC FALLS is conspicuous among the villages of Maine for the beauty of its appearance.

ELM STREET.

The village is divided by the Little Androscoggin River, forming two townships—Poland on the east, and Minot on the west. Generally speaking, the village portion on both sides of the river is called Mechanic Falls, though it is to Poland territory that this chapter is confined.

The surrounding country presents that gently varied surface peculiar to this part of Maine, where for many miles the ground has the appearance of having been channelled from north to south. The lowest depressions are occupied by several ponds, while the heights of the intermediate ridges command extensive and pleasing views over the gently undulating country between. The village is 270 feet above the sea.

Mechanic Falls was but a wilderness until the year 1820, when Josiah Jordan, in company with others, came from Poland Corner for the purpose of viewing a route for a highway through that locality to render communication with the people of Minot more convenient and frequent. The banks of the

LOWER FALLS.

Little Androscoggin, and also the adjacent bottom lands, were covered by a heavy growth of timber. To the westward extended a long, low piece of

marshy land, from whence the after-settlement derived its name of Bog Falls. About this time an extensive logging business was commenced here by several parties, but principally by Isaiah and Luther Perkins.

For a time Perkins Brothers continued to stay in a rude logging camp while operating in their mill, but as they owned most of the land on both sides of the river, and foresaw the future benefits of the extensive water-power, but a small portion of which they were able to improve, they concluded to bring their families here for the purpose of establishing a permanent home.

The first dwelling-house was built by Luther Perkins, near the present site of the Grand Trunk depot. Isaiah built on Minot side, nearly opposite the Methodist church. Soon after, a grist-mill was built by Isaiah Perkins and James Farris. At first the profits from the mill were small, as the surrounding country was sparsely settled, but when a sharp drought happened, as was often the case, and other mill streams were nearly or quite depleted, the farmers from all sections for many miles around flocked to this mill as the power was well known to be inexhaustible. On many occasions this mill was run day and night for several weeks, during the latter part of the season, merely stopping occasionally to cool the heated stones; its patrons, meanwhile, or those coming from a long distance, were entertained free of charge.

Isaiah also built a small store and dealt in groceries and dry goods to some extent.

The business of the place remained at about a standstill until the building of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway, and its completion to this point. While this place remained the terminus of the road, people came in flocks. Houses were erected in the most hurried manner, and often without the least regard to taste or convenience; just a shelter for the time being was the principal point. Mercantile men from New York, Boston, and other large cities came to get their share of the great influx of trade from the back towns. Several stages, loaded down each day, made their headquarters here; while the long line of heavy teams from not only the back towns, but New Hampshire, Vermont, and even Canada, which previously had been seen wending their way, day by day, across the plains of Poland and slowly ascending Ricker Hill, turned from Pigeon Hill to the left, in order to cut their weary journey short by availing themselves of this new-found market. Many of the newly-established firms were branches of large and well-known mercantile houses in various cities on the Atlantic coasts.

Meanwhile, Poland Corner was nearly isolated. Both hotels were nearly deserted, and most of the business had been moved to the Falls.

The land being mostly plains and quite level, the railroad was soon completed to South Paris, and there the main business followed, producing the same boom and elating the people with the same lofty aspirations. Too much money had been expended in building and lots to remain a dead loss after the boom had passed on; many new farm-houses had been erected in its suburbs, and valuable and productive farms had been made from the waste lands. The sudden change from the hurry and bustle of wholesale trade to the monotony of substantial and every-day life was, of course, a change so radical as to cause a stillness almost painful at first. The permanent citizens soon became accustomed to it, and business soon settled down to "hard pan," as it was termed.

The village was called Bog Falls until 1835, when the citizens petitioned the Department for the establishment of a post-office. The question was asked, "What shall be the name of the post-office?"

Three public meetings were held for the purpose of selecting a name, and at a third meeting Capt. Charles Allen proposed that it be called Mechanics Falls. It took like wildfire, and forthwith it had a name which it retained until July 1, 1887, when, on the recommendation of Frank A. Millett, it was changed to Mechanic Falls.

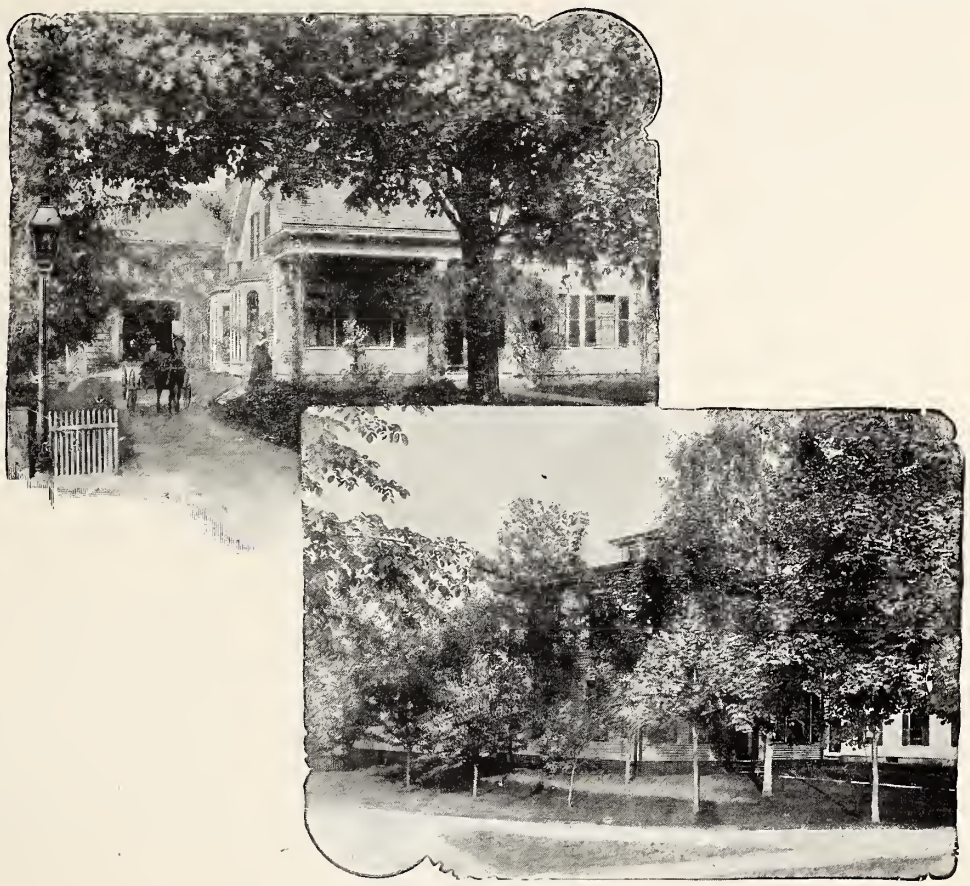
Cabinet-making.—The cabinet-making business was begun in 1841 by Lowell Valentine, who was

sueeeeded by Nelson Valentine. Next came R. L. MePherson, then William Eldridge, followed by D. S. Perkins. Mr. Perkins sold to Perry and Merrill in 1866. In 1868 Mr. Perry bought out Mr. Merrill. In 1883 D. B. Perry moved his business to Minot.

Railroad Store.—The store on the west side of the G. T. R. R. was built about the year 1860 by Isaac D. Cushman, and was called the Railroad Store. Mr. Cushman designed it principally for a flour store, for which he used it for several years. In 1862 it was sold to Frank Danforth, who filled it with dry goods and groceries. In 1865 Danforth sold it to Pulsifer & Lane. April 12, 1867, D. B. Waterhouse bought out Mr. Lane. In Mareh, 1870, Edward Thurston bought ont Mr. Pulsifer. After the death of Mr. Thurston, in September, 1880, Mr. Waterhouse took the whole business, which he conducted till he sold to S. S. Waterhouse, January 24, 1889.

Photography.—In the year 1839 Louis Jaeques Mande Daguerre gave to the world the discovery which proved to be the forerunner of the photographie art of our day.

The business was eommeneed in Poland in the year 1862 by D. B. Perry, in the building now occupied by Levi Pooler. Mr. Perry continued seven years at that place, when an annex was built to Lineoln Bloek and the business carried there, where he remained two years. In 1871 C. S. Gurney bought the business, and about two years later sold it to a Mr. Wilson, who was sueêeeded by Chase, and he by Burnham & Swan. They sold it to E. E. Sturtevant, who was followed by A. W. Currier. On July 1, 1886, O. C. Bridge bought the plant and is the present proprietor.



RESIDENCES OF LUTHER PERKINS AND J. M. LIBBY.

Apothecary.—The first and only apothecary store in town was established in 1867 by T. C. Holt. Since the death of Mr. Holt, the business has been conducted by his wife, Mrs. Nancy Holt.

Bakery.—The bakery business was first inaugurated in Poland by Stillkey & Bird, who, after a short time, sold out to Grant & Waterman, who in turn sold out to William Harrison.

In the year 1872 William C. Bridge opened a bakery opposite the depot. In 1878 he moved to his present location.

Cheese-Factory.—In the year 1873, a stock company was formed and a cheese-factory built on Pine St., Mechanic Falls, and supplied with the most approved machinery. It was operated a few years, but for some reason it did not prove a success. In 1877 it was fitted up for a printing-office, and in 1880, school supplies were manufactured in the upper story, and the lower story, in part, was used for a grist-mill. In 1882 it burned and was never rebuilt.

Contracting and Building.—In the year 1878, Andrew J. Weston began the business of contracting and building, which he has carried on till the present time. He also deals largely in lumber and all kinds of carpenter's supplies, employing several men.

Candy Manufacture.—The only chocolate manufactory in Maine is situated at Mechanic Falls. The factory was established in January, 1884, by M. N. Royal. In the following June he added the manufacture of candy to his business. He commenced business in the Gun Shop building. In July, 1885, he moved to Lincoln Block, where he has since remained.

Lumber.—In the early spring of 1887, George O. Goodwin & Co. bought the Orrin Dwinal house and lot, and immediately erected there a large steam-mill, in which they manufacture all kinds of long and short lumber. The mill is supplied with modern machinery, and is propelled by a forty horse-power engine. In the summer of 1889 they sawed over a million feet of long lumber as well as a large quantity of short lumber.

In the spring of 1890, Goodwin & Goss opened the first woodyard in town.

Restaurant.—Riverside Restaurant was opened by F. B. Jordan, May 30, 1888.

May 1, 1889, Levi Pooler opened the first ice-cream parlor. In November of the same year he added a restaurant to his ice-cream business.

Dressmaking.—The first dressmaking establishment was opened in 1887 by Mrs. Lottie Foster. The business has largely increased, and at the present time gives employment to six or seven ladies.

Boots and Shoes.—On November 1, 1888, F. A. Goldermann opened a boot and shoe store in Denison Block. He succeeded J. W. Maxwell.

Depot.—The depot was erected on the site of the present structure in 1849, and supplied the demands of the road for many years until the present building was erected. There is more business done at this depot than at any other between Portland and Island Pond.

Gun Factory.—In 1871 The Evans Rifle Company fitted up rooms on the Paper Company's lot, and for seven years manufactured exclusively the famous Evans Rifle; the plant was then moved to Massachusetts.

Physicians.—The first physician in the village was Moses R. Pulsifer, who lived on the Griffin farm, and later built the Charles Pierce house and moved into it. He remained till about the year 1850.

In 1858 John M. Eveleth, M. D., settled here and lived in the Keene house. Dr. D. W. Sawyer came in 1862 and remained till 1865. He was followed by Dr. Charles L. Holt, who sold to Dr. E. F. Bradford.

In 1873 Dr. Henry Waters began to practise in this place, and remained till his death, which occurred about three years later. He was succeeded by his brother, Dr. William Waters. He remained about seven years.

In the year 1875 Dr. A. L. Ganbert located here and remained till 1884.

In 1885 Dr. E. C. Heath settled here and re-

mained till his death, which occured in the fall of 1889.

Newspapers.—The first newspaper in Maine was printed on January 1, 1785. It was called the "Falmouth Gazette and Weekly Advertiser," and published at Falmouth (now Portland) by Benjamin Titcomb and Thomas B. Wait, on a demi-sheet. "The Down Easter" was the first paper printed at Mechanic Falls, by Wm. Cady, followed by the "Androscoggin Herald" by Mr. Moody, then by Wm. H. Clark & Son; then "The Citizen" by Allen & Moore, afterward by Charles S. Allen, then by Thurston & Garland, who continued till 1882. In 1884 "The Ledger" was started by Poole Brothers; it was the first newspaper started in Poland. Since establishment the paper has changed its name to "The Mechanic Falls Ledger," and increased in size three times. In connection with the newspaper is run one of the largest book establishments in the state. This department alone employs from twenty to thirty hands the year round. The Poole Brothers also run an electrotype foundry, being the only job foundry in Maine. Most of the book work done here is for Boston, New York, and Chicago publishers.

In 1890 their two-story building, 30x60 feet, was erected on Pine St., the entire building being used exclusively by them in the manufacture of books, job printing, and the Mechanic Falls Ledger.

Jewelry Business.—This business was commenced in the spring of 1865 by Zenas Lane, who is now in business, occupying a store in Denison Block.

Denison Block.—This fine block was built in 1870 by A. C. Denison & Co., at the cost of twelve thousand dollars. The capacious store was occupied by D. B. Holt, Son & Co. In November 1873 Mr. Holt sold his interest in the goods to A. C. Denison & Co.

In 1874 McCann Brothers bought the goods and continued the business till July, 1875, when I. A. Denison purchased the goods and has carried on the business till the present time

Eagle Hotel.—The Eagle Hotel was built by A. C. Denison & Co. in the year 1859, at the cost of seven thousand dollars, and was one of the finest establishments of the kind east of Boston. The first landlord run it for some time, then followed a man by the name of Pierce. In March 1866, P. R. Cobb took charge of the hotel, where he continued two years. Mr. Cobb was succeeded by Fernald, Peake, and a man by the name of Elder. About the year 1870, Mr. A. C. Denison occupied it as his residence. In 1887 Mr. Jordan again opened it as a hotel, and changed the name to what it is now called, "The Elms."

Millinery.—The millinery business was begun in the fifties by Miss Lizzie Valentine. This business has been intermittent rather than constant.

Brickyard.—John Fessenden moved into Poland from Portland in the spring of 1861, and engaged in farming. In the spring of 1865, in company with Lewis C. Morrill, of Poland, he began the manufacture of bricks on the road leading into Mechanic Falls, and continued to do business until 1869, when the former bought out the interest of Mr. Morrill. He prosecuted the business till 1875, when he sold out to Thurston & Waterhouse, who ran the yard several years. It is now extinct.

Livery Stables.—The first livery stable was established in 1854 by William Keene, who continued the business till 1863. His stable was situated where the Universalist church now stands. In 1863 Hiram Perkins opened a stable on Elm St., which he still occupies. Mr. Perkins has been in the business twenty-seven years. In 1866 P. R. Cobb opened a livery stable in Eagle Hotel stable, remaining there two years, and then removed to Minot.

Dentists.—The first dentist was Dr. J. W. Curtis, who was followed by Mr. Childs. Next came Mr. Nathaniel Gammon, who sold to Mr. O. R. Tibbetts. In 1885 Mr. N. S. Marshall succeeded Mr. Tibbetts.

The schools of Poland are commendable. At Mechanic Falls is a High School, handsome in architecture and magnificent in its principles.

Its imposing appearance tends to arouse public opinion on the subject of the educating of children.

The district schools of the town are well cared for, and are suggestive of the great good which comes in their wake.

Let the instruction of a child be considered the paramount duty of a good citizen, and then public sentiment will act much more powerfully to produce the results desired than the staff of the office of police.

Public opinion is the best balance-wheel of the machinery of a society constituted as that is in which we live. It must be by promulgating among the people the sentiment of the necessity of education—by arousing their attention to its value—by demonstrating its beneficial results, as not only the best check on the increase of crime, the prevention of pauperism, but also the promoter of public order and private happiness—that we can hope to have education generally diffused. So soon as the people become convinced, we shall have the brilliant object which all should desire to see effected. To produce great results, must be the work of time. The past labors of the people are the best evidences of their devotion to the advancement of learning, and give great hope that the system of education will be laid with a broad and deep foundation, on which the pyramid of the republic's glory and security may rise, and remain an imperishable monument of the benevolence and wisdom of her citizens.

In connection, however, with the above, we most unhesitatingly assert that mere intellectual improvement is not, or should not be, the exclusive or even the primary object of education. Moral and religious principles are infinitely more momentous to the character and interests of the future man than the cultivation of the mind alone, whether we look to the individual himself, or to the influence which he will hereafter exercise upon society. The talented and accomplished scholar may shine in public and social life—may astonish by the depth of his erudition, charm by the graces of his eloquence, or dazzle by the coruscations of his wit; but the truly moral and virtuous man—the man of principle only—is the centre around which domestic felicity revolves; he only contributes to the real and enduring benefit of society, and his own near and dear connections. Contemplated in this aspect (and few, we think, will refuse thus to contemplate it), the morality which may be learned from any system of religious opinions that professes to take the Bible for its basis, deserves to be estimated far more highly than even the most extensive acquirements and splendid abilities, if controlled by those motives and principles of action which alone can direct them to the production of a solid and abiding advantage. Devoid of these principles, they have been almost invariably found, like sharp and polished weapons in the hands of a lunatic, to inflict a mortal wound upon the possessor, and strike deep at the best interests of society.

"A people, to be truly free, must first be wise and good."

This is truly an admirable maxim, and so evident as not to admit of a doubt, even if it had not been

long since fully demonstrated in the annals of the past. Education is the groundwork of national freedom and civilization—the foundation on which have originated the great and essential improvements of agriculture, the mechanical branches, and the pursuits of science—the main pillars which constitute a nation's power and character. These, and the fine arts, which polish and adorn the whole, the beauties of nature, eloquence and science, with all the social endearments, which refine and embellish society, as well as the higher and more sublime character of those moral and political institutions, which bind together and direct the whole, are all the effects of that strength and intelligence which education has imparted to the human mind. And when we consider that ignorance is the grand cause of vice and crime among the poor, that it contributes to their moral debasement and misery, excluding them from the enjoyment of all rational delight—confining their pastimes and pleasures to mere feats of strength and inebriating hilarity—and how it prevents the mind from expanding for the reception of virtue and morality, we cannot but rejoice at the success of all plans for illuminating this darkness, and respect the names and memories of those great and good men who have contributed so largely and freely of their time, influence, and earthly substance to extend the blessing of a sound and religious education to every son and daughter within reach of their influence.

Our Schools Then and Now.—Our early schools were largely attended, the number of pupils often being from eighty to ninety. The early school-houses were built in a substantial but uncouth style, with high ceiled walls, which with the benches and seats of stout plank, were soon ornamented with the jack-knife marks of mischievous urchins, enough to give them the appearance of having been tattooed.

The seats and benches were capable of seating some four to six scholars, causing some inconvenience in moving about. The windows were high and narrow, affording a meagre light. The huge chimneys and fire-places were sometimes of brick, but oftener of stone, laid in clay mortar. Wood and board were furnished by the parents, so many days to a scholar, and the firewood hauled in the log or sled length. A list of the names of the larger boys was suspended above the teacher's desk, which was elevated several feet above the common level, each boy taking his turn at building the fire and chopping the wood to last through the day. Here was often displayed the selfish and niggardly dispositions of certain persons, who in their turn would haul poor quality, or wood most difficult to fit, causing a big rumpus among the scholars and parents.

The big boys and girls occupied a post of honor on the back seat, remote from the teacher's desk, and the glances of his vigilant eye, where they amused themselves by writing *billets-doux* on their slates, and pricking the necks of those in front with pins. A teacher was then required to be a man of muscle and good for a fight, his vocation requiring a course of training by some noted pugilist rather than a Normal School.

The great industries of our country district offered employment for young men and women throughout the long dreary winter, so of course they stayed at home to attend school.

Committees and supervisors had little or nothing to do with matters, so if the school became refactory, the teacher was left to fight it out alone.

Text-books were few and far between, and in most cases as unfitting as a jewel in a pig's snout. These were, "The Art of Reading," "Columbian Orator," "Murray's English Reader," etc. What would be the remarks of one of our modern teachers were he required to place before a child of tender age, and small capacity and advantages, a work consisting almost entirely of extracts from the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes, and the logical treatise of Blair, Addison and Dr. Young, not one sentence of which could the poor little fellow comprehend. No such thing as inflection in reading was taught, but most of the pupils spoke in a dull, droning monotone, which was, no doubt, ren-

dered more unintelligible by a lack of understanding and interest in the subject. Many of the schools were taught by Quakers, who invariably taught them to tone it, as they termed it, which was a sort of sing-song tone, very much resembling that of an old-time revival preacher. This state of affairs continued until about the year 1846, when a series of school readers, compiled by Rev. Salem Town, was introduced, which were received with universal favor, and which, with the geographical outline maps, charts, and various kinds of school-room apparatus, together with Greenleaf's Series of Arithmetics, and Weld's New Grammar, wrought great reforms in our system of teaching, which previous to this was but hap-hazard, no teacher holding the same position for more than one term, and each having his own notions and peculiarites.

The introduction of apparatus of the most simple kind was, in many instances, met by the most violent opposition by certain of the parents, especially by the most illiterate, one instance of which we deem of sufficient interest to warrant a mention.

At one time the late lamented and learned Dr. Albion Cobb came to teach in a district. He at once entered on his duties with a zeal and tact which showed him to be a man of capacity never before exhibited in that section. As a teacher he was everything one could wish, but as a fighter he was nowhere.

He at once declared his inability to do justice without the assistance of a blackboard, an article which none of us had ever seen. So after much talk and several consultations among the large boys, one of the number, being the son of a carpenter and quite an adept at the trade, offered to do the work for nothing provided the others would chip in and buy the lumber and paint. This plan proved a success, and the board was used during the term with good effect. Together with the novel manner of teaching it worked a complete revolution in the minds of the entire school, as previous to this no member of the school had the discrimination between the actual and local value of figures, a vowel or a consonant, or a sub-vocal or an aspirate. Several of the more advanced had ciphered through several mathematical works, but were utterly unable to give a reason for carrying one for every ten. At the next annual district meeting the inquiry was raised by a gentleman of the "old school," "What that ere lookin' thing was for." One of those who had received benefit from it happening to be present, volunteered to explain its various uses and benefits to the edification and entire satisfaction of most present, but the old man persisted "That they had no such lookin' things when he went to school, and he'd bet they had as good schools then as they did now, and better, too." The lad, who was better posted than the old man imagined, retorted that, "Good as they were, it seemed he had never learned to read." "Shet your head, you tarnal saucy brat," roared the old man, at the same time aiming a blow with a big crooked cane, "or I'll knock it off on ye."

The lad adroitly dodged the intended blow, and ran for the door, followed by peals of laughter. A younger man, who should have known better, now came to the rescue, and turning very red in the face declared that no such thing should remain in the house, and swore he would split it up for kindling wood. "Do it if you dare," replied the boy from the doorway. A Justice of the Peace, who had been called for the purpose of swearing the newly-elected officers, now begged to be heard, and opening the statutes, announced the penalty attached to the destruction of any piece or part of the apparatus of a school-room. This had the desired effect, serving to quiet the irritable objectors, and the blackboard remained undisturbed.

The Poland Packing and Manufacturing Co.

Seventeen years ago, the bustling little village of Mechanic Falls was thrown into a state of mental perturbation by the announcement of J. Winslow Jones, of Portland, that he would, if furnished with the necessary buildings, operate a sweet corn-canning factory here. The excitement ran high, and not much time elapsed before a syndicate was

formed who purchased a lot of land containing four acres, just over the "red bridge," on the Poland side of the river, and the necessary buildings were at once erected. A large force was necessary to put up the pack seasonably, owing to the crude methods employed, compared to the present, the hand of the inventor not having yet appeared. Our worthy citizen, P. R. Tileston, esq., had charge of the yard, filling the trays with corn as fast as the women and girls, with their knives, cut the juicy kernels from the cob.

In a year or two the Barker cutting machine was invented, and the women's occupation was gone, like that of the man who stood at the pump and pumped water all day to supply the factory, by the introduction of the little steam-engine which took his place.

As the years rolled by and the business increased, the need of improved appliances became apparent, not only in the manufacture of cans, but in all departments. This demand met with a ready response from the inventor, and new and improved methods to facilitate the business were brought out every year, until the man-power cutting machines came to be a complex automatic machine, driven by steam power, cutting off the kernels with lightning-like rapidity, and the old tedious process of cooking tanks of boiling water was superseded by the retort, steam being the agent employed, which greatly shortened the time, as well as giving superior results.

Our factory remained under the Jones' management with varying success until 1886. The past three years it has been managed by Gen. C. P. Mattocks, of Portland, Mr. S. I. Jewett acting as agent for the last eight years.

POLAND PACKING AND MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT—J. HANSCOM, PROPRIETOR.

In May, 1890, the property was purchased by John Hanscom, esq., formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., and now a resident of White Oak Hill, in Poland, Me. Immediately upon the property becoming transferred to him, active and vigorous operations were commenced on repairs, and entire renovation and refurnishing with the most approved appliances obtainable, and now the Poland Packing and Manufacturing Co. may truly be called a model canning establishment.

As the traveler approaches the village of Mechanic Falls, his attention is attracted by a nicely

painted group of buildings, situated on the peninsula of land formed by the Little Androscoggin River and the Waterhouse Brook at their junction.

Entering the main building from the south end, we find ourselves in an office, whose elaborate finish and appointment of desks and other furniture, will not suffer by comparison with the well-furnished counting room of the city merchant; an adjoining room, finished in the same manner, is for the display of samples.

From the office we pass through a large room used for a repair and carpenter-shop, and thence into the main cutting and can-filling room. Here we find located three of the Sprague cutting machines, which cut clean from the cob three bushels of corn per minute. The corn is put on ice as soon as cut, and the temperature kept low until put into the cans and sealed, thus preventing any possibility of fermentation. From the coolers it is passed through a sifter, to cleanse it from all particles of cob and silk. Then, placed in the hopper of a marvelous machine with motions that appear to be actuated by intelligence, it finds its way into the cans at the rate of forty-eight cans filled, accurately measured and wiped per minute. As fast as filled, the cans are passed from the main building, which is 170x36 feet, and two stories high, to another building adjoining, 30x25 feet, where they are sealed with improved apparatus.

The cans, being thoroughly tested in the bath room, are consigned to an expert in another building adjoining, where, in the retorts, the corn is cooked under a steam pressure of thirteen and one-half pounds, and at a temperature of 244 degrees.

From the packing buildings the corn is transferred on trucks over the broad platform to the store-house, 200x35ft, fifty feet distant from the other buildings where it is labeled and put up in cases ready for shipment.

We learn that the present capacity of the factory is 25,000 cans per day, which can be much increased by additional machinery. For 1890 pack, 240 acres of corn were planted, and 14 acres of beans, which will probably be increased next year to 500 acres, and all materials, cans, cases, etc., will be manufactured on the premises.

Water Privileges.

The Little Androscoggin River is a beautiful stream, as well as an indispensable natural privilege. All along its uninterrupted course it flows gently on, forming graceful curves, and winding in and out among the nooks and crevices along the shores, making, in its gradual course, a trail of regal splendor. Gigantic elms spread out their brawny arms in many places across the stream, and interlace their branches, forming a woven canopy. In this almost transparent stream live the sportive fish. Golden trout are sometimes caught but the sleek pickerel are most common. On either side of the river are the smiling fields and leafy groves, and the meadows where the golden dandelion spangles the carpet of emerald green. A walk among the woodlands of Poland would startle even the oldest inhabitant, should he stop to think of the wondrous gifts of Nature. Here we leave the road and pick our way through the underbrush until we enter into the edge of a primeval forest. We advance and stop to listen to the birds, which are flitting hither and thither, making the woods vocal with their song. A brooklet courses through this forest and tumbles with a splash over the jagged rocks, whispering a lullaby that invites you to approach. We follow the windings of this stream of water, which reminds one of a miniature river, so independently does it course along, over rocks, under huge logs, across the pathway, and bubbling up on the banks, glistening in the mellow light like a crystal in a setting of emerald. Onward flows the stream, and occasionally a spring, whose overflowing waters have traced their way to the brook, mingles with it and swells the current until it empties, with seeming pride, into the great and imposing mouth of the Little Androscoggin.

The area of the basin of the Little Androscoggin river is 280 square miles. It is 40 miles in length and discharges 10,920,000,000 cubic feet of water, the whole like many others in Maine, belongs to

the class of variable, rather than constant rivers, as regards its mass of water at different seasons of the year. The natural inconstancy of the river is already to a great extent, and can be to a far greater degree, adjusted by the use of ponds for storage purposes, and this at a small expense.

Connected with the river, and above Mechanic Falls, are twenty-one ponds, with an area of more than twenty-eight square miles, all of which can be largely improved for storage purposes.

The water powers of Poland are numerous and are deserving of much notice. The town boasts of its God-given privileges, its pleasant surroundings, its vast territory of land that yields readily to cultivation, of its brooks, rivers, and ponds, of the advantages and facilities the location offers to all—the tiller of the soil, the mechanic, the merchant, and the manufacturer—there is room for them a l.

Poland Corner.—The water-power on the Waterhouse Brook has a fall of eighteen feet in three hundred and fifty feet distance; velocity of current, one hundred feet per minute; area of cross section, thirty square feet.

Shaker Mill.—Fall, forty-two feet in two hundred and fifty feet distance. A thirty-foot overshot-wheel runs all the year.

West Poland Mill.—(On Saunder's Brook.)—An eighteen foot overshot-wheel runs nearly all the year.

Minot Corner.—Fall, one hundred and fifteen feet in five hundred feet distance.

Hackett's Mills.—Fall, thirteen feet in two hundred and fifty feet distance; volume of water, five thousand cubic feet per minute more than at Mechanic Falls. Used exclusively in the manufacture of leather-board,

Page's Mills.—Fall, fourteen feet in fifteen hundred feet distance; volume of water, three thousand cubic feet per minute less than at Mechanic Falls.

Mechanic Falls.—Fall, thirty-seven feet in nine hundred and fifty feet distance; velocity of current, ninety-six feet per minute; area of cross-section, two hundred and seventy square feet. A first-class stone dam is at the head of the fall with fourteen feet head, with two wooden dams below. Volume of water, 20,000 cubic feet per minute. The vast volume of water at Mechanic Falls is but about one-half improved; the power is now in exclusive use in the manufacture of paper.

There are three iron and two wooden bridges that span the river, which are supported jointly by Poland and Minot.

Poland Paper Company.

Somewhere about 1851, Perkins, Dunham and Moore sold to A. C. Denison and E. W. Fyler a parcel of land bordering upon the little Androscoggin River, at Mechanic Falls, in the town of Poland.

There was developed here a small power which was being consumed in the manufacture of lumber. This saw-mill produced the frame for the first paper mill in this town; it was called the Eagle Mill, and combined all of the then known improvements in the production of book and newspaper. Its capacity was about one ton of paper in twenty-four hours. The machinery consisted of one flue boiler, six thirty-two inch washing and beating engines, and one eighty-four inch fourdrinier paper-machine, all costing complete and ready for labor about forty-five thousand dollars, with wheels, belting, shafting, etc., necessary for a complete mill. At this time paper was made for the Atlantic Monthly, Portland Transcript, Lewistown Weekly Journal Portland Advertiser, besides quantities for book work.

Rags were the chief factor then in use, being collected by peddlers and distributed for use by the dealers. These rags were dusted and assorted by the employees, the whites being selected for letter papers, light colors and dingy whites for book and the dark colors for newspaper. They were then passed through a rag cutter, cutting them into small bits, carried into large wooden vats and boiled in lime; then, after standing several days, were washed in washing engines, and passed into drainers, soured and bleached ready for the beating engine, by which they were cut up fine into

small fibres ready for the paper-machine, where they were run off into paper. This method continued until October 4, 1862, when E. W. Fyler deeded his interest in this property to Adna T. Denison.

The increasing demand for paper, and the civil war at this time caused great anxiety among paper manufacturers as to the possibility of getting a sufficient supply of rags to feed the paper-mills of the country, and attention was called to the use of perennial fibres. Rye, oat and wheat straws now came into use as paper stock, and in 1863 there was added to Eagle Mill, machinery for reducing these straws to paper at an additional cost of over sixty-five thousand dollars. The quality of paper produced was inferior, but the product of the mill was greatly increased. The Boston Herald became the principal consumer of this mill's product, contracts being made for 50,000 reams at one time, amounting to three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

About this time, Adna C. Denison bought of Dr. Samuel Tewksbury, of Portland, Maine, the land and water-power below, and built what was called the Star Mill, removing from Duck Pond, engines and paper-machine for same. Directly after this came the Union Mill, increasing the capacity of the plant to several tons daily.

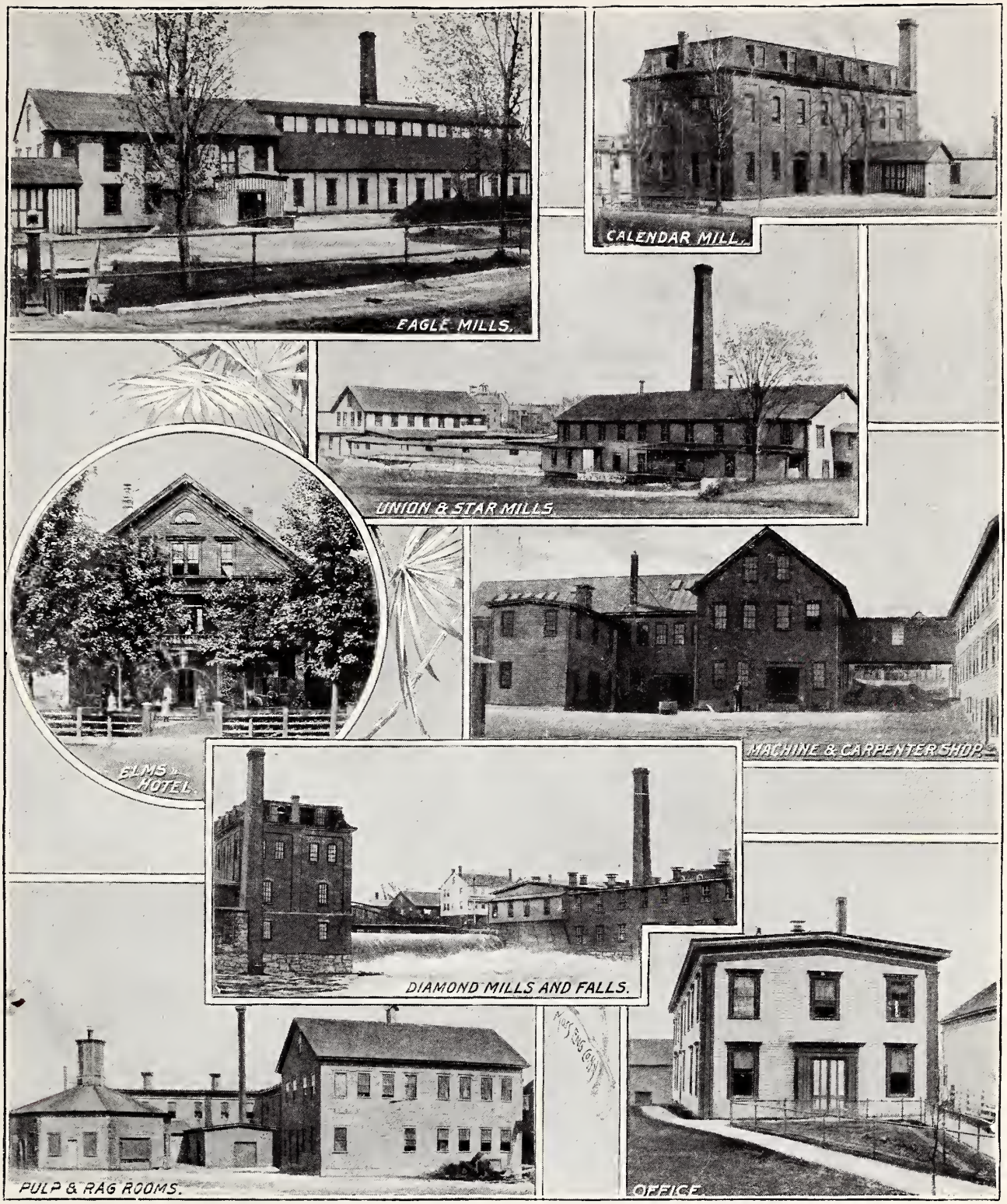
During this time, A. C. Denison & Co. bought and assorted the entire waste product of the cotton-mills at Lewiston, and large amounts of this waste was consumed in making paper, and the transfer of this biproduct required the services of a double team and man all of the year's time.

In 1865, the old Drake and Dwinal Mill, so called, which was located in Minot, was purchased by this company, dismantled and a new mill built at great expense, and put in operation Jan. 1, 1866.

About this time, it was discovered that carbonated soda ash would destroy the ink used in printing paper, and consequently old newspapers and old books became of value as paper stock. This kind of stock was easily handled and worked over into fresh paper, and its use served to increase the producing capacity of the paper-mills; the paper-machines, which had formerly been producing paper by day only, were run extra hours until by and by they were kept in continual operation both day and night, and in order to do this the pulp-mill, called the Poland, was built on the lower dam or privilege for the purpose of reducing both rags and old books to pulp to supply the increased demand.

All of this time new machinery and improvements were constantly being added: extra drying cylinders added to paper-machines and extra chilled iron calenders, new and improved water-wheels, steam power supplied by the addition of new steam generators, and steam-engines, machine-shops with all necessary iron-working tools, carpenter-shops with plainer moulding machines and circular saws. The Calender Mill was built to superfinish the paper made. The Range Ponds were purchased and a charter secured for using them as storage reservoirs; in fact, everything essential was promptly done to increase the power of product in order to make the business profitable. In 1873 the company was reorganized, an act of incorporation secured, and the Denison Paper Manufacturing Co. was born with a capital of $500,000; the stock was held by A. C. Denison, A. T. Denison and Mrs. C. M. Cram. The company became also half owners in the Bowdoin Paper Manufacturing Co., at Topsham, and were the owners of the entire stock of the Evans Rifle Manufacturing Co., and produced several thousand stand of arms, rifles and corbines, and armed the Russian Flying Squadron, so called, that was fitted and equipped in this country by General Sewetkin. Mr. A. T. Denison and G. F. Evans spent several weeks in St. Petersburg, Russia, before a naval commission, exhibiting the firearms, and received a most flattering report from the committee recommending their government to adopt the Evans magazine rifle.

The reduction of wood to fibre by chemical process was being done, but not in a general way. At this time, S. D. Warren & Co., at their Cumberland Mills and at Yarmouth Village, Maine, and H. H.


EAGLE MILLS.
CALENDAR MILL.
UNION & STAR MILLS.
ELMS HOTEL.
MACHINE & CARPENTER SHOP.
DIAMOND MILLS AND FALLS.
PULP & RAG ROOMS.
OFFICE

Furbish, at Berlin Falls, N. H., had succeeded in reducing wood by means of a strong caustic alkali to a beautiful fibre, and the Denison Paper Manufacturing Co. made large contracts for this stock.

The fall of 1879 saw what was termed a general boom in prices, and chemical wood fibre advanced from three and one-half to seven cents per pound. This advance caused the directors of the Company to consider the practicality of building a pulp-mill, and an arrangement was directly entered into with the Canton Steam Mill Co., whereby land was leased for fifty years, the waste products of their lumber-mill contracted for, and in a little over four months from the time ground was broken, one of the most complete and convenient chemical fibre-mills ever built was in successful operation.

This mill, under the management of A. T. Denison, produced ten tons of fibre daily, one-third of which was spruce and pine fibre and the balance poplar, and it was all used and turned into paper in the mills at Mechanic Falls.

We believe this company was the first to make paper exclusively of all wood, which they did for a long time previous to 1887; in fact three of their paper-machines were producers of an all wood paper for months before their suspension, and the papers were entirely satisfactory to their customers, and their product was fifteen tons daily on four paper-machines, a new 90 in. machine having been placed in Diamond Mill, and the old 68 in. abandoned.

The Poland Paper Company which is now the principal industry of the place is consuming from eighteen to twenty tons of rags and pulp per day, and employs one hundred and seventy-five hands. The monthly shipments average $50,000. The five mills with their appurtenances together with some twenty tenement houses, the Elms Hotel and Denison's Block represent a capital stock of $300,000, the entire structures covering an area of five acres.

The officers of this corporation are Hon. Arthur Sewall, President; C. R. Milliken, Treasurer.

Poland contains six ponds, besides a large portion of Thompson's Pond, Viz: Upper, Lower, and Middle Range, Shaker Bay, south of Upper Range and Worthley, south of Lower Range, besides several dead ponds minus a name. Thompson's has two large islands, Megquier and Black, lying partly in Poland and Oxford. This pond lies partially in four towns and three counties.

There are many mineral springs of this mineral region which attract the notice of the health-seeking public. Among many which we notice is the Highland Mineral Spring, owned by John S. Briggs, of Poland. On one of the highest hills near the center of the town, is a side hill ledge sloping toward the north, and showing itself only at the base. This ledge has a crack four inches wide, which has been traced up the hill some distance, but as yet no end has been found. The land slopes both ways from this crevice, so no surface water can enter it. From this opening flows a stream of water, always the same amount in dry as in wet seasons.

F. L. Bartlett, of Portland, state assayer and chemist, says: "This water is clear and tasteless, and contains large quantities of carbonic acid gas, with only a small amount of organic matter. One U. S. gallon contains 4.905 grains, 2.190 of carbonate of lime, .547 of carbonate of magnesia, 1.037 of sulphate of potash, .476 of chloride of sodium, .655 of silica.

There is another we cannot forbear to designate. It is the beautiful spring which supplies the Poland camp-ground with its delicious beverage. The water of it has not yet been analyzed; but its virtues have been largely tested, and many people who came here to benefit their souls, have unexpectedly been restored to bodily health by the drinking of its healing current. In fact, this famous camp-ground is silently becoming a sanitarium for soul and body both; and it needs only to be known in its true character, to take position among the most noted of summer resorts within the limits of our great republic.

REMINISCENCES.

BY L. T. ALLEN.

I REMEMBER the hat, the bell-topped hat
That father often wore;
I remember the coat, the three-caped coat,
Straight buttoned down before.

I remember the sleigh, the high-backed sleigh,
In which he used to ride;
I remember the hood, the close, black hood,
On mother, by his side.

I remember the mare, the chestnut mare,
He drove with rein so slack;
I remember the whip, the walnut whip,
He carried on his back.

I remember the quilt, the blue and white quilt,
That hung on the back of the sleigh;
I remember the bells, the loud-toned bells,
As they drove from the yard away.

I remember the kitchen, the grand old kitchen,
With its brown, bare beams overhead;
I remember the table, the old round table,
With the cloth for company spread.

I remember the fireplace, the great open fireplace,
Where the large iron crane did swing;
I remember the spareribs, the nice fat spareribs
That hung o'er the fire by a string.

I remember the spider, the three-legged spider,
With its short-cake so tempting and good;
I remember the andirons, the stout old andirons
Which bore up the bright, burning wood.

I remember the poker, the smutty old poker,
That turned up the brands for a light;
I remember the heap of bright glowing embers
That we buried in ashes at night.

I remember the plough, the old wooden plough,
The harrow, the scythe and the rakes;
I remember the cart, the old sloven cart,
With its rough frame and still rougher stakes.

I remember the barn, the steep-roofed barn,
Where the boys all played "hailly over;"
I remember the ball, the stocking-yarn ball,
With sheepskin fitted for its cover.

I remember the cow, the lop-horned cow,
And others so gentle and good;
I remember their lowing, their far-off lowing,
When they strayed away in the wood.

I remember the house, the low, wooden house,
It stands there now in the vale;
I remember that all it cannot recall,
I alone am here with this tale.

Changes and the Situation.

This town is no longer, in many respects, what it was thirty-five or forty years ago. Its families have changed; old familiar names are no longer familiar; old customs, habits, and ways of working, thinking, and speaking have passed away, and new ones have taken their places.

Truly, much that could hardly be spared has been lost. The era of the humorous, the picturesque—it will not do, remembering the Civil War, to say the chivalrous—have passed. The broken soldier, with his halting gait, stooping figure and wan countenance, is still viewed with the utmost respect, and receives, as he should, the tribute of a nation's gratitude.

These illustrious worthies of a past age being dead, yet speak to us. We do well to hallow their memories and record their noble deeds. Interesting associations cluster around these great actors in the drama of the past. They belong to the nation; for not the old states merely, but those which sprang into being but yesterday, look upon the glory of the Revolution as a common patrimony. This nation must ever be sensible of the worth of its benefactors, and real merit will soon dissipate the mists of party prejudice. Its effect, like that of a very strong sympathetic feeling running through the people, must be to knit more closely the bonds of national union. It has given freshness to the memory of common efforts in the great national struggle, which must always prove a powerful tie among men who exult in the achievements of a common ancestry. It may have furnished some incense to the vanity imputed to our nation; but this is as dust in the balance compared with the spirit which it indicates and the feelings which it has awakened. Here we may learn useful lessons for the future, from the history of the past.

Let us follow these distinguished men to "old age." When Nature seemed to demand repose, each had retired to the spot from which the public exigencies had first called him—his public labors ended, his work accomplished, his beloved country prosperous and happy—there to indulge in the blessed retrospect of a well-spent life, and to await that period which comes to all. Did they pass their time in idleness and indifference? No. The same spirit of active benevolence, which made the meridian of their lives resplendent with glory, continued to shed its lustre upon their evening path. Still intent on doing good, still devoted to the great cause of human happiness and improvement, none of these illustrious men relaxed in their exertions. They seemed only to concentrate their energy as age and increasing infirmity contracted the circle of action—bestowing, without ostentation, their latest efforts upon the state and neighborhood in which they resided. There, with patriarchal simplicity, they lived, the objects of a nation's grateful remembrance and affection—the living records of a nation's history; the charm of

an age which they delighted, adorned, and instructed, by their deeds of benevolence, and vivid sketches of times that are past; and, as it were, the embodied spirit of the Revolution itself, in all its purity and force, diffusing its wholesome influence through the generations that have succeeded, rebuking every sinister design, and invigorating every manly and virtuous resolution.

We cannot set in too strong a light their history. It awakens the public gratitude for their services; it tells their countrymen to be faithful to their principles, and vigilant in preserving those institutions free and unimpared, to attain which they sacrificed their ease and safety. These eulogies are, in fact, the people's testimony to the excellence of our form of government. The veneration paid to such men as Adams and Jefferson is an acknowledgment of the worth of the political principles which they labored to establish. And when the kingdoms of the Old World are tottering to their foundations, what can be more proper or grateful than the sight of a whole people uniting to testify their love for the government under which they live? In other countries, one half of the nation is employed in preventing the other from pulling the political machine to pieces. Here, all are united to uphold it.

The itinerant shoemaker and cobbler, with lapstone and kit wrapped in leather apron, the travelling tailor and seamstress, the fulling and carding mill, the huskings, quiltings, and spelling-school, the rosy-cheeked maiden, who whirled her spinning-wheel for fifty cents per week, and helped at milking night and morning, are now things of history and seldom anything more. They have all felt the inevitable law of progress; and no man's claims to being a philosopher will be readily admitted, if he denies that the operation of this law as a whole is not for improvement and the general well-being of the world and society, as well as our own town. The emigration of so many of our most intelligent and enterprising young men and women, as the town has spared in the last few years, is in one sense to be regretted; but there are considerations which will not be overlooked whenever the subject of these losses is presented, and which will suggest that these losses are not wholly irreparable. The exodus of young men from the town has been, in a measure, repaired by the introduction of labor-saving implements and expedients, and especially by railroads. The annual farm products, though varied somewhat in kind from those of forty years ago, are as considerable in amount and of greatly increased value, whether increased in ready money, or by its power to purchase commodities of necessity, convenience or luxury.

The practice of the farmer now, is to sell his surplus farm products at home for cash, and many, which formerly had no market value, now yield a handsome profit. Formerly, the only available market was Portland, at a distance of thirty-five miles; the average farmer would, in the course of the winter, go to market four or five times with a one-horse pung loaded with perhaps a round hog, two or three tubs of butter, as many cheeses, a keg of cider applesauce, a few bundles of dried apple, and perhaps a few chickens and turkeys, making a load of some eight or nine hundred pounds, sufficient for one horse. The journey must occupy two days and one night, and the load yield a matter of from twenty-five to fifty dollars, half money and half goods, at prices from five to ten per cent. above cash value. The profits being small and money scarce, but few farmers could afford a warm meal at a hotel, but must carry a large butter-box filled with doughnuts, cheese and chunks of bread and good fat beef, carefully prepared and packed by his good wife at home. He sat by some bar-room fire to eat, and then satisfied the good-natured landlord for his trouble by the purchase of a sip or two at his bar, just to keep out the cold and cheer him on his way. To-day, these same articles would bring, at the door, from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars in cash. Not only does the farmer now receive for these same articles nearly three dollars where he received one at that time, but other articles, which possessed no value because they would not bear or pay for transportation, are now

important sources of income. Among these may be mentioned potatoes, apples, and green or sweet corn. It is a poor yield that does not give more than one hundred bushels of potatoes per acre, and an exceptional year when they can not be sold at the door or neighboring station for fifty cents per bushel. Apples, for the past few years, have, owing to an over-production, been cheap; still, on an average, owing to the small expense of raising, they yield handsome dividends. Green corn is now one of the great industries of the state, yielding from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre, besides the fodder, which is quite an item, making the raising of yellow corn unprofitable, so long as the great facilities for transportation enable us to obtain it from the West, at from fifty to sixty-five cents per bushel.

Now compare these returns with those of the average farmer sixty-five years ago, or with the best farmers in most of the states of the great West, and it will be readily seen at a glance, by any person of keen perception, how little occasion our industrious and intelligent farmers have for complaining of their lot.

Forty years ago, most of the farmers were in debt, in frequent correspondence with attorneys, and frequently receiving visits from deputy sheriffs, and we well know that many are now; still, we are well aware of the fact that many now have a surplus invested in government bonds, or bank stock and deposits.

We regret that too many have neglected and depleted the value of their farms to save money for this purpose, but for the past few years the general indications are that the tide is turning in another direction.

The greatly improved condition of our farms is, in a great measure, due to an improved market for our farm and dairy productions, which improved facilities for transportation, and the demands of the great industries of the country have enhanced; and the improvements in farm stock, the result of careful and scientific breeding.

It is a lamentable fact that in too many instances farmers have failed to invest their surplus in the improvement of their lands, fences and buildings; but they may comfort themselves, if they have sufficient philosophy and patriotism, with the assurance that what they have robbed their farms of, has gone to build railroads and forward the great industries of our nation, though the sight of their money, which they may have invested in railroad bonds, may never again gladden their eyes, it is not wholly lost to the country and nation. But, notwithstanding these mistakes, the farmer of to-day is much better off than his father was, and would not wisely exchange places with any in the great West.

Fifty millions of dollars in the savings banks of the state, and a still larger sum in other sound investmentents by farmers, and other men of toil, is not a showing that by any means indicates pauperism in our rural districts as foretells their entire desertion. Still, many of the back and out-of-the-way places are, in a measure, becoming depopulated. One, in particular, which forty-five years ago comprised sixty-seven families, and one hundred and seventy-eight inhabitants, to-day comprises eighteen families, and sixty-two inhabitants. Then, there were many poor people in the place, who often felt the sting of poverty and privation. Now, those remaining are well-to-do, and the amount of wealth in this little borough is estimated at more than tenfold that of forty-five years ago. But what became of the poor, may be asked. They have mainly fled to the cities and manufacturing villages, whose steady employment gives them a sure and far better living than jobbing by the day in the rural districts. But what can these rich farmers do without the help of the poor laborers? Why, the great improvements in implements for farming, and the manner of planting, cultivating, and housing crops, has, in a great measure, enabled the farmer to dispense with hired help. The little variety store at the Mills or the Corner has ceased to be the great attraction. Then it was at once a shop exchange and loafers' retreat, where

the idle and dissipated met to talk politics, drink rum, fight and swap horses.

The lawyer has, in a great measure, ceased to be counsellor, mentor and oracle, but in many neighborhoods the wise and judicious policy adapted by the several Granges has almost entirely deprived the legal fraternity of the mighty power and influence they once held.

The doctor, too, who was once looked up to with admiration, as one wise above what has ever been written, almost a mountain to awe, is now obliged to take a stand among the common people, and submit to their criticisms and taunts like other men.

There shines no more at night the dim taper in the dusty window of the shoemaker's tiny shop, and the bright, glaring fires of the blacksmith in more than half the shops are extinguished forever. Many, and indeed most of the articles once wrought by hand, hammer, and hard and tiresome physical exertion, are now turned out by machinery in a far more workmanlike manner, and at far cheaper rates. The unity and solidity of the town, its independence, its sufficiency within itself for each and almost every occasion and need, and the state of society which these things produce, are among the things that were. Men grieve that they can be no more; and then, in healthier mood, they ask themselves if they had the power, would they bring them back at the expense of the things by which they have been supplanted or succeeded. No more, isolated and self-dependent, the people reach to and feel the world without, and the world without touches and visits them. The telegraph, railroad, and telephone have brought a large portion of the globe within hailing distance; newspapers and the abundance and cheapness of books bring useful and practical knowledge within the scope of all.

Commodities, manners and modes of thought are exchanged, and the free circulation improves our society and benefits all concerned. Twice blessed, like the quality of mercy.

The hats, boots, and finally all the clothing of men, and all articles of apparel and ornament for women are manufactured at far cheaper rates, and in a more tasty and skilful manner than when they were fashioned and wrought at home.

The taste is educated. The thrifty farmer is no longer a bore, and if he does lack some of the privileges and opportunities afforded by life in a city, it is made up by a superior intellect.

The way is open for every person to do that to which he is best adapted. All are not fitted for farmers, mechanics, or a profession; and women, too, are no longer shut out from the occupations and competition of the world. Her right to labor, and grow strong, wise, useful, and beautiful in form and intellect finds room to express itself under this new condition as it could never before. Fifty years ago, most of our smartest and most enterprising young ladies were glad of the chance to work for fifty cents per week, and at the same time pay forty-two cents per yard for common print. Now mark the change. And thus under the combined influence of the division of occupations and commingling of individuals, the separation of industries, and intertwining of interests, the world's work of material development, of social gain, of culture and civilization, goes on, and the town's work goes on too.

Now a word in regard to monopolies and may the reader not be hasty in his conclusions. If three or four farms, each unprofitable when managed and worked by the usual variety of crops, being adpted to only one or two kinds, or united to make one large sheep or dairy farm and worked with profit, the town surely loses nothing by the change unless the decrease of its pauper list be deemed a loss. The self-sustaining, profitable farm requires in the end more hands, affords better wages and educates to greater skill than half a dozen starving homes could do. This process of sorting and sifting, this policy of giving farms entirely over to crops for which they are best fitted, of finding out what they are made for, and respecting the answer, of treating nature as an ally rather than an enemy, are going on, and will continue to

go on in spite of all the efforts which may be made to arrest or defeat them.

Enough is known of this town to make it plain to every intelligent husbandman that it affords an abundant opportunity for the prosecution of his work. The climate and soil, ordained as it should be for the production of an apple as close of fibre and richly flavored, as juicy and long keeping as any in America, by whose chemistry these hills are constrained to furnish material for cheese and butter which, when moulded by skilful hands, takes the lead in all the markets where it has been introduced, which gives to sweet corn a peculiar and unequalled fitness for canning and preservation, and to the potatoes a brittle jacket and invariable reputation abroad, are their backers and guarantees; and better ones, more reliable, or more certain to respond upon demand and notice will scarcely, if ever, be found in any locality.

Mechanic Falls Congregational Church.

[Messrs. Poole Brothers:

Complying with your request, I have endeavored to compile a concise history of the Congregational Church at Mechanic Falls, for a place in your History of Poland; I have labored assiduously to render it as accurate in detail as the data at hand would permit. Owing to the loose and incomplete manner in which the records have been kept in former years, I have been compelled to supply certain facts from personal recollection and from other outside sources deemed reliable.]

The first church was organized as a branch of "The Congregational Church in Poland" by act of an ecclesiastical council convened for that purpose.

The council met at the house of Mr. John Valentine on Monday, June 15, 1840, and organized by choosing Rev. Joseph Walker moderator, and Dea. Martin Brett scribe, both of Paris, Maine.

The church thus formed consisted of eleven members, to wit: John Valentine, his wife Charlotte, Joseph H. Hall, his wife Sophia, Salmon Hackett, his wife Laurana, Samuel Chandler, Lowell and Nelson Valentine, Mrs. Pamelia Foss and Mrs. Nancy P. Alden; none of whom have resided

in Mechanic Falls for many years. Seven of the number long ago "Journeyed to that home from whence no traveller returns." Of the remaining four, Nelson Valentine resides at present in New Gloucester, Maine. Deacon Joseph H. Hall and wife in Illinois, and Lowell Valentine in the state of Iowa.

This new branch of the church in Poland was granted, by the decree of said council, all the powers and privileges of Congregational churches in general, with the condition that it should continue to be under the pastoral care of Rev. Thomas Williams, then pastor of the church in Poland, and whose labors should be so divided that he could preach alternate Sabbaths at Poland Corner and Mechanic Falls. The first preaching service under the new order of things was held at the old schoolhouse on the Minot side of the river on July 12, 1840.

About this time, half a dozen enterprising individuals joined in erecting the vestry, so called. It was built on the south side of the meeting-house lot, which was a gift to the society by Mr. John Valentine, who at that time was the owner of most of the land near the Falls, on Poland side of the river.

The vestry was dedicated to religious service in due form. Dec. 30, 1841, but continued to be used for high schools, singing schools, lectures and other like purposes until some time after the meeting-house was built, when it was hauled away to the lot on which the writer at present resides, and from there it was removed to Pine street, where it is now doing duty as a stable.

Rev. Thomas Williams continued his relations with the branch church, in accordance with the conditions prescribed, until Nov. 9, 1842, when they were terminated by act of the branch church itself, without the assistance of a council, which was duly convened for advice in the premises, but which it as duly declined to give. Then and there the branch church became an acknowledged independent society, and Rev. Nathan Cobb was chosen its first pastor. The installation services were held in the Congregational meeting-house at West Minot, July 5, 1843. Mr. Cobb continued to be the nominal pastor of the church, though not preaching all the time, up to Aug. 12, 1847, when he was dismissed at his request; and on the same day and by the same council Rev. Enos Merrill was installed. During the partial absence of Mr. Cobb in the latter part of his term, the pulpit was supplied by Mr. Silas Morton, the high school teacher, Rev. Geo. F. Tewksbury and Rev. Daniel Lane.

Mr. Merrill was dismissed at his own request Aug. 10 1855. He was noted for his faithfulness as a pastor and for his fine scholarship. For some

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time he held a prominent office in Bowdoin College. Rev. William N. Jordan came next, and remained till Jan., 1859, when he was succeeded by Rev. Horatio Illsley, who preached till July, 1862; then he in turn was succeeded by Rev. Joseph Kyte. Mr. Kyte was installed Sep. 25, 1862, and remained over the church till 1864. From that time forward, no pastor was installed over the church till Rev. F. E. Emrich came. The pulpit was supplied during this interim by Revs. Geo. W. Campbell, E. T. Borchers, F. M. Davies, A. C. Herrick, E. S. Jordan, H. Whitcher,

R. J. Langradge and Profs. Stanley, Hayes and Angel. Rev. F. E. Emrich preached more than three years before he was installed.

He commenced preaching Apr. 1, 1874, and was installed July 25, 1877; was dismissed to accept a call to the Tabernacle Church of Chicago, Ill., Aug. 27, 1882.

Rev. C. A. White followed Mr. Emrich. He preached his first sermon Dec. 31, 1882; resigned Apr. 1, 1888. Then followed Rev. S. H. Woodrow, one year, who was succeeded by Rev. Frederick Newport, the present pastor.

This church, during the half century of its existence, has had only four regularly installed ministers.

The present meeting-house was completed Sep. 23, 1848, as appears by the record. S. F. Waterman, esq. was the contractor. Price, including everything, ready for occupancy was $1,550. But these figures do not include $1,380 for extras.

There is abundant proof that the house was honored with an old-fashioned dedication service in the autumn of 1848, though no account of it appears on the record. The gallery on that occasion was filled with singers and appropriate anthems were rendered under the leadership of S. F. Waterman, the long time accomplished teacher and chorister. Rev. Enos Merrill preached the dedicatory sermon.

In 1886 the house was remodelled and repaired and furnished with furnace for heating, and at the same time a basement vestry was added.

A painful incident in the life of one of the former pastors of the church is worthy of a place in this history. Rev. Horatio Illsley came to Mechanic Falls from the town of Roscoe, Ill. where he resided with his family consisting of wife and nine children.

By one of those sudden inundations, so common in some parts of the west, his house and its occupants were swept away, in the night time, and all of the family found a watery grave except Mr. Illsley, who saved his own life by clinging to the branches of a floating tree.

The total number of persons who have connected themselves with this church both by letter and by profession, from beginning to date is two hundred and twenty-eight, as shown by its records.

H. N. Waterman.

Mechanic Falls, Me., May 8, 1890.

Introduction to the History of Universalism in Poland.

In attempting to write the early history of Universalism in Poland, I meet with many difficulties which prevent me from making it full and complete.

Its first advocates have long since passed away, leaving no records of its early organizations that can now be found; therefore, I have been obliged to quote largely from the biography of Rev. Thomas Barns, written by his daughter, Mrs. Buck. Without this aid, not even a glimpse of its beginnings could possibly have been obtained.

Great credit is due her for her labor of love for her honored father. I have made copious drafts upon it, not only to give a narrative of events, but to show its character and spirit, and its relation to other churches, and with what alarm and suspicion it was viewed by them nearly a century ago.

I have labored hard to give an impartial statement of facts, but not claiming to be free from errors, I ask the charitable consideration of its readers.

The history of Universalism in Poland, as well as that of Poland itself, would be incomplete without giving a brief sketch of the life of Rev. Thomas Barns, who, with Rev. John Murray, Adam Streeter and Caleb Rich, in 1780 were the only ministers in New England, and possibly in the United States, that believed in ultimate holiness and happiness of all souls.

Father Barns was a convert from the Baptist Communion, as well as all the others, except Murray, who was from the Methodists. He (Barns) was born in Merrimac, N. H., Oct. 4, 1749. He joined the Baptist Church at the age of twenty, was converted to Universalism when thirty-four, and soon thereafter became a minister and preached in all of the N. E. States. Murray organized, and Barns was called to the pastorate of the first Universalist Church in the U. S. at Gloucester, Mass., where he remained about five years; then, many of his friends removed to New Gloucester, in the district of Maine, from whence they urgently requested him to visit them. He complied with their request in the autumn of 1798, and at their very earnest solicitations removed his family to Poland the fol-

lowing winter, 1799. He was, at that time, the first and only Universalist minister in Maine. On his first visit he gives an account of his first sermon preached in Poland, as follows: "Monday, Sept. 17, 1798, I delivered a lecture in the meeting-house in Poland. My text was taken from 1 Timothy, ii. chapter, 5th and 6th verses. 'For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.' I proposed first to give the evidence we receive from the scriptures, and from reason and the nature of things which we behold, that there is but one God; second, that this one God was manifest in Christ Jesus, and that it was reasonable and scriptural that God should communicate himself to mankind through the mediation of Jesus Christ; thirdly, to speak of the nature of the ransom; and fourthly, the extensiveness of that ransom. I then endeavored to prove from scripture that that being testified in due time, was to make known to all men that light which would turn them from darkness to light, and finally reconcile them to God; that this ransom was not for a small part, but that Jesus tasted death for every man. I then proceeded to prove that mankind could not be happy until conformed to the government of God; and that this doctrine of grace was no temptation to flatter mankind to live in sin. I concluded with a short improvement endeavoring to show our ingratitude in despising this ransom, and forsaking the fountain of living water. I exhorted my hearers to lay aside all guile and malice, I besought them by the mercies of God to live peaceable and godly lives, and concluded by insisting on the continuance of brotherly love.

"After I had returned thanks and dismissed the audience, a celebrated Methodist minister, by the name of Merritt, arose and requested the people to keep their seats, as he had something to offer for their consideration. He said that I had not declared the whole counsel of God. He then became zealous and said I did not speak particularly enough of the fall of man, his depravity, and lost undone state, his being exposed to the wrath of God, and to eternal damnation, etc., etc. He then mentioned many texts of scripture, such as 'God is angry with the wicked every day: Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish:' 'He that believeth not shall be damned; and he that believeth not is condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth on him,' and other passages. He insisted on the endless damnation of the sinner, and he was fearful I should be an instrument to lead souls to Hell. . . . Mr. Merritt closed by saying that God set life and death before men, giving them power to choose either, and that their immortal destiny would be determined according to their own will or choice. I then arose and thanked Mr. Merritt for his freedom and candor in speaking. . . . I then said that I supposed those eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell, or those whose blood Pilot mingled with the sacrifices, were no proof against my doctrine, for I read in the Bible that the righteous perish, and the good man perisheth, but did not suppose that the word perish meant endless misery, neither could we find it in any text he had quoted. . . . I concluded by saying that I believed the condemnation that was caused by unbelief would last as long as the cause exists and no longer. Mr. Merritt spoke again and I replied. We then left the house in good humor when Mr. Merritt stopped in the road with some of his friends. I came up with him and said, I hope, my friend, that you will take this into serious consideration, viz.: that our unbelief cannot make the faith of God of none effect, or disannul the promise of God, or destroy our heirship to eternal life, although we cannot rejoice in it until we are believers. Mr. Merritt then said that the unbeliever was not an heir of God and joint heir with Christ, but that unbelievers were the children of the Devil. I replied that they were nominally so, the same as Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, but not in reality the children of the Devil. So the Jews, who were called the children of the Devil, were really the children of Abraham, and the offspring of God. Mr. Merritt again said

that unbelievers were the children of the Devil. I asked him if the Devil was their creator, or the father who begot them, or the mother who bore them? To this he gave me no direct answer. After some more conversation we shook hands and parted in peace. Thus closed the first day's introduction of Universalism into the town of Poland. It must have been very nearly the first Universalist sermon ever delivered in the state. It is probable that the first sermon was given by him in New Gloucester, the same month. The General Convention of the Universalist Churches of New England, voted that Bro. Thomas Barns, of Poland, in the district of Maine, and commonwealth of Massachusetts, to be a minister of the Gospel. He was accordingly ordained at Gray, Jan. 6, 1802.

Rev. Geo. Richards delivered the ordination discourse, from the text "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, that you should go and bring forth fruit. The spirit of the sermon was Calvinistic rather than Armenian. All were elected to be reconciled to God. In his address to the candidate, he charged him to evermore testify of repentance towards God, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and good works before men; not as gospel conditions, including eternal life in themselves, but an effect flowing from a previous cause; and the cause the eternal purpose, which was purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord. . . . In warning be thou faithful, in admonition sincere; in reproof powerful; in rebuke mighty; spare not the rich, who work disorderly, nor draw the poor to the judgment seat because they are clad in vile garments. Encourage a spirit of harmony, discountenance lawsuits, political animosities, and contentions of every kind. Give the right hand of fellowship to temperance, godliness, honesty, sobriety and virtue, and say to revellings, banquetings, debaucheries, and the abominable excess of riot, away with such crimes from the earth; press home the pattern and enforce the precepts of the Lord Jesus Christ. Take good heed to thyself. Live as an example to believers, both in word and in deed. Be instant in prayer, supplication and giving of thanks. Give diligent attention to reading the scriptures, which are able to make thee wise. Meditate upon them, and give thyself wholly unto them, that thy profiting may profit many. Fight steadfastly the good fight; firmly hold fast the faith, and lay hold on Eternal Life."

In May, 1802, Rev. Mr. Hubbard, a Methodist, made an arrangement with Rev. Mr. Barns and Rev. Mr. Williston, a Methodist, to hold a public discussion in a meeting-house in Poland, on an eminence near Minot Corner. At the appointed time the meeting-house was literally filled to overflowing, largely of Methodists. Near the speaker's stand there were many Methodist ministers, viz: Messrs. Williston, Merritt, Fogg, Hubbard, and others, and Rev. Mr. Stinchfield, a Freewill Baptist.

Mr. Barns, from Saturday noon previous, had travelled about sixty miles on horseback, the usual method of travelling at that time, went through with his Sabbath exercises at Falmouth and arrived in Poland at the hour appointed. Mr. Barns was requested to open the discussion with a speech of fifteen minutes. He complied with the request and spoke of the attributes of God, particularly as Creator, of the revelation of himself and his purposes in the scriptures of divine truth; that he must have had an intention in creation, and one that was in perfect accordance with his goodness and mercy. He concluded by saying, that if any of the human family was finally irrecoverably lost, it must be either for want of will, or ability in God to save them, where this deficiency was, remained for his opponent to inform them.

Rev. Mr. Williston then rose and expatiated largely on the free ageney of man, his power to choose, or refuse good or evil. He contended that life and death were set before sinners and if they would not accept the terms of salvation, they must depart into everlasting fire. He spoke eloquently for over two hours. In reply, Mr. Barns said he did not deny either the moral or the free agency of man; but that man was a finite being, and

therefore his conduct would not be attended with infinite consequences; that eternal life was the gift of God. He explained something of the difference between the law dispensation and the Gospel; of the limited signification of the words eternal and everlasting, as used in the Scriptures, applied to temporal things which were not of endless duration. He made an able address of nearly an hour. Rev. Mr. Merritt then said that the words eternal and everlasting were sometimes applied to God, therefore the meaning must be endless. Mr. Barns had only time to remind Mr. Merritt that good was applied to God and also to vegetables, which were perishable. Then Mr. Merritt commenced praying, which closed the discussion. Mr. Barns was several times elected representative to the Legislature holden in Boston.

About the year 1807, the Congregational Church of New Gloucester exercised the right to tax other denominations and in default of payment, taking their stock and selling it at auction.

The Universalists, Baptists and Methodists having their patience exhausted, sent a petition by Mr. Barns to the Legislature for redress of grievences. In answer to this petition, urged by influential arguments by Mr. Barns, their religious privileges were measureably granted, reserving only the right to tax their own, with those who could not obtain a certificate to prove that they did not belong to any other society. Mr. Barns was joyfully received by his friends on his return home, for his successful endeavors in their behalf; but happening one day to meet with one of the opposite party, a Mr. W——, he said with a sorrowful countenance: "Mr. Barns, you cannot think how much I have suffered since you went to the Legislature with that petition, I have taken no rest day or night." Mr. Barns replied, "We read 'that they have no rest day or night, who worship the beast and his image.'" During the last years of his life, the doctrine of Universalism continued to increase under his ministry; spreading, as the light of truth ever does, with sure and steady progress. His heart had been made to rejoice by visits from Rev. William Farewell and Revs. Sebastian and Russell Streeter, all of whom spread the good news(Gospel) of universal salvation in various sections of the state.

It is supposed that Mr. Barns and Isaac Root, of Buckfield, were the only resident Universalist ministers in the state at that time (1803). Mr. Barns was enabled to fulfil all of his appointments, even to the last Sabbath before his death, when he paid his last visit to his society in Freeport, and preached to them Sunday, and died very suddenly the next Thursday, Oct. 3, 1816, aged sixty-six years. At the funeral of Father Barns there was no Universalist minister; his remains were put in the grave by his friends, the Free Masons, in the order peculiar to that fraternity, of which he was a worthy member. Father Barns was the first man ordained to the work of the Christian ministry of Universal Salvation in the District of Maine; and for eighteen years he was the principal preacher of that doctrine in the District.

There is no doubt but that he organized Universalist societies in Poland, but no records can now be found. It is known, however, that many of the prominent families became interested and earnest laborers in the cause, and soon after the death of Mr. Barns, they in company with the Methodists and Baptists built a meeting-house at Poland Corner in which they held meetings and had occasional preaching by itinerants, until it was burned some twenty or thirty years afterward.

A daughter of Father Barns married Josiah Dunn, commonly called Sheriff Dunn, and it was said that he would lose his soul because he married the daughter of a Universalist minister, expressing the prejudice of nearly a century ago. She inherited much of the zeal and ability of her honored father, and earnestly exhorted and labored to build up the cause which she so much loved. She was considered a sort of cyclopedia of biblical teachings. The prominent men in Poland then interested, and now known to be workers in the great and glorious hope, were Messrs James and Charles Chipman, William Jackson, Samuel and Job At-

wood, Nathaniel Lane, Benjamin Garland, and later, Stephen and Freeman Marble, Z. Weston, Benjamin Waterhouse and Joseph Harris, a very promising young man who entered the ministry, but died when young and was buried in the old cemetery at Poland Corner. All of these are now dead except Benjamin Waterhouse, who is now over ninety years old, and is still supported and feasted on the precious promises of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the World.

After the burning of the church, no regular meetings were held, only occasional preaching, until at Mechanic Falls, Revs. Messrs. Blacker, Hitchens, Quimby, Gaines and Father Thompson frequently preached in halls and school-houses from 1851 to 1857, when Father Thompson was engaged to preach one-half the time in Thayer's Hall. The Congregationalists and Freewill Baptists refused to let him preach in their churches, even when they were unoccupied. They regarded Universalism as a very dangerous doctrine. What seemed to them a great misfortune, proved a great and lasting blessing, for it prompted them to go to work and build a commodious church of their own, in which they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. It was completed in Dec., 1863.

April 8, 1862, a Universalist Society was organized, and the following officers were chosen: Moderator, J. A. Bucknam; Clerk, Chas. H. Dwinal; Treasurer, William Moore; Board of Trustees, John Winslow, William Moore, J. A. Bucknam. This society was merged into a new organization, March 24, 1863, composed of citizens of Poland, Minot and Hebron, and named the First Universalist Parish of Mechanic Falls.

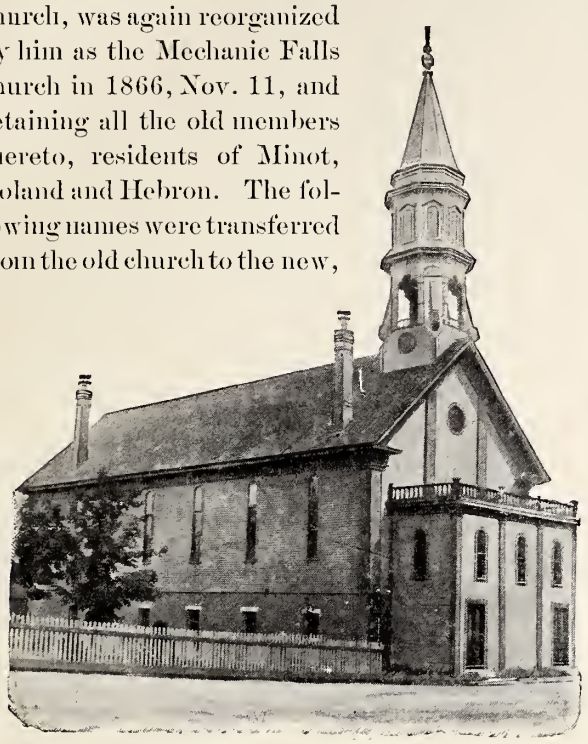
The charter members of this First Parish, were J. A. Bucknam, Chas. H. Dwinal, F. H. Cobb (now of Chicago), John Winslow, Mark D. Curtise, O. W. Hawkes, F. A. Danforth, and B. F. Haskell. At this first meeting, S. F. Waterman, Adna C. Denison, A. K. Bickford, Soloman Atwood, Edward M. Thurston, joined the Parish. (All of these first members are now (1890) living, excepting Curtise, Winslow, Thurston, Moore and Waterman.)

The Parish was organized by the choice of F. H. Cobb (now of Chicago), Moderator; Chas. H. Dwinal, Clerk and Treasurer; J. A. Bucknam, John Winslow, S. F. Waterman, Trustees; A. C. Denison, E. M. Thurston, F. A. Danforth, Assessors. Voted, to raise $500 to complete the sum of $3,000 for the purpose of building a church. Hon. A. C. Denison, J. A. Bucknam, S. F. Waterman, E. M. Thurston, Wm. Moore, and A. K. Bickford, were chosen building committee.

The church was built, and an organ valued at $2600 was placed in it before January, 1864.

The church was dedicated to the worship of God the first Wednesday in January, 1864, by Rev. Zenas Thompson, who probably preached the first Universalist sermon ever delivered in Mechanic Falls in 1840, and who, from 1851 to the building of the church, labored zealously—preaching in school-houses and halls (the churches' doors were closed to him), from time to time, and was largely instrumental in the erection of the church. He was invited to deliver the dedicatory address, which he performed with great ability and power. He was a wonderful speaker on great occasions, when he was thoroughly aroused. His text was in Rev., "Worship God." His theme and the crowded house greatly moved him, so he was at his best, and held his audience in rapt attention. The singing was under the direction of S. F. Waterman, Esq., who served the church with much ability for many years thereafter. Jan. 24th, the parish engaged Rev. R. A. Ballon to fill the pulpit until a resident pastor could be obtained. Dec. 24th, the same year, Rev. A. G. Gaines was called at a salary of $800 per year. After a very successful pastorate of over five years, he resigned, Jan. 1, 1870, to take a professorship in Canton College, New York, and subsequently was its president for many years. He was a learned man, humble and devout preacher, gaining the respect of all the community, and enlarging the parish to eighty members.

The church formerly organized in 1842, as the Hebron and West Minot church, and in 1858 reorganized as the West Minot and Mechanic Falls church, was again reorganized by him as the Mechanic Falls church in 1866, Nov. 11, and retaining all the old members thereto, residents of Minot, Poland and Hebron. The following names were transferred from the old church to the new,



UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

viz: John Winslow* and wife,* Calvin Whitman* and wife,* Solomon Atwood and wife, Calvin Bucknam* and wife, Charles V. Jacobs* and wife, James Jacobs* and wife,* William Moore* and wife, William Cobb* and wife,* Tristram Durelle and wife,* Benjamin Waterhouse and wife,* Jacob McCollister * and wife, Cyrus Bridgham * and wife,* Ara Cushman and wife, Thomas Cushman * and wife,* Ephraim Stinchfield* and wife,* Smith G. Bailey* and wife, Albert Valentine, Lloyd Andrews,* Samuel Bumpus,* S. A. Bennett, Adam Richardson,* Josiah A. Bucknam, Rufus Thurlow, Mathias P. Sawyer,* Zenas Weston * and wife,* Benjamin F. Haskell and wife,* Sarah D. Clark, Rachel C. Richardson, Sarah Moore, Cynthia DeCoster,* Sarah A. Parsons, Elizabeth O. Ryerson, Hamlin T. Bucknam. The following names were added at the formation of the Mechanic Falls Church: Adna C. Denison, Geo. Sholes, Edward M. Thurston* and wife, Rev. Absalom G. Gaines, Abraham A. Waldron.—Sixty members constituted the Mechanic Falls Church, Dec. 2, 1866. Since then, to the present time, nearly twenty-four years, eighty-three members have been added, and thirty charter members have died, and nine of those that have since been added to the church. Six have been dismissed to join sister churches, two have been expelled, and many have moved to distant places, so that our present number of members is reduced to about the original number, sixty.

Calvin Bucknam served as Deacon from 1842 to about 1872. Lysander Dunham was chosen the same time and served until 1858. Since then, Geo. Sholes, Albert Valentine, E. M. Thurston acted in that capacity until Andrew J. Weston and Alvin Reed the present Deas. were elected. Josiah A. Bucknam, E. M. Thurston, Albert Valentine, Chas. S. Allen, Nathaniel Gammon, A. J. Weston, Geo. Sholes and E. F. Bradford (the present officer), were clerks. The business department is in the hands of the parish.

The church adopted the following creed:

First. We believe in the one living and true God; the Creator and Governor of the Universe; the Father and Friend of all spirits, infinite in every possible perfection.

Second. We believe in Jesus Christ; that he is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world.

Third. We believe in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as containing a Revelation of the Character and Will of God and of the duty and destiny of Man.

Fourth. We believe that God has purposed the salvation of all human souls from sin, and that all shall be ultimately holy and happy.

This statement of belief remains the same.

After the resignation of Bro. Gaines, Rev. Zenas Thompson was called to be the pastor by a unanimous vote, save one, and he began his service the second Sunday in March, 1870. Those who had been made sad by the departure of the good

* Deceased.

brother Gaines were made glad by the return of the venerable Father Thompson.

A bell was purchased and raised into the church tower Dec. 2d, and rung for the first time the 4th. Thirteen members were added to the parish Feb. 20, 1871, and it gave him a unanimous invitation to remain another year. Dec. 3d, on account of impaired health he resigned, but by the earnest request of all he consented to remain the balance of his year, and then closed his labors after a very successful pastorate of two years, enlarging the parish to ninety-nine members and adding several to the church, and during his last winter, the average of the Sabbath-school attendance was one hundred and seventy-five. He was unanimously invited to remain two years longer, but his poor health brought on by exposure as chaplain in the army made it necessary for him to decline.

The church and parish with the aid of other friends where he had preached, in grateful remembrance of his unselfish labors for a lifetime, at the suggestion of his friend, J. A. Bucknam, purchased a pleasant little homestead in the village and presented it to him, so that he could rest from his active duties of pastor and yet be helpful in many ways to the church and community. He gave his life work for temperance and humanity as embodied in the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ. Thus he lived, honored and loved in the last years of his life by people of all religious faiths. He died Dec., 1882, in the town of Deering, aged seventy-eight years.

May 6, 1872, Rev. S. S. Davis, a graduate of Canton Theological School, N. Y., was unanimously called to be its pastor. He remained nearly one year and resigned.

Rev. Martin J. Steere accepted a unanimous call of the parish to become its pastor at a salary of $1500, and began his services Nov. 30, 1873.

May 11, 1875, on motion of Hon. A. C. Denison, the parish unanimously voted to enlarge the church and put a vestry under it at a cost of about $6,000.

The Congregational church kindly invited them to occupy their meeting-house without charge, while repairing, which was thankfully accepted. Oct. 28th, the building being completed the vestry was dedicated and named Murray Hall. The services were opened by the church choir, composed of William B. Bucknam, S. Hiram Hutchinson, Misses Sarah and Hattie Bucknam and Lula Beal, Geo. Moore, organist, prayer by Rev. M. J. Steere, address by Bro. A. T. Denison.

May 14, 1876, Bro. Steere read his resignation and was accepted. Many members were added to the church while he was its pastor. He came to the Universalists from the Free Baptists. He was one of their most popular clergyman, and he well sustained his reputation. He wrote a theological book, entitled: "Footprints Heavenward," giving his reasons for his change of belief, and it was very popular.

During the winter 1877 he died, and the church passed these resolutions. Resolved: that in the death of Rev. M. J. Steere, this church and parish are duly sensible that a faithful, sincere and able minister has ceased from his earthly labors, and they deeply mourn his loss from the ranks of the Heralds of the Cross.

From June, 1876, to June, 1877, the pulpit was filled by supplies.

Rev. Harrison S. Whitman, June 22, 1877, was installed pastor of the church. Sermon by Rev. Prof. C. H. Leonard, prayer of consecration by Rev. C. P. Nash, charge to the pastor by Father Thompson, right hand of fellowship, Rev. E. C. Bolles, Ph.D. After a successful pastorate of over five years, Oct. 9, 1882, Rev. Whitman handed in his resignation, which was to take effect the last of that month. It was accepted with regrets.

The parish passed very complimentary resolutions regarding Bro. Whitman. He was a talented writer and preacher, and a very pure-minded and exemplary man in every respect. During his pastorate many joined the church and parish.

From Dec. 1882, to Oct. 8, 1883, the parish depended upon supplies and candidates, having

services every Sunday, and at that time it extended a unanimous call to Rev. W. W. Hooper, which he accepted, and immediately commenced his services as pastor. He labored earnestly and faithfully, but under very unfavorable circumstances; the parish weighed down and discouraged by a heavy debt long hanging over it and paralizing every movement, could not make much progress. May 6, 1886, the parish accepted his resignation, regretting that he felt it his duty to resign. Bro. Hooper was an interesting preacher, a beloved pastor, and he endeared himself by his kindly acts to the whole community. He was indeed a minister to the people. He was much beloved by his parish and church—members were added to church and parish.

Rev. W. S. Perkins, the pastor of Lewiston church, filled our pulpit for three years, from 1886, to June, 1889. He was an able and eloquent speaker, and the parish were well pleased with him, but as he could not be its pastor and work with it, very little progress could be made. But one very important movement was begun in 1887 by him, and Bros. Whitman, Hooper and Hayden, to relieve the parish of its debt by inducing the state convention to pay $500 per year for three successive years, provided that the parish would pay in the same sum. This was consummated May 1, 1890, when the ladies got up a jubilee supper and invited all who desired to see the mortgage removed from the church property to give $2.50 per plate, and thus bury forever the ghost that always came unbidden and unwelcome to all its gatherings, and said, as like a voice from the Under World: "Pay me what thou owest." One hundred and fifty persons generously responded to the call, and made it, indeed, a jubilee supper and joyfully proclaimed their freedom in happy congratulations.

From July, 1889, to July, 1890, Rev. R. F. Johonnet, the pastor of the Lewiston church, ministered to the church on Sundays. He was a conscientious and able speaker, but with strong proclivities to Unitarianism, so that, notwithstanding his ability, the interest seemed to wane, and the audience to diminish. He retained the respect and good will of the parish and people.

The debt being paid, the parish and church were greatly encouraged and with one voice decided to engage a resident pastor, and at the same time extended a unanimous invitation to Rev. Geo. G. Hamilton, of Oakland, who accepted it, and began his work Oct. 5, 1890. He came here by a personal sacrifice, hoping by the help of God's spirit to do a large and glorious work. The church shared with him in his high expectations, and now, at this time, Nov. 1, 1890, the church and parish apparently are in a more prosperous condition than they have been for a score of years. Since Mr. Hamilton came, the audience at church and Sabbath-school have doubled in attendance. They are free from debt, with church property valued at $10,000, a church membership of sixty, a parish membership of eighty, Sabbath-school of about eighty-five, scholars and teachers. There are one hundred twenty families in the vicinity, some of each attend the meetings and contribute something to its support.

The church in the beginning made a grave mistake in the management and arrangement of the Sabbath-school, by permitting the scholars to be absent from the church service, thereby failing to acquire the habit of attending church in childhood, which is rarely gained in manhood. Therefore very few of them are seen in church; great effort has, and is being made to remedy the evil. This, and the mortgage of the church were the two great blunders. The former is more difficult to overcome than the latter. Let them be remembered as a warning to future generations.

The parish is the business branch of the church, yet its creed, constitution and by-laws are in substance the same as the church, but not subject to its ordinances. The board of trustees is the executive force, and business and financial management. The following persons served as trustees from the beginning, in about the order named: J. A. Bucknam, John Winslow, S. F. Waterman,

A. C. Denison, E. M. Thurston, William Moore, A. T. Denison, F. C. Whitehouse, A. Reed, Calvin M. Cram, E. B. Gammon, D. B. Holt, A. J. Weston, James S. Gerry, E. F. Bradford, C. H. Dwinal, Fred E. Dwinal, Geo. L. Reed, Mrs. A. T. Denison, Mrs. Chas. H. Dwinal.

The present officers of the parish are, Alvin Reed, Moderator; Dr. E. F. Bradford, Clerk; A. J. Weston, Treasurer, James H. DeCoster, Herbert E. Thurston, L. W. Mason, Trustees.

The following persons served in their respective offices longer than any others. Geo. W. Sholes, as clerk of church, Sabbath-school and parish; A. J. Weston, Treasurer of parish; J. A. Bucknam, Trustee of parish; A. C. Denison, Superintendant of Sabbath-school, and its most efficient supporter.

Although few names of females appear in this history, yet it must not be inferred that they did not do fully their part, for indeed, if the noble women of the parish had not, during its darkest days, worked with untiring energy, the parish property must have been lost to the denomination. Great honor is due to them.

In the early history of Poland, certain lots of land were donated to Poland for the benefit of schools and churches. When the property was sold, the churches looked after it, and now have it as a ministerial fund. The schools neglected to attend to it and lost it.

This fund is about $5,000. The interest of it is annually distributed among the various religious denominations in town, as each individual shall direct. This year the Methodists receive 30 per cent., the Universalists 23 per cent., the Free Baptists 21 per cent., the Congregationalists 14 per cent., the Adventists 10 per cent., the Calvanist Baptists 2 per cent. This ought to show the relative strength of the different denominations, and the growth of Universalism since 1798, when it was first introduced by Rev. Father Barns.

The Mechanic Falls Church is the only Universalist organization in town. Its average running expenses since 1863 have been $1,500 per year. These sums with what has been paid for buildings and formation will exceed $50,000.

CHAPTER X.

PIGEON HILL.

HARRIS AND BAILEY HILLS—WHITE OAK HILL—A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF WEALTH AND TASTE EXHIBITED BY A TOWNSMAN—A POEM TO POLAND.

THE first settlers on Pigeon Hill were Jabez True and Captain Day, of New Gloucester, who made the first opening on the farm now owned by A. C. Denison, and where his buildings now stand. In 1779 or 80 and for some years after, they were the only people that cleared much on the Hill; but later, in 1799, there were a number that came to the Hill from the Empire and New Gloucester and took up farms, and from that date, 1790 to 1795, came the Dennings, Davis, Strout, Marble, Captain Ripley and Dr. Peter Brooks.

Captain Ripley took the next lot above where the Trues had commenced, and built a house on the farm afterwards owned and occupied for years by Alden Chandler. The farm is now owned by S. N. Haskell; and his log house stood on the same spot where Haskell's house now stands. This Captain Ripley lived there but a few years, then sold to Alden Chandler in 1802 or 3 and moved to Montville, in this state. The writer knows but little of this Captain Ripley, but he came from Plympton, Mass., and brought a negro slave with him, and it has been said that black Joe, or Joe Prince, was the only slave ever owned in town.

Jacob Strout came to the Hill from the Empire and cleared land and built a log house on the same lot that Captain Ripley had taken up. His house was on the rising ground and on the east corner of the lot. This Mr. Strout brought a large family with him. He died there some years afterwards. He was living with his son-in-law, Aaron Davis, at the time of his death. We have no means of knowing the age of Jacob Strout or his wife, or the dates of the births of their children. His wife was Sally Bray, a sister of Henry Bray, of the Empire. The names of their children were Sally, Joshua, Nabby, Jacob, Joseph, Nathaniel, Cyrena, Hobart, Adoniram, Cyntha, and William. Mr. Strout was a lame man, caused when working with a pair of wild steers clearing land on a burnt piece. The oxen started while he was hooking the chain to a log. The hook caught hold of the cords of the leg under the knee and he was dragged some little distance to his house by the oxen, and saved his life by holding his head from the rack with his hands. Mr. Strout was a kind and good neighbor, and like most of the first settlers on the Hill, a tough, iron-sided man, as such used to be called.

Eben Marble came from Marblehead, Mass. He came to the Hill in 1790 and bought the farm next west of the Ripley farm, and the same one that Frank D. True now owns a part of. He built a house a few rods east of where 'Hackett's' house now stands, and the farm was owned by some of the name until 1859 or 60, when it went into other hands. Eben Marble was born in Marblehead, Mass., in 1760. He was married to Sarah Cash, who was born at Cape Elizabeth or

Casco Bay, as it was then called, in 1770. They were married in 1790, and came to the Hill that year. The names of their children were Eben, Jr., born 1791, Daniel C., born 1793, David, born 1795, Sally, born 1797, Oliver, born 1800, Lucinda, born 1802, Benjamin, born 1804, Lovica, born 1807, Samuel F., born 1809. Some of this family died in their native town, some in the far West, and others in the eastern part of the state. This Eben Marble lived on the Hill with his family until 1812 or 13; he then enlisted as a soldier and went with other neighbors, who enlisted at that time, to Burlington, Vermont, and died there. He was a man respected by his neighbors, and was the second that settled on the Hill, and the first that built on the road as it now leads over the Hill.

George Denning came to the Hill with his brother Simeon in 1791 or 1792. George was born in Salem, Mass., in 1768, and died on the Hill in 1833. In 1791 he married Elenel Rollins, of New Gloucester, who was born at Cape Ann, Mass., in 1770, and died in 1837. Their children were Samuel, born September 26, 1793, Stephen, born November 28, 1795, Hannah, born April 16, 1796, Ruth, born April 6, 1799, Ruth, born July 3, 1800 (died young), Basheeby, born June 8, 1801, George, born June 28, 1803, Job, born June 2, 1805, Moses, born January, 17, 1807, Rhoda, born November 26, 1808, James, born March 8, 1810, Jacob, born May 20, 1812.

George Denning first cleared land and built a log house on the Hill lot and lived there a number of years. The cellar of his house is now plain to be seen on the east corner of the farm owned by Haley Pulsifer, and near the Peter Denning town road, so called. After living there a short time, he bought the next lot further west, and his house and other buildings were on the corner near J. K. Denning's, where the road leading to Mechanic Falls branches from the main road. He died there in 1883. This George Denning was a member of the Methodist church; uncompromising in religious views and belief, and always held strongly to his Puritan ideas through life. He was a kind neighbor, respected by all, and very much missed by the neighbors after his death. His original farm is now owned by his grandson, J. K. Denning, and that farm, with the exception of one other, is the only farm in the neighborhood now held by the name of its original owner.

Simeon Denning was born in Salem, August 10, 1771, and came to the Hill with his brother in 1791 or 1792. He married Rebecca Chickering, of Hebron, born March 18, 1774, but we have no date of the time they were married. Their children were Simeon, born October 4, 1794, Peter, born April 7, 1796, Frederic, born November 16, 1798, John, born September 19, 1800, Levi, born March 16, 1803, Liford, born February 16, 1805, Elena, born October 19, 1807, Rebecca, born December 20, 1809, Lydia, born March 29, 1811, Joseph born, March 17, 1813, Lois, born November 16, 1817, Otis, born May 9, 1820.

Simeon Denning first cleared on the same lot that his brother George did, but near the east corner of the lot, and in the hill pasture now owned by F. D. True. He lived there but two or three years, as his house was burned, and he after that made a beginning in one or two other places, but soon after bought of Nathaniel Strout, the place now owned by E. A. Faunce, which was the lot next to his brother George. He lived on this farm for many years, until about 1830, when he and part of his family moved to what was then a township, but now the town of Shirley, near Moosehead Lake in this state, and died there in 1848 or 49. A number of his descendants now live in Shirley.

Jabez True was born in New Gloucester in 1771; was married to Hannah Jackson, of Poland, in 1796. She was born in Gloucester, Mass., in 1776. In 1796 he purchased the west half of the lot Eben Marble had owned some years, and that year commenced clearing, and built a small house near where the old True house now stands. They raised a large family of children. Their children were Sally, born 1796, Jabez, born 1797, John,


1
2
3
No1 RESIDENCE OF JABEZ TRUE 1840
No2 TRUE HOMESTEAD IN 1880
No3 TRUE FARM IN 1890

born 1799, Elizabeth, born 1801, Hannah, born 1803, Moses, born 1805, Rochsyllania, born 1807, Miriam, born 1810, Abagail, born 1812, Otis, born 1814, Rebecca, born 1817, Daniel W., born 1821.

Jabez True and his wife both died in the winter of 1841 and 42. In 1802 he built the large house that now stands on the farm, and bought other lands that connected on the original fifty acres first purchased.

The most of this large family always lived in this state. Jabez and John went into the eastern part of the state. Jabez went into what is now the town of Shirley in 1828, and was the owner of large tracts of timber lands in that section, but moved to Bangor in 1835, and was in trade there for some years with his brother John. He was paymaster in the Union Army in 1862 and 63, but resigned and moved to Portland with his family in 1864. He died in Portland in 1869.

John, the second son, was in the mercantile business in Bangor from 1828 to 1858, when he moved to Portland and was for some years in trade there with his brother, under the firm name of J. & D. W. True, but retired from active business in the spring of 1862. He died in Portland in 1876, the day he was seventy-six years old. Jabez and Hannah True were industrious people, respected by their neighbors. Jabez True, for those days, was considered one of the independent farmers of the town. The house now standing on the farm is a monument of his industry, and was built by him in 1802. The timber was hauled by him and the building framed, and all the help that he had was when the neighbors came to help raise the frame. One of the barns now on the farm was the first framed barn built on the Hill and was built some years before the house.

Dr. Peter Brooks came to the Hill as early as 1792 from Plympton, Mass., and we think at the same time Captain Ripley came to the Hill. He purchased twenty-five acres of land on the west side of the Ripley lot, and the small farm owned by Brooks is now owned and included in the farm occupied by Andrew Russell. This Dr. Brooks built the first framed house on the Hill and it stood at the corner of the road opposite Mr. Russell's house. He resided in one house till his death in 1807 or 1808, when the farm was purchased of his heirs by Seth B. Hilborn. Dr. Brooks was married to Betsey Bryant. The names of their children were Lucinda, William, Charles, and Betsey. We think that William lived and died on a farm he owned in the edge of the town of Oxford and near Thompson Pond. Charles settled in Woodstock. Dr. Brooks was what they termed an "Indian Doctor," and his services and skill were highly appreciated in those days. The old people in the neighborhood say that his death was caused by poison inhaled from the poison teeth of rattle snakes, and that he used to get rattle snakes from Rattle Snake Mountain, in Raymond, in the winter season, and made large account of the oil in his practice.

John Cousens, or, as he was called, Squire Cousens, came to the Hill in 1795 or 1796 and purchased the farm that had previously been occupied by Jabez True, the farm now owned by Hon. A. C. Denison. In a deed given John Cousens in 1797 by Waldron & Waterhouse, of Barrington, N. H., he is called John Cousens, Jr., shipwright, of Wells, the same being one of the lots drawn to Captain John Sargent, one of the original proprietors of said town of Poland. This deed was signed by Abraham Waldron and George Waterhouse and acknowledged, April 17, 1797.

John Cousens was born in 1771 in Wells, Maine. Soon after he came to the Hill he married Lucy Hatch, of Kennebunk, who lived but a year or two after moving to the Hill. He married for his second wife Sarah Cushman, of Hebron, Maine, who was born in 1783. They were married March 15, 1801. The names of their children are Samuel, born 1801, William, born 1803, Sarah, born 1805, Eliza C., born 1807, Lucy, born 1809, Thomas, born 1811, Susan C., born 1813, Abagail D., born 1815, Humphery, born 1817, Mary J., born 1819, Adeline, born 1821, Harriet N., born

1823, Jacob T., born 1825, James D., born 1827, these two youngest, Jacob and James, both died young. This large family of fourteen children were all born at odd years, and twelve of them lived to become men and women.

Captain Samuel, the eldest of this large family, lately deceased, lived to be eighty-five years old. He was an honored resident of his native town, and always took a large interest in its welfare, and for a number of years was one of the selectmen of the town.

William, the second son, was a prominent citizen of his town, and for a number of years was the principal trader. He died in 1869.

Col. Humphrey, who resides in Gorham, left the town some years since, and was for a number of years a popular conductor on the York and Cumberland Railroad.

John Cousens, esq., at the time of his death in 1841, was the wealthiest man in town, having sold, a few years before his death, a large amount of timber lands, that he had owned some years, to the Messrs. Goodrich, Trickey & Walker, of Saccarappa, for twenty thousand dollars, and for those days this was considered a large purchase. Squire Cousens was a sagacious man in his dealings with men, and for his time accumulated a large property.

Alden Chandler first came to the Hill in 1800 or 1801, from Plympton, Mass., and purchased of Captain Ripley, in 1802 or 1803, the farm now owned by S. N. Haskell. He married Priscilla Cushman, of Hebron, in 1805. He was born in 1777, and his wife in 1780. The names of their children were Priscilla, born in 1805, Harvey, born in 1808, Alvin, born in 1810, Josiah, born in 1812, Lydia, born in 1814, Christania, born in 1817, Benjamin F., born in 1819, Gaius, born in 1822, Jacob, born 1825, Rachel T., born in 1828,

Alden Chandler's first wife died in 1828, and he married for his second wife Hepzebah Cooledge, of Livermore, who was born in Watertown, Mass., in 1787. They were married in 1830.

These two families of Mr. Chandler and Mr. Cousens were closely connected, as their wives were sisters.

Samuel Denning and wife came from Salem, Mass., to Poland Empire about 1780 and settled on the farm now occupied by Moses McKnight. They had five children, two sons, George and Simeon, and three daughters. Sarah married Thomas Moore, of Paris, Hannah married Reuben Chandler, of Minot, Mary married Alexander Campbell, of Minot.

Mr. Denning served in the Revolutionary War and died in 1798.

In 1822 Reuben B. Dunn, afterward scythe manufacturer at Waterville, built and kept a store for several years on the north corner where the mills road intersects the main road. At the same time Hiram Hilborn also had a blacksmith shop a short distance above; Joseph Perkins, manufactured earthern pans on the farm where J. A. Russell now lives.

Nathaniel Bray moved to the Hill from the Empire in 1818. In 1817 he married Deborah Keene, who died in 1881. They had five children, Mary, Xoa, Stephen, James and Eliphalet.

Mr. Bray died in 1857.

Daniel Bray moved to the Hill in 1820 from Poland Empire, and built a house a short distance from his brother Nathaniel. He married Xoa Keene, by whom he had five children. George W., Sullivan A., Emeline, Daniel J. and Jefferson.

Daniel Bray died in 1860.

Harris and Bailey Hills.

One of the first settlers on Harris Hill was Daniel Waterman, who was the youngest son of Joseph Waterman who, with his two other brothers, emigrated from England to Halifax, Massachusetts. Daniel came to New Gloucester and married Abigail, eldest daughter of Deacon Jabez True, November 7, 1793. He was at that time twenty-five years of age; his wife was twenty. They at first settled in Minot on what is now known as Pottle Hill, where their first child, Jabez, was born, July 28, 1794.

JOHN HANSCOM'S RESIDENCE.

Finding much difficulty in obtaining a clean title to the land, he abandoned his log cabin and came to Harris Hill, where he built another log house on the easterly slope, some forty rods distant from the present residence of Moses E. Grover. Here his second and third children, Abigail and Daniel Junior, were born.

They reared a family of twelve children; five sons and seven daughters, of whom nine grew to man and womanhood. Two died in infancy, and one, Sarah T., at the age of eighteen years.

Jabez married Rebecca Downing and settled at Hackett's Mills, where he was engaged in lumbering for many years. He died April 2, 1877, being eighty-two years of age. Abigail married Barnabas Hackett; Daniel married Anna Harris; Hannah died unmarried at the age of twenty-six; Benjamin married Irene, daughter of Moses Emery; Anna married John Bailey; Henry died in infancy; Rebecca T. married Nathaniel Pulsifer; Sally died in infancy; Sarah T., who died when eighteen, was unmarried; Ruby N. married Benjamin Dunn and Charles F. grew to manhood and died unmarried.

This was a very worthy and industrious couple, as their record plainly shows. Mr. Waterman purchased large tracts of timber lands lying on the Little Androscoggin, which were heavily timbered and said to be the most valuable in the county. Timber, at that day, was considered of small value while standing, so in this case Mr. Waterman was bent on putting the entire stock into market just as soon as possible.

He purchased the mill, afterward owned by his son Jabez, and commenced cutting timber each winter and hauling it to the mill, which was kept running day and night. When spring opened, the logging teams were put upon the road hauling the sawn lumber to Portland and Yarmouth, where it was sold at low prices and, as the sequel proved, involved him in debt. His hired help, of course, were to be paid; his oxen were running down and he was obliged to sell them at a discount, so that by the time the timber was all in the market he found himself a poor man. This is merely one case among thousands. But few lumbermen at that day made a living, or even held their own.

The settlement of Mr. Waterman was followed by that of William and David Harris; William settling on the place now owned by M. E. Grover and David near Bailey Mill on the place now owned by George Rowe. Mr. Waterman after a time built a frame house where the late Daniel Skinner resided. Daniel, Junior, and Benjamin were settled on farms near him, and Jabez at Waterman's Mills.

It is said that William Harris owned a large and valuable brindle dog famous for hunting bears, and reckoned a match for any common bear in a close conflict. One day he started a bear near his home, and followed him for a mile and a half in a northerly direction through the unbroken forest, closely followed by his master and David.

Mechanic Falls was then a wilderness, and the water-power unimproved. The bear ran straight for his den which was on the identical spot afterward occupied by the residence of Luke Bosworth, where Charles N. Burns now lives. The brave dog followed the bear to the bottom of his den, and when the men came up was engaged in a fierce and bloody conflict. The mouth of the den was obscured by a thick growth of bushes, and neither dog nor bear was visible. Their location could be ascertained only by sounds of the strife, which had now become fearful. William levelled his gun, while David upon all fours was parting the bushes for the purpose of getting a peep at the two combatants. Not wishing to wound or kill his faithful dog he was unwilling to shoot until he could see his game. Soon the head of the bear protruded from his hiding place, and at the same moment William pulled the trigger lodging a bullet in the brain of the bear, killing him instantly. At the same time the arm of David was so close to the muzzle of the gun that a hole was burned through his tow frock and shirt, and his arm was slightly scorched.

Daniel Waterman was for many years deacon of the first Congregational Church in Poland. He

was a man of marked ability and strict integrity, and was highly respected in both his own and adjoining towns. He died January 31, 1845, aged seventy-seven years.

Daniel Waterman, Junior, was for many years quite a prominent man in Poland. He was at different times a member of the board of selectmen, and represented his town in the state legislature during three terms. He was also a pensioner of the War of 1812, enlisting at the age of sixteen. He was born May 24, 1797; died December 16, 1882.

Bailey Hill was first settled by Thomas Bailey in 1794. Mr. Bailey first came to what is now known as Nason's Mills, South Auburn, afterward coming to this hill where he settled on the place now occupied by Sylvanus Bailey, which has ever remained in the family. He had four sons, Thomas, Junior, Josiah, Levi, and John, all of whom settled near the old homestead, on land adjoining. His daughter Betsey married Levi Small, of Raymond; Josiah moved to Andover, Maine, where he lived to a good old age.

The Bailey family were descendants from an ancient and honorable family, who emigrated from Wales at an early date.

Bailey was followed by Robert Waterman, who settled on the Zenas Lane place near Hackett's Mills. He afterward owned and operated the saw-mill at Poland Corner. Some years afterward, this mill was carried away during a freshet. Mr. Waterman, who was in the building at the time, received severe injuries which rendered him a cripple for life.

John Waterman, elder brother of Daniel Waterman, settled on Harris Hill on the place now occupied by David Everett. He had several sons. Tilson was an old-time resident at Poland Corner. He was a man of good business capacity and for many years held the office of Trial Justice. Most of the litigations of the town came before him, and his decisions were ever rendered with firmness, and an impartiality which at once inspired both parties with confidence in both his ability and honesty of purpose.

These two hills are so closely connected as to constitute one neighborhood. The soil is deep, rich and productive, though somewhat rocky, except the easterly slope, which makes down towards the Androscoggin River, where it becomes sandy and light, interspersed with patches of intervale.

The inhabitants are a thrifty, industrious people, their chief vocation being that of dairy products. Many of them keep large herds of cows, and send their milk to Portland each morning.

Though this vocation is somewhat irksome in some respects, making long days and causing close confinement, if properly managed, it yields handsome profits, and the high feeding of stock keeps the farms in a good state of cultivation, which ever promotes success in farming.

We think the Grange, with its social influences and well-selected library, has been of vital importance to the prosperity and well-being of this community, both intellectually and morally, bringing the several sections of the neighborhood together where friendly and social intercourse, and an exchange of ideas gathered from practical knowledge, is sure to promote good-fellowship and a development of intellectual faculties, which are the sure guide to success in all industries.

The breeding of fancy stock and poultry has for the past few years received large attention in this vicinity, resulting in the production of the finest herds of thoroughbreds in the town or county.

White Oak Hill.

Standing in the peaceful valley where nestles the village of Poland Corner, and looking toward the surrounding hills, one's attention is drawn to a hill which lies nearer than the rest, and which stretches on and up, until it seems to meet the blue sky which bends lovingly towards it. One's desire is aroused to walk on and see what lies beyond, so climbing up and up, at last the top is reached, and the enraptured climber pauses to

gaze on the varied and radiant beauties around him.

He sees no thickly settled village. A tiny church, a school-house, and two or three dwelling-houses on the very summit constitute the most thickly settled portion of the Hill, but on all sides of him lie broad, green fields, with here and there a cosy-looking farm-house. He sees cattle and sheep grazing in large pastures which seem to end in forests of green trees. Some of these forests are large and cover many acres of land.

The faint tracks of a road, which is but little used, lead one into the deep recesses and tangled glades of one of the most beautiful of forests, where, in their season, the trailing arbutus and delicate wind-flowers ornament the mossy carpet in rich profusion, and where the daintiest mosses and lichens, and delicate ferns may be found by the treasure-seeking botanist.

Long, long ago, we learn, the Shakers felled the first trees to make a small opening here, but the first settler was a man by the name of Jonathan Fickett, who came here in 1797 and built a log house on land now owned by David Waterhouse, and situated on that portion which "slopes toward the rising sun." The next settler was Paul Stanton, who came from Barrington, N. H., settling on the farm now owned by N. Q. Pope.

Paul Stanton was a soldier of the Revolution, a most worthy and upright man. He lived to a good old age. He had four sons and three daughters. His sons all married and settled in that immediate vicinity. John on a portion of the old homestead lying south, Paul on a part lying north, and Benjamin on the lot next south, while William, the youngest, lived at home. They were all worthy and highly respected citizens, and occupied the self-same spot until their decease.

The real estate has always been retained in the family name until some few years since, when the south lot, owned by Jesse B., was, after his death, sold to F. J. Strout, and the remainder, owned by James and Benjamin Stanton, was sold by them to N. Q. Pope. The daughters both married and settled in town. Hannah married Benjamin Haskell and lived on Megquier Hill. Betsey married William Estes and lived at the southern extremity of the town.

The fertility of the soil, which is well adapted to all crops that require hoeing, and also to grain and grass, the comparative freedom of the land from stones, notwithstanding the many ledges, proved an attraction to the place, and the settlement of Mr. Stanton was followed by that of Richard Garland, Isaac Hayes, and others, on the northern part of the Hill, while the southern part was settled by Daniel and Porter Putnam, Edward Parsons and Lazarus Rand.

The Putnams sold to William Haskell and William Pierce and a Mr. Crosby. The settlement of the Hill went on by degrees, until, though the population was scattered, it had grown to quite an extent, and White Oak Hill, spreading over considerable territory, could bring out quite a delegation for a place that was not a village.

The Second Freewill Baptist church in Poland was organized on White Oak Hill in 1840, consisting of forty members, mostly those who had formerly belonged to the First church on Megquier Hill. Rev. George Haskell was installed pastor and the next year thirty-five new members were added. In 1842 Rev. Smith Fairfield came from New Hampshire, and remained about one year. He was succeeded by Rev. Thomas Kenniston, who stayed nearly two years. In 1852 an Elder was recalled and stayed one year. In 1856 Rev. John Pinkham, of Casco, came and supplied the pulpit most of the time for the next twenty years, when, by reason of age and infirmities, he was obliged to relinquish his charge, since which time preaching has been supplied by students from Bates College, and various itinerants, among whom were J. S. Potter, James Hutchinson, S. P. Fernald, E. H. Hunt, J. S. Johnson, D. C. Burr, L. W. Gower and others.

The present membership is about forty. The neat and commodius church was built and dedicated in 1870. William Stanton and William McCann

were chosen deacons at the time of organization, and held office until the time of their death. Deacon McCann died in 1878, and was succeeded by Leo F. Thurston, who lived but a short time. Deacon Stanton died in 1885, since which time no one has been elected to fill that office.

A large part of this Hill is now owned by N. Q. Pope, who has bought out several of the farmers here, and calls his place Oak Hill Farms. He is an enthusiast on the subject of dogs, having a large number of valuable ones. He also has some very valuable horses.

There is quite a settlement on the southern part of the Hill, called Lower Oak Hill. This is one of the most beautiful parts of the town. It is situated near the border of one of Poland's numerous ponds, and looks directly across to Poland Spring House. On summer evenings the bright lights and moving forms may be seen, while strains of music float across from the great house. The farmers of this region find a convenient market for their summer vegetables, spring chickens, eggs, butter, etc. In the winter season the pond is covered with merry skaters, who skim across the ice by the glare of a bonfire and make the evening air resound with their shouts of laughter.

The view of the surrounding country from the top of White Oak Hill has been denominated superb. It is not the smooth beauty of the rolling prairies, covered with undulating billows of waving grain, nor the deep blue ocean, thundering against the rocks and crags, or breaking gently on the smooth, white beach, but the more awful grandeur of lofty mountains, which frown majestically down upon the enclosed valleys. Far in the distance, but towering above all others, the White Mountains seem to claim supremacy, which is accorded them by all with no word of dissent.

> "Like prison walls
> The snow crowned mountains rise,
> Until their topmost crags
> Touch the far-off blue skies."

Among its other attractions, those which it offers to sportsmen are prominent. The woods are full of game of various kinds, foxes and partridges being the most plentiful. It might almost be called the "happy hunting ground" by the way hunters haunt its precincts. The fisherman, also, occasionally drops his line into a rippling stream and waits under the spreading branches of the mighty oak until the wary trout leaves its shadowy nook, beguiled by the tempting bait it sees, and after a cautious reconnoitre to see if all is safe, makes a last bold dash at that which proves a cruel snare, and is laid in a basket with other speckled beauties to make a dainty dish for Sir Fisherman's breakfast. Or else, perhaps, he casts his line in the broad, silvery sheet of water, known as the pond, where the slim, shiny pickerel darts about. These now are the object of his desire, and having satisfied his wants, and gratified his love for angling, he turns toward home, finding his way across fields of tall grass, through tangles of bush and brier, admiring the beauties of nature, as represented on White Oak Hill.

The name of this hill originated in the large number of white oak trees growing here. Though many of them having been cut down, they are not so numerous as they once were. There are enough remaining, however, to prevent the name from becoming an anomaly.

A Poem to Poland.

To the memory of the pioneer settlers and early residents of Poland, to their widely scattered descendants and to the native and adopted citizens of the town, this poem is reverently and most respectfully dedicated.

A hundred years ago! Like swallows on the wing
Come floating back loved scenes of childhood's spring,
And forms and faces seem to gather here,
Long since departed, but forever dear.
To-day, swift steeds of memory travel back
Faster than steam-car on the iron track.
What changes in the years of five score span
Have marked the face of nature and of man.
The pine and hemlock, maple, oak, and beech,
'Mid which the Indian waked the panther's screech,
Chased frightened deer, the wild-cat, and the bear
With their warm furs to fight the frosty air.
No meadows rich, no upland smooth and fair,

No prairies wide gave grain with little care.
The rocks where sheep could but bill noses ply
Said to to the pioneers, "Root hog or die."
They delved 'mid danger and dismay,
And sweetly slept on brush or hay;
They lived on mush from Indian maze,
And scared off wolves by hemlock blaze,
Sustained by their religion.
In homespun style they cured their pork,
And ate without a silver fork.
They shared their shingles, split their laths,
Cut timber from their forest paths,
Built their rude kilns, made their own lime,
And raised their log house in due time.
Their wives, because sometimes so fat,
Were their own cheese-press when they sat.
Their children were well spanked and rocked,
Their boys well breeched, their girls well frocked
From wool well carded, spun and wove
By their own hands with hearts of love.
The doctor, in those days of old,
On horseback riding we behold;
His leather saddle-bags he fills
With plasters, powders, knives and pills;
His stirrups short bring up his knees
At angles with his saddle-trees.
And thus he rides by night and day
To kill or cure, and gets his pay
In cheese or pumpkins, corn or hay.
The modern doctor in his gig,
With team and harness best of rig,
Dispenses smaller, finer pills,
And often sends in larger bills
To be all paid in good greenbacks,
Unless we choose the cheaper quack.
Oh! happy times when cake and beer
And "apple-sass" made nuptial dear.
When earthern-ware and pewter spoons
And frying-pans sang home's sweet tunes;
When wash-tubs were a woman's shrine;
Her pride, the clean clothes on the line;
Her sheets and bed-quilts near a score,
On closet shelves kept well a store.
Nor yet forgot are old "Thanksgiving Days,"
Though spent with more of guzzling than of praise.
The sermon finds its hearers few and dull,
But turkeys lack no eaters to the full.
Our children's stomachs, like those of our sires,
Ought to be greased and stretched before the kitchen fires.

Who cannot call to mind the Poland Mill
So near the foot of Cobble Hill,
Where grain was taken and where grist was ground,
And with revolving wheels the jest went round.
There Briggs and Jackson reigned the jokers of the place,
And Jordan, honest merit marked his genial face.
Down that steep hill you have journeyed many a time,
And stopped to hear the distant church bells chime.
You scarcely dreamed that at some distant day
The men so oft you met could pass away,
So noble, generous and so good were they,
That Waterman, Waterhouse, Bridgham, Lane and Rowe
Could join in the army of a hundred years ago.
But still those old and honored names remain,
To show those pioneers lived not in vain,
And other names we dearly, fondly trace
With joy, recall each happy smiling face.

Moses Emery, as ancient dates will show,
Here pitched his tent a hundred years ago.
Nor can we ancient Chandler forget,
Or Cousins, who so oft in childhood we have met,
And Marble, who in battle lost his life
From wounds recieved in revolutionary strife.
While True and Denning gave peculiar grace
To every spot where'er they showed their face.
The Pulsifers with Hilbourn and Faunce on the hill,
And Woodman, Jordan and Everett so near the old mill,
McDonald, Fernald and Haskell in our circle shine,
While Stanton, Keene and Libby to sanctity incline,
Brown, Hackett and Pratt, kindly and sincere

Like Cobb, Farrington and Davis left their impress here,
Stockman, Dunn and Bailey, with others so great,
And Perkins, who once has been captured by Waitt,
And there is Knight, who all well know
Has had a true and honest Rowe.
Strout, Merrow and Bray you cannot forget,
Or Hayes, Fernald and Megquier, whom so oft you have met.
But why recall the varied names of old,
Their life's career is briefly, quickly told.
Stern in their duty, honesty their pride,
They lived respected, and lamented died.
But what a change; few yet remain,
Few living links in memory's golden chain.
The dear old homes we cherished in our youth
Still call us back in tenderness and truth.
Loved scenes and places change as time rolls on,
Men tread life's stage; the actors soon are gone.
Time's curtain soon will fall on all below,
Life's drama soon be ended, all well know.
But such is life—in youth we're filled with mirth
And scarcely feel how much our being's worth,
But time rolls on, old land-marks pass away,
And joys like short-lived blossoms soon decay;
We couldn't dream in youth it could be so,
Of change so great since fifty years ago.
But, dear old town, you've had your joys and cares,
Your men severe, your wit that never spares,
As we loved the one, we feared the other
And laughed to hear the jokes of one another.
The Federal and the Democratic speech
Caused in your household many a widening breach
When party spirit and "New England rum"
Made your lot doubtful in "The Kingdom to come."
Parson and parish equal were in sin
When half-way covenants let church-members in.
In pork and beans the parson's pay came hard,
Their specie was in corn, and rye, and lard,
From every household brought by stated tax,
In tallow, suet, beef, wool and flax
Or, when disputing loud by Adam's fall,
They proved in him they had sinned all.
Yet they were just and honest, true and pure,
Patient and hopeful, trained well to endure.
They had their faults, but those we keep,
And leave their goodness in the past to sleep.
In self-conceit we boast that we all are
Than our good fathers keener, richer far,
More quick at bargains, sharper at a note,
With bigger barns ashore, or ships afloat,
With strong machines you pull out stumps of trees,
You clear your fields of rocks that split with ease,
The scythe and sickle you with scorn ignore,
And cut your meadows with a patent mower.
No tall well-sweeps their burdened buckets bring
To us now, we go not to the spring.
Each lake spreads out its bosom bright and clear,
And sends its currents downward to the mere;
Its pike and pickerel, perch, bass and eels
Oft tempt the fisher's skill to test his reels.
The brooks shine as of old in summer's sheen,
Though trout in them are few and far between.
What picturesque views in Poland are found,
How grand is the view from the Poland Spring ground,
And nothing in Switzerland, Venice or Spain
Can ever have half of the beauties of Maine,
From White Oak Hill fine lakes we see,
Range, Tripp, and Thompson, largest of the three.
Oh lovely lakes! no fairer waters shine,
No waves perfect a brighter sheen than thine.
Turn from this picture, in antique repose,
Another scene upon the canvas glows,
'Tis of Mechanic Falls, fair village, of thee I fondly sing,
And to thy shrine my humble offerings bring.
A few short years have scarcely rolled away
Since dwellings plain along the Androscoggin lay,
A humble place that one would scarcely stop to note,
A hamlet far from busy life remote.
But now a village rears its strength so great
It wields a telling power throughout the state.
Then toil and labor her best trophies bring,
While listening ears hear numerous anvils ring.
The church with open doors invite to peace,

And bids our worldly cares and sorrows cease.
The press, that source of intellectual light,
The news of nations spreads before the sight.
It comes from north and south, from east and west,
The Ledger, too, that proves a welcome guest.
Such is Poland now, and still apace
It grows and thrives in every art and grace.
Its schools well taught, its teachers full of zeal,
Fit men for business and the public weal.
When sadly came the South's rebellious sound,
What heroic men were in old Poland found,
Sworn ne'er to hear their country's funeral knell,
They fought, they bled, alas! too many fell.
Freedom's true sons, they rest where then they died,
Or in our church-yards honored side by side.
Sad memory weeps, for them sweet flowers we strew,
To thank them for our joys they never knew.
Their names are sacred in our heart's deep place,
We walk with them in friendship, face to face.
We honor them, proud of their hero fame,
We would gladly speak each cherished soldier's name.
They flung fair Freedom's red-barred banner out,
Starred from the sky amid the angels' shout,
And up and high the blazing banner went,
Blood-stained and beautiful, though bullet-rent.
Float on forever in thy might and pride,
The glory shroud for those who 'neath thee died,
The flag to which the living all things gave
To make thy stripes, O banner of the brave.
Ye sons of Freedom, hearts of patriot power,
We greet you here, we crown you in this hour,
We give you thanks for wounds and toil endured,
By which the nations weal was well secured.
With ancients we your names unite,
And on the scroll of fame your record write.
Grim war, gray time, and art's deft hand
Have stamped deep changes on the land.
Turnpikes are turned to railroad tracks
That tear our front yards into racks.
In cars, and not on horses' backs,
Men mostly ride, and women find
No seat on pillows placed behind,
But rather run the risk of smash
Than fail to make the swiftest dash,
And fond of blowing up their own
Oft find themselves by steam upblown.
What moral progress parallel with these
Inventions of our day that so much please.
And when another hundred years shall glide
Down time's swift current, time's returnless tide,
Breathe one short prayer for those who've gone before,
And now lie sleeping on Death's silent shore,
And while our hearts with grateful memory swell,
To one and all I bid a kind farewell.

Mrs. Ruth G. Platt

The White Oak Hill Farms.

Norton Quincy Pope, the Brooklyn, N. Y., millionaire, with his estimable wife, who have but recently located in Poland, are deserving of a chapter in the History of Poland. They have formed interesting plans for the future, that will be appreciated by the town, as a help and boom to this modest borough. Mr. Pope's recent purchases include the farms upon which the following parties have resided: Messrs. Stront, James, William, and Benjamin Stanton, Thurlow, and Judkins. The aggregate acreage of these farms amounts to 530 acres.

The improvements that have been made upon this beautiful ridge of land, whose highest pinnacle, it is asserted, overtops the tower of the Poland Spring House by more than fifty feet, are distinctly visible the moment the highway that pierces Mr. Pope's great farm is reached. In many places extensive systems of underground drainage have been laid, and an extensive use of fertilizing agencies made, rendering the fields most inviting, both on account of the freshness of their verdure and the luxuriousness of the grasses.

Upon approaching this most remarkable summer home from the quiet valley where nestles the village of Poland Corner, the first building upon the left attracts the attention on account of the many gabled windows and the peculiarly high fence in front of the house.

In this house resides Mr. Pope's happy family of thoroughbred dogs and monkeys. It is a dog palace, with fittings and furnishings more luxurious than any other family of dogs in the state of Maine may ever hope to dream of. Mr. Pope takes especial pride in providing all that is possible for the comfort of these pets, and has expended liberal sums of money on their palatial kennels. Their castle is kept as sweet and clean as a queen's. They have a charming little bath-room where each of eighteen noble thoroughbreds take a dip twice weekly and are then carefully attended as the faithful groom attends the turf winner on the race track after a heat is trotted. When it is at all chilly, the entire quarters are made comfortable by steam heat. The kitchen appointments are the finest that money can purchase, including a very fine range in which the chief cook in white apron and cap bakes the cakes and other food for the family. The dogs occupy the entire house of two stories, with the exception of a suite of rooms for the kennelman, a Scotchman, who left his native land especially to take charge of this department of Mr. Pope's establishment. The kennels are arranged after the most approved methods, with raceways leading from the same to large paddocks in which the dogs get daily exercise.

The kennelman has a magnificent picture gallery of the famous dogs of the world whose portraits adorn the walls of the dog palace. Hot and cold water runs to every apartment. The latest fixture is a fine ice-chest, which contributes to the comfort of the family in summer days.

Many beautiful types of the Scotch Deerhound, Blue Belton Setter and English Greyhound live here in regal luxury, these being the chief families having representatives here. There are in this collection, dogs whose pedigree is longer and traces back farther than any standard-bred trotting horse in America, for they have been bred and their pedigree preserved for more than ninety years. Here may be seen the Greyhound Kismet (a magnificent type of this breed) that only last spring won the blue ribbon in the puppy class at the New York Bench Show over puppies more than four months older. Here also are dogs that have made themselves famous in the contests of the Eastern Coursing Club in New York. Mr. Pope is daily receiving letters from all sections of the country soliciting information in regard to his dogs.

Two fine-haired monkeys occupy elaborate quarters in the central dog paddock. They are especial pets of Mr. Pope, who says they allow no strangers to come near them, but delight in the slightest recognition and attention from their owner.

Farther up the road and where even the highway seems to partake of the general sense of improvement on either side, in field and fence, is seen the farm buildings where resides Mr. Charles Neher (Mr. Pope's New York horse trainer), with the adjoining stables for the trotters, drivers and saddlers—stables whose finishings and appointments while not so grand in their proportions as several we could name in this state, yet are more luxurious in their findings than any to be found within the borders of Maine. Imagine some oak frame barn of ye ancient day beautifully sheathed with Southern pine, and divided into stalls separated from one another by latticed iron-work, and closed in with swinging doors mounted with beautiful and costly polished metal trimmings. Enter this stable by the broad swinging doors and on the

The Kennels. White Oak Hill Farms

The Barns. White Oak Hill Farms

right the harness room is enclosed, finished and fitted with all modern conveniences known to the best appointed city stable in the land. There are patent revolving harness cases made after the pattern of the modern revolving book case—a very neat contrivance for the hanging and care of single or double harnesses. Upon one of these modest cases rests a beautiful double harness that cost the owner the moderate fee of $700 for all its fittings, including pig skin collars, patent embroidered sweat pads and jeweler's trimmings.

Just beyond are the patent shutes for measuring and feeding to grain, enclosed in sheathed compartments, secured by expensive brass bolts.

Next comes a line of open stalls, where patent devices are found to secure perfect drainage and the best of ventilation. Every attention that art and ingenuity can devise is provided for the comfort and well-being of the horses. Even patent feed boxes are set, so arranged that only a small portion of grain is within reach of the horse at a time. The windows in front of the stalls are protected by iron lattice-work good enough to adorn the counter of a New York bank president—indeed the very finest work. These are hung on hinges that they may be opened in order to facilitate the cleaning of the windows which they protect. The windows in front of every stall can be opened and closed without entering the stall.

In this palatial equine home is the beautiful pacing mare, Kitty Howard, record 2.19 3-4. Kitty Howard is by Smith's Almont by Almont.

Another well-bred one, and a big one, too, is R. F. C., seventeen hands, bay with black points, weighing over 1200. R. F. C. was bred on the Henry Clay farm in Kentucky, and has a record of 2.23 1-4, and a private trial of 2.16 1-4.

A very fine mare (bred by Dr. James O'Roake, of New York,) is Ellenwood, brown mare, foaled in 1874. At Hopkinsville, Kentucky, in her two-year-old form she was brought out of high grass and showed a quarter in 43 seconds.

As a mate to R. F. C., Mr. Pope has a big bay trotter called Major Evans, by Mohawk, Jr., out of a thoroughbred dam. Since Mr. Pope has resided in Poland in the summer time, he has added to his string the beautiful bay horse called Red Ned. Red Ned is a horse of high finish, bold carriage and great style, and should be action controlling. He has a flowing mane and most luxuriant tail which sweeps the floor of the stable, and in harness is carried with all the style of a saddler. At Gray last fall he went to the quarter in thirty-five seconds, the half in 1.14 and finished the mile over that sandy track in 2.32 with only a most limited preparation.

Mr. Pope does not now intend to breed trotters here, and the above mentioned horses are for his private driving.

His specialty, however, will be the raising of French coach horses.

For the purpose of breeding this class of horses, he has obtained a handsome specimen of this highly-prized breed, a prize winner, Telemaque, foaled in 1882, bred in the purple, with certificate of his breeding hung in his stall.

Mr. Pope has a dozen brood mares of his own that are three-quarters bred Percherons, which he is crossing to his coach stallion.

Another class of horses for which provision is made and which no doubt furnish the proprietor and his family no small satisfaction is the Kentucky saddle horse, the saddle king of this stable being Startle, a very beautiful strong bay, standing sixteen hands, by the great saddle stallion, Denmark, and bred on the celebrated Dr. Herr farm in Kentucky. This horse is from a thoroughbred dam and has all the gaits of a saddler, at canter, lope, trot, single foot, etc., changing from one gait to another by a change of the bit in his mouth from a twist of the hand of the rider. Mr. Pope is a fine horseman and delights to gallop among the White Oak Hill farms with this favorite animal. Another saddler called Steve Maxwell occupies a fine box stall. This fellow can look back over fifteen years of service and name fifteen prizes that he has won in Kentucky show rings. There are several other saddlers who have served the Pope family in days gone by and for which their owner has provided a most beautiful summer home.

Biographical Sketches and Poems of Poland People

E. G. WOODMAN.

In the year of our Lord 1635, the good ship James landed in America, having sailed from Southampton, England, in the month of April of the same year. Among the passengers were two brothers, Edward and Archelous Woodman, who settled in Newbury, Mass. Hence the origin of the Woodman family in this country.

E. G. Woodman was born in New Gloucester in 1803, was the fifteenth child among a family of nineteen children, and the son of David Woodman. He came to Poland to live more than seventy-five years ago, and in 1826 married Louisa Barns Marble, who was born in Poland in 1807. Until her marriage, Mrs. Woodman lived with her mother, who owned the place on Pigeon Hill, recently sold to Frank True by William Hackett. Her father served in the Revolutionary War, and lost his life in the War of 1812. Many are the incidents related by Mrs. Woodman of the sufferings of herself and mother during the hard winter of 1812. Wolves howled aronnd the little enclosure during the nights, and snow fell almost every day for six weeks, and the wind and drifting seemed only a continuation of the storm.

No grinding was done at the mill, and grain and corn was boiled for family use. Wood was drawn over the tops of drifts by hand-sleds. One night during these times, Mrs. Marble and her children sat up amid the howlings of the winter's blast, in consultation as to whether it was better to break up house-keeping or remain together. After retiring and passing the remaining part of the night sleepless, she arose in the morning and said to the children, by the help of God we will remain together, and this godly woman reared her young family, and discharged the duties of a mother and revolutionary matron. Well might her children and fellow townsmen rise up and call her blessed.

Mrs. Woodman taught school in the district of Mechanic Falls, when there was only one house where the village now stands, and that was the Dean Andrews house, and stood on the spot where the residence of O. B. Dwinal stands at the present time. There were no bridges across the Androscoggin river, and Mrs. Woodman used to take a little row boat and row her scholars across the river and keep them through the day, and return with them at night.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodman have a family of five children, and there has never been a death in the family, and they retain their faculties and their minds at the present time are as clear as those of people of fifty.

JAMES ALBERT LIBBY

was born in West Poland, Maine, on the brow of Megquier Hill, July 3, 1832, being one of the family of Rev. James, and Nancy Fulton Libby. His education was common school and academical. He was also himself a teacher.

At the age of twenty-six he became a preacher, and was ordained by the Adventists at Wilbraham camp-meeting in the year 1859.

During the thirty years of his ministry he has roamed at pleasure, having labored more or less in eight different states, and Canada. Between the years 1884 and 1887 he was settled in Castleton, Vermont, where good success attended his labors, fifty new members being added to the society. Since his return to his native town, he has continued to minister to the churches in surrounding regions that have been under his earlier care. He is called to attend many funerals, and as he rides through different neighborhoods says there is scarcely a house where he has not seen one dead.

Mr. Libby from his early years has been writing for the press; and for his own amusement, much that has never fallen under the public eye.

At his second marriage, in 1869, his bridal tour was to the state of South Carolina, where he preached to the freedmen, and with his wife (devoted to every good work) taught the colored boys and girls, and many grown folks, too.

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE

was born at Poland on the spot where he now resides, in the year 1800. He was the son of Joseph Waterhouse, and grandson of Captain George, of Revolutionary fame, and one of the pioneers of the town. Though his early advantages were meager, he managed to acquire a good education, sufficient to teach, which avocation he followed for many years. He served the town as selectman for eighteen years, was state surveyor two years, and county commissioner one year.

In politics he was a life-long democrat, and in religious belief an ardent Universalist.

REV. HUBBARD CHANDLER

was born in Tyngtown Plantation (now Wilton), Jan. 11, 1798. He was the son of Henry and Mehitable Chandler, who were among the early settlers of the town. At the age of three years his father died, leaving his family in destitution. The mother soon married again, which marriage proved unhappy, resulting in a separation. Hubbard went to reside with his uncle where, though he declares he was ever treated kindly, he was obliged to fit wood for three fires, and travel two miles to school; consequently, his early advantages for education were small. He was ordained to the gospel ministry, Jan. 9, 1822, and united with the Free-will Baptist denomination. He travelled and preached in one hundred and twenty different towns and plantations, receiving on an average not more than $50 per year. Still, by the most rigid economy and untiring industry he managed to acquire a competency. As a speaker he was very dramatic with strong powers of persuasion, and as a missionary he was one of the most successful. He died of abscess of the stomach, Nov. 5, 1866, aged sixty-six years, eleven months.

REV. JAMES LIBBY

was born in Danville (now Auburn), in 1796. He was the son of Dea. James and Betsey Small Libby. His mother died soon after his birth, leaving him, the youngest of five children, to the care of his honored father, who, being a godly man, early taught him the principles of the Christian religion, which he embraced at the early age of twenty years. He connected himself with the Free Baptists in his own vicinity. He married April 1, 1819, Miss Nancy Fulton, of Lisbon, Maine, who in every particular fulfilled the duties of wife and mother to her husband and nine children, six of whom are now living.

In 1828 he entered the ministry, and soon after was ordained in Danville, by a council from the Gorham Q. M.

In 1831 he moved to West Poland, Maine, taking the pastoral care of the church in that place, a pastorate which continued for more than fifty years. When he came to Poland, the church was very small, and meetings were holden in schoolhouses and private dwellings, and but little interest was manifested in religious work in the community. It soon became evident that the places of worship were insufficient to accommodate those who flocked to hear the young minister, who was at that time enjoying a great revival as the fruit of his labors among them. This revival continued for many months, and nearly every Sabbath for a long time the shore of the beautiful lake at the base of the hill was thronged with people (like the Jordan of old) to witness the baptism of those who were to follow the example of their Lord in the sacred rite which he instituted while here on earth. Thus the church was enlarged, till at one time there were about two hundred names enrolled on the pages of the church record.

In 1834 the meeting-house now standing on the summit of Megquier Hill was erected and dedicated

to the worship of God, and for many years the church enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity under the labors of a pastor who was so well adapted to the work assigned him, and in which he had remarkable and glorious success. He was also interested in the different enterprises of the day, temperance-missions and Sabbath-schools. He was one of four in town that first embraced the anti-slavery movement, and lived to see the glorious results of the same. He was remarkable for his cheerful and courteous greetings to all within the circle of his acquaintance. His memory was singularly retentive and the inexhaustable store of language with which he was furnished, rendered him a companion equally entertaining and instructive. His zeal was ardent, his conduct exemplary, and the strict rectitude of his morals attracted and ensured a general esteem. No one ever attempted to calumniate a character which they knew to be untainted. As he drew near the close of life it was hard for him to give up his public services, and on one occasion was heard to say, as he looked from his window while the people were gathering for worship, "Thither I once led up the tribes of the Lord to worship." He attended more than one thousand funerals, baptized about that number, and married several hundred, and would laughingly remark that he welded them so strongly that divorces were seldom resorted to.

His last sermon was preached at Raymond Village, Maine, one year before his death, whither he went with his son, J. Albert, who speaks of the occasion as one of much interest. The old man had been away from the place fourteen years and the mutual greeting between him and old friends was indeed pleasant, and better prepared him for the services his part of the day. He stood erect and sang with vigor the hymn commencing "Amazing grace how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me," etc. Then, taking his text in Heb., eleventh chapter, he delineated in an expository manner the faith and habits of the ancients, with a memory as keen and a voice quite as clear as of his earlier years. His gift sometimes was to follow Bible characters, and talk their history out before the people, and his descriptive powers were so great, that it was actually true that one man in one of his meetings, gazed from the window to see a personage of olden time whom Elder Libby was describing as coming to a certain place—and thus at Raymond did the aged minister bring up the different worthies in such a manner that his last public effort is often spoken of as an event of great interest, and will long be remembered in that region.

He died March 6, 1884, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years and five months. His memory is precious to all those who were blessed with his acquaintance.

HON. DAVID DUNN

was born at Cornish, Maine, in 1811, read law with John Fairfield, of Saco, was admitted to the bar in 1833, and settled at Poland Corner, where he has since resided, except at intervals.

He represented the town at the state legislature in 1840, 41, 42, 43, 44, was senator in 1845, was speaker of the house in 1843 and 44, and for a short term acted as governor of the state, was appointed clerk in the post-office department at Washington in 1857, which position he held until 1861. In politics he has ever been an ardent democrat, to which party he still adheres with a tenacity seldom witnessed. For several years past he has had an office at Mechanic Falls, travelling back and forth a distance of three miles night and morning.

DANIEL W. TRUE

is seventh in descent from Henry True, who was of English birth, and came to Salem, Mass., in 1632. His great-grandfather, Jabez, settled with his family in the town of New Gloucester, in 1760, as one of the first settlers under the old proprietors of Massachusetts, and died there. His grandfather, Jabez, born in 1750, was ten years of age when the family removed to Cumberland County. He married Miss Collins, reared a family of children, and died in New Gloucester in 1823.

His father, Jabez, born on the old homestead in 1771, married Hannah Jackson, Jan. 23, 1795. She was born in Gloucester, Mass., May 18, 1776, and died in 1841. He followed agricultural pursuits during his life, was a man of correct habits and sterling integrity, and died in 1842. Their family consisted of five sons and seven daughters, of whom six were living in 1879,—one son, Otis, besides Daniel W., the subject of this narrative, and four daughters.

Daniel W. True, youngest of the family, was born in Poland, Aug. 20, 1821. He remained at home until 1853, where, during his boyhood, he received a common-school education, and afterward carried on farming. In that year he came to Portland, and for two years was a clerk for Shaw & True, wholesale grocers.

In 1855, with his brother John as partner, under the firm of J. & D. W. True, he began business on Commercial Street as a wholesale grocer.

John True retired in 1862, and Mr. True continued the business, having associated with him other partners. His business has kept pace with the growing demands of trade, and his good judgment and business capacity gave him a place among the well-established business men of Portland.

While a farmer he took an active interest in the local affairs of his town and county, and while a resident of Poland was one of the selectmen of the town for four years. He was a director of the Cumberland National Bank of Portland, and one of the trustees of the Maine Savings Bank. He was a representative in the State Legislature in 1875–76. He married, Aug. 29, 1847, Mary F. Milliken, of Poland, and had an only son, Frank D. True, born April 25, 1868.

Daniel W. True died Sept. 16, 1888.

WILLIAM WALLACE WATERMAN.

On page 98 will be found a very good likeness of W. W. Waterman, esq., together with cuts of some of the residences he has built and occupied at different times in the town of Poland.

William Wallace Waterman descended from the Harris Hill Watermans, being the son of Daniel Waterman, Jr.; he the son of Dea. Daniel Waterman, born Sep. 19, 1824.

His education was begun and largely obtained in the district school on Harris Hill, and finished in the high schools, such as they were at that time, at Minot Corner, Mechanic Falls, and Lewiston Falls Academy. When a young man about seventeen years of age, he commenced teaching in the public schools of Poland and adjacent towns, and continued to teach till the age of 26.

On Sept. 23, 1849, he married the eldest daughter of Capt. Jacob Dwinal, of Minot, and with her went to occupy his residence on the Hill, that he had just completed with that object in view; the residence shown in the upper right-hand corner of the page referred to. The stately elms in that picture were planted with his own hands in the year 1849 and 1850. In 1855 he was in mercantile business at Mechanic Falls. In 1857 he migrated to Minnesota, and interested himself to quite an extent in real estate; was two years Auditor of Anoka County, and at another time a member of the Board of County Commissioners. At the close of the late war he was a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. Returning to Poland in 1866, he commenced building up an addition to the village of Mechanic Falls on the Stephen Whitman farm that he had previously purchased. The first buildings erected by him are those shown in the left-hand upper corner of the picture. The lower right-hand cut shows his present residence.

In dividing up his farm into streets and building lots Mr. Waterman adopted a liberal policy, making the streets broad and the lots large. He gave the land for streets on condition that the town would grade them and keep them in repair. He also made a standing offer that he would sell a limited number of building lots for the cash consideration of one dollar and the other condition that respectable buildings should be built thereon.

Few men have done more in the way of building houses on their own land, with their own money, and

in encouraging people to settle in Poland, than Mr. Waterman. He has been thoroughly identified with the business interests and public institutions of the town, and contributed liberally of his means to their support.

Two years he has filled the position of selectman and several years that of superintending school committee, and Justice of the Peace the most of the time since he was first appointed by Gov. Anson P. Morrill, in 1855.

Mr. Waterman has always been a zealous friend to his native town, and an enterprising and public spirited citizen; a positive, earnest man, possessing convictions of his own, generally, and the courage to maintain them; in politics a republican, and in religion a Congregationalist.

ANDREW JACKSON WESTON.

Andrew J. Weston was born in Cumberland, Cumberland County, Maine, on the 17th of April, 1830.

His parents were farmers, and young Weston spent the early years of his life on the farm, availing himself of such educational advantages as were to be found in the district schools of those days.

When he had attained the age of eighteen, his father, who was then living on a farm situated on White Oak Hill, sent him to Pownal, Maine, to learn the carpenter's trade.

After serving out his apprenticeship he struck out for himself. First we find him at Portland, then in New York, then again in Portland, in which place he is said to have thrown his first vote for the first presidential candidate, John C. Fremont, ever nominated by the republican party; nothing daunted in the defeat of the nominee of his party, he still clung to his republican ideas, and was, he thinks, fully compensated when that noble man, Abraham Lincoln, was elected.

In December, 1856 he moved to Poland Corner where he was engaged to run a store owned by Lane & Phinney, they having been elected to the Legislature. In the following spring they returned, and together with Mr. Weston and John Waterman, opened a store at Mechanic Falls, meanwhile continuing in their business at the Corner, which, under the skilful guidance of Mr. Weston, had somewhat increased.

In April, 1858 he sold out his interest in the firm and purchased a farm on White Oak Hill where he staid until the spring of 1873, when he moved to Mechanic Falls and engaged in the carpenter business in which trade we find him at the present time.

Although Mr. Weston is not a politician in the ordinary acceptance of the term, he has always taken a deep interest in the municipal affairs of the town, having served as treasurer, selectman, and., Representative to the Legislature. Mr. Weston has been twice married, the first time to Laura S. Jackson, and the second time to Miss Harriet E. Bailey. The fruit of this last union is one son.

LUTHER PERKINS,

son of Oliver and Sarah (Elmes) Perkins, was born in Oxford, Maine, May 9, 1817, and received his education in the schools of his native town. He was married to Mary Lewis Waite, March 2, 1841, and moved to West Poland, where he commenced business as a real estate and cattle dealer, in which he has been actively engaged to the present time, and has been well and widely known as one of Poland's most honorable and substantial men. He served on the board of selectmen three years, was representative to the Legislature in 1871 and 1872, county commissioner in 1876, 77, and 78, and has held many other positions of responsibility and trust; ever showing a lively interest in the advancement and prosperity of his town, county, and state. He has been a Justice of the Peace for more than forty years, and there are few, with the exception of clergyman, who have united so many couples in marriage. He moved to his present residence at Mechanic Falls, May 31, 1888. He is a member of Tyrian Lodge No. 73 F. and A. M., of Union Royal Arch Chapter, and Lewiston Commandery Knight Templars, of Monami Lodge

No. 40 I. O. O. F., of Orion Encampment and Colfax Lodge No. 27 D. of R., Lake Grange, and St. Elmo Lodge No 55 K. of P., and other organizations.

MARY LEWIS PERKINS,

youngest daughter of Captain Jonathan and Alice Waite, was born in Portland, Maine, March 28, 1817. She received her education by private instruction and in the public schools of Portland. Her father, after commanding a vessel for more than thirty years, gave up his sea-faring life, and attracted by the grand scenery of Poland, purchased a farm on Johnson Hill and moved there when Mrs. Perkins was quite young.

March 2, 1841, she was married to Luther Perkins, of Oxford, and for nearly fifty years, by her courage, cheerfulness, and willing hands, has made home pleasant not alone to the inmates, but to the many who have shared their hospitality. Their children are Alice, wife of I. W. Hanson, of Auburn, and Kittie, wife of J. M. Libby, of Mechanic Falls.

JESSE M. LIBBY,

son of Simon and Louisa Libby, born March 28, 1846, in old Danville, now Auburn, Me. Received his education in the common schools of Poland, Nichols Latin School, and Bates College, Lewiston, Me. Commenced teaching school at the age of fifteen years, and continued teaching in Poland and adjoining towns during winters till his graduation from college in 1871. Was principal of the Eastport High School in 1871–72. In 1872 commenced the study of law in the office of Strout & Holmes, in Portland, Me. Admitted to the bar in Androscoggin County in 1874, and has practiced his profession at Mechanic Falls. Has been several times elected Supervisor of Schools in Poland, was Representative to the Legislature from Poland in 1877–78; was elected County Attorney for Androscoggin County in 1886 and re-elected in 1888, his last term expiring Jan. 1, 1891. During his four years' service as prosecuting attorney he has never had an indictment adjudged bad by the court. In 1890 he was elected State Senator from Androscoggin County after an exciting and memorable campaign, in which he received the support of many of his fellow-citizens of Poland and Minot of all parties, which gave him in his two home towns an extraordinarily large majority. Dec. 27, 1871, he married Kittie E. Perkins, youngest daughter of Luther and Mary Perkins, of Poland, Me. Their home is at Mechanic Falls, where they have resided for fifteen years last past.

JOHN NEVENS.

The following poems written by Rev. J. Albert Libby, have more or less connection with the town's history.

The year I came to town, the Historian saith,
Long-lived John Nevens bowed his head in death—
More than a century had he held his way
Over life's ups and downs from natal day.

Poland's first tree before his sturdy hand
Shuddered aloft, then fell along the land;
I seem to see his axe in motion now,
And hear its echoes of his blow on blow,
As through the forest dense, a circle round,
The wild things listen, wondering at the sound.

Perhaps this tree a hundred years had seen
Of wintry death and summer's living green—
Defying well the force of many a storm,
When proudly walked this lord above its form.

Fit type indeed it was of him, if so,
Who fell by Death's stern hand with blow on blow;
But trees will not arise again the same—
Men will, however, both in form and name.

UNCLE MARK.

I close my eyes and walk the well-known road
Of long ago in pleasing mental glance,
Passing each farmer's home in my advance
Along the ridge from father's old abode.
I count them off—the dwellings I will miss,
To find a low-built cottage I must see;
And the tall, friendly man who calls it his
Comes bending through the door to welcome me.
He doth not stoop because each shallow room
Forbids his length, but toil, as well as time,
Grows heavier on him as beyond his prime
He toward his journey's end doth daily come.

My father's kindly friend was Uncle Mark,
And when I grew to years, he, too, was mine;
So I will speak of him with line o'er line,
As I in memory seem to see and hark
How carefully he moved himself along,
Lifting his well-poised cane with gentle hand,
As if it seemed he would not hurt the land
With either step or stick put down too strong.
His speech was moderate, very, like the way
He moved among his neighbors here and there;
But he was apt in what he had to say,
And interesting very, I declare.

He was a faithful stand-by in the church,
And surely, slowly crept as age wore on
To make among the gathered few his one,
And mourn the threaten of a backward lurch.
I see him now when, in the house of prayer,
In thoughtful mood awaiting well his chance,
Turning his head each way with upward stare
To catch the meeting's motion at a glance—
Then talking as he started from his seat,
Perhaps he would a half a text repeat,
Or else in other ways his words begin
To tell what cause he had for loving God—
Spreading in quiet sweep his hands abroad,
So firmly speaking out his hate for sin.

I hear him now as once the fire burned
Upon the altar of each waiting heart,
As he his head in rising slowly turned,
And talked as slowly as he made the start;
The tears were in his eyes as he arose,
And as they fell he said his heart was froze—
"I didn't know my brethren—didn't know
That I was froze, the ice was so inside,
Till I began to thaw—and then I cried—
I melt—and now my tears begin to flow."
He had the same quaint way of closing up
His exhortation as beginning it.
For he would talk as he began to stop,
And finish off as he began to sit.

Well, peaceful sleep fell on the aged saint
Long, long ago; but when the mighty train
Of sleepers rise to live and love again,
Leaving behind their every sore complaint,
A sinless, deathless residence to share,
We think this pilgrim surely will be there.

Uncle B—.

A patriarch moves before my face,
The mists of time can scarce erase;
When but a boy upon life's stage,
He trembled with advancing age,
And now to me he seems like Noah
As I the eventful years look o'er.
This picture left on memory's wall,
With thoughts inscribed, I here recall.
I see him with his blouse of gray
Hung loosely down a little way,
His trousers large, of homespun stock
Matched with his waistcoat, and his frock;
A leathern girdle binds his loins
Where waistcoat with the breeches joins,
And I suppose the girdle drawn
Would serve to keep the breeches on.
My father had a preacher's call,
And that is why, when I was small,
I knew so well the brethren old,
Who came to visit in our fold;
And with the rest came Uncle B.,
Whose homely face we loved to see.
If for a call he did remain,
He leaned upon his white-oak cane,
And we, the children, hung around
To catch the words of every sound.
But I remember him the best
At meetings in the house of rest;
As, rising, he his talk began
While all with wondering eyes looked on.
And as he warmed in his discourse,
Taking the floor in front of us,
His voice he raised in exhortation,
And with increased gesticulation;
His aged face and eyes seemed stirred
By force of every uttered word;
And now he walked, and stooped, and rose,
Stretching himself beyond his clothes;
And then he had the happy knack
To drop his arms and bring them back.
Yet what cared he for his appearance,
So he "sarved" God with "parseverance,"
And made men feel each Sabbath day
That he to heaven was on his way.
He loved his listeners, called them dears,
And told them of his hopes and fears;
Of the "consarn" he felt for those

Who the dark road to ruin chose.
Ah those old words laid down so strong,
In sound and meaning linger long.
All eyes were open then to see,
All ears to hear attentively,
As he had confidence in God,
And spoke his goodness all abroad.
And I remember clearly then
The brethren dared to shout amen.
And all the sisters spoke in meeting
Their joys and sorrows oft repeating;
But this old brother seemed to be
A leader of the laity.
He went from earth long, long ago;
But left his pathway all aglow.
And when the Freewill saints unite
For praise upon the Hills of Light,
This patriarch I expect to see
Far happier than he used to be.

Our Highland Cemetery in Autumn Time.

Death everywhere within this highland acre!
How changed from other days of summer-time,
When the green sod turned to the strong grave-maker,
With the sweet grass, and flowers in their prime.
Now, the brown leaves the circling trees are flinging,
To edge their poor dead selves among these graves,
The flowers are gone, and the dry grass is bringing
Us thoughts of sure decay as here it waves.

Silence stays long—even those who walk are noiseless,
Creeping about with superstitious dread;
This is the place for whispered words, as voiceless
The mourning ones have put away their dead.

Well, all things now befit the peaceful slumber
Of these ingathered for their night of rest;
Autumn above is dead, and this great number
Recline below with a long quiet blest.
And, be it summer-time, or autumn dreary—
Amid June's greenness may we sit and hark;
The thought comes just the same, these sleepers weary,
In brightest sunshine hold their places dark.

But they shall rise from out their resting-places,
And death that kills the grass, the flowers, and trees,
Shall lose his power o'er these forms and faces,
And where we sit to mourn, new life shall please.

Diary Pages from J. Albert Libby's South Scenes.

Have been to-day to help build the chimney of our new school-house; and a curious way they have here for such a piece of work. It is built like the house, only with smaller logs, and framed in from the outside, till the fireplace is completed, and then run up with smaller sticks. A kind of reddish clay is found anywhere beneath the soil, of which we made our mortar, and we would "tote" it to black Calvin, the mason, who with his hands would plaster the inside as fast as some half dozen of us could tend him. The colored boys would "tote" it on their *heads*, but I preferred to take mine on a spade. Now we will have a house that we can turn around in, if fifty scholars do come. I guess I have helped build the first plantation school-house in S. C., if not in all the South.

To-day I have been to attend to a burial service for an old white woman. Walking out three miles, I found in a shattered cabin, stretched upon its only door, which they had taken off for a table, the one who for eighty-eight years had battled with misfortune, along life's roughest pathway. Death came to her suddenly, and easily, as if the poor soul had seen already enough of hardship. She was laid in her coffin, and we bore her away some fifty rods, followed afar off by a granddaughter (an only relative), and a few others, both white and colored, who came not like mourners, but as a drove of sheep. They gathered around, and we waited until the grave was dug, and the coffin low-

ered to its resting-place; then I read a hymn, and some in the Bible, invoked God's blessing, and asked Him to remember them in their ignorance, to pity them in their poverty, and to make them thoughtful and ready for the same event, which might come to some of them at any time. I noticed, as I opened my eyes upon the little group, their indifference was gone, and I saw tears starting from poverty-sunken eyes. I felt glad that one among them could be blessed with Christian burial. I knew by their looks the ceremony was something unusual, and was told that it was. Our service was offered, or it had not been. Poor old lady, she came a few weeks ago to the Mission House for bread, and perhaps since then may have suffered again. "Heaps of these old people are obliged to die," said a colored man, whom I overtook on my way down, "beeause they are gone past helping themselves." "There," said the colored man who buried her, as he lifted her into the grave, "she has gone to get her *best part*, if she was only right for it." And so let her rest, and wait. The Lord will do right by all.

A little new business for me to-day, this cutting and making pants; but then 'tis a splendid fit I've got. I measured the boy on my eane, when he eame to beg, and taking an old pair of men's pants (as my mother used to do for me), I have made him a nice good pair. Then I pulled him out of his rags, and taking a little West Poland shirt, I made him look as tidy as "Tom Thumb"; and his brother I dressed up clean, and sent them along telling them I guessed their mother would hardly know them.

South Scenes.

I remember a Southern village
With its home-yards large and square,
The hedge-rows trimmed so neatly,
With the cone-trees green, and fair;
The live-oak thickly fronded—
And the holly no frost could blight—
The rose bush climbing the trellis,
And the ivy to charm the sight.

I remember the old plantation,
Two miles or more away—
The simple negro cabins all,
By the weather painted gray,
How the inmates flocked around us
To sit in the piteh-pine light;
The old and the young together,
To learn night after night.

I remember those eager faees
In the school and the ehureh as well—
Where the concord of many voices
Would roll like an organ's swell;
I remember their prayers about Heaven,
And one man who prayed about Hell,
The weird chorus of waltzing song
I have heard, but I cannot tell.

I remember the sycamore lofty,
In the village square it stood
Having a page of history sad
That well-nigh chilled my blood;
I used to stand beneath it,
And look for the ugly limb—
Then think of the tyrant's murder
And grumble so hard of him.

Rebel General somebody—
I'll not repeat his name,
For the story would have a tendency
To spoil his earthly fame—
Caught up a colored maiden
In the sweetness of her youth,
In her days of guileless girlhood,
And joy for the dawning truth.

While shouting freedom's coming,
In her ecstaey of soul;
For she heard the voice, and knew it
In great Sherman's cannon roll—
Then, this gallant rebel General,
With soul blacker than her face,
Hung the over-joyous shouter
In this public village place.

We give one more sketch of his Southern life. He says, "It was my privilege to visit more than

once the stockade built by 'Southern chivalry' for the soldiers of the Northern States who might be captured during the fraternal contest.

This prison-yard was some two miles away from Florence R. R. Station in an out-of-the-way region; and here I was stirred with an interest which until this day has not wholly departed, for my mind took in a picture that hangs distinctly now on memory's wall.

The enclosed ground, I was told, would measure eighteen acres; and the surface lay in two gentle slopes edging down to a creek that ran sluggishly through the middle, looking much more like ink than water.

The land on both sides was swampy, but log bridges lay here and there, to connect the higher grounds. The log huts, though the timbers were hardly large enough to be called logs, stood thickly over all the waste, and being back from busy centres, the desolation and the silence altogether made the place seem like a city built rudely by pigmies only for a temporary stay, and then deserted; this because the huts were so small, many of the little homes being made for one, and many more for only two, and used, I should judge, to sit in, and for sleeping places, away from the sun, the storms, and cold.

I often noticed the marks of Yankee skill in the construction of these buildings as I passed around.

I was told that the soldiers had to buy the stuff for these shanties, and very many who had no means, and perhaps no courage and strength, to build these enviable, yet pitiable shades, made themselves burrowing places in the earth where they might hide from the scorching Southern sun, and the horrid chill of wintry nights, with all their best clothing stripped away by rebel hands. Ah! methought, we shall never know their sorrow.

There was pointed out to me the shanty of Florence Budwin, who fought for the country in male attire, and perished here. She was known only as a soldier boy till the time of her death.

I walked these grounds with an aching heart, while hearing the recitals of many woes. The dead line was still visible, and the high parts stood in their strength all around, banked outwardly nearly to the top with what was now solid earth.

I shall not record here the most sickening scenes of this stockade described to me, some of which my own eyes looked upon.

The last time I visited the place the tongue of fire was licking up within all the marks of the once rebel prison, as they were preparing the ground for a crop.

I bore away some remembrances of the dreary spot; one, a grapevine root. It was the second day of April and the beautiful thing was running over, and clinging to one of the lowly huts, throwing out its buds as if no sorrow had ever been there. I tried to make it live at my home in Maine, but it pined away and died, perhaps like the poor boy over whose prison home it had begun to climb.

They said to me that the dead-cart was passing continually to and from this place. Let us go to the burial ground. It is an acre well enclosed, and thickly packed with Northern men, low in their graves. We passed through the gateway, beside which, high up, rose trees clung, and walked above the nameless sleepers, whose rest is just as sweet as though taken near far-off homes under the falling tears of dearest friends. I said nameless graves, so they were, the records of most of them were lost before the government could place the head-boards; just here, however, is the grave of the one I spoke of, Florence Budwin, well cared for, and, indeed, all are. The guardian lives in a cottage near the cemetery and has this for his only business; but I should think this grave had had around it the touch of affection's hand. The rose bush was there with its modest buds, and other things of taste and beauty. Under the inscription of the name and home was this significant verse:

'Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred, and their graves may be;
Yet thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.'

I left this peaceful graveyard, having walked it through with a sense of melancholy, quite different

from those feelings which possessed me as I sauntered over the stockade. There, indignation mingled with my grief, for I was in the slaughter-pen where they slowly killed our soldiers; but in the graveyard we could say, with softened sadness, 'Poor boys, it is all over now, take your rest till the trump of reveille rings out o'er all the fields of the worthy dead.'"

D. B. WATERHOUSE

was born on Pigeon Hill, Sept. 30, 1833, where he lived up to his fourth birthday, when his parents moved to a farm on Harris Hill. Here he obtained the rudiments of an education by attending the district school until he was fifteen, when his father sent him to the Minot Corner High School two terms, and afterwards to the school at Mechanic Falls. After completing his course here, he commenced teaching and taught twenty-four successful terms of school. In 1887 he located in Keokuk, Iowa, where he engaged in the market business, and remained until December. He taught school in Illinois and Iowa, and acted as a clerk in a grocery and dry goods store in the latter state. Soon after, in company with his uncle, he joined an emigrant train and started across the plains for the Pacific coast.

Sept. 11, 1861, after various adventures with the Indians, he reached the Umatilla River. Here Mr. Waterhouse obtained employment under the Government and remained until April 10, 1862, when in company with a few friends he struck out for the then newly discovered gold mines in the eastern portion of Oregon, where they arrived on the 6th of May, somewhat weak for want of food, but full of hope as to their future prosperity. The advice given by those who had preceded them at the mines was very discouraging, but nothing daunted at the prospects before them, they staked a claim and by chance were fortunate, the first panful of dirt netting them $2.00. "After constructing our sluices, we quite frequently took out over $200.00 in a single day," says Mr. Waterhouse.

In the spring of 1864 he went to Idaho territory, where he again entered into the mining business with success. Here he stayed until the fall of 1866, when he returned home, arriving at Mechanic Falls in Feb., 1867. In 1868 he went into the grocery business and continued until Jan. 24, 1888, when declining health necessitated his retiring, which he did, selling out to S. S. Waterhouse.

Mr. Waterhouse has been twice married, and has two sons by his second wife, both of whom are living.

THE WAR OF 1812.

A company of volunteers was raised in Poland and vicinity, of which Robert Snell was chosen captain. He was assigned to a position under the command of General Stark, and ordered to report at Burlington, Vermont, on the shore of Lake Champlain.

Captain Snell, as we have learned, served in the War of the Revolution as body servant or page for his father, who also held a captain's commission. Captain Joseph Snell took with him his son who served in the same capacity. His son Azel, while attempting to find his father on some important business, was taken prisoner and never heard from but once, that being at Port Royal, on the island of Jamaica, where he addressed a letter to his friends.

Joshua Lunt also served in the same division as body servant of the brave General Ripley. He was severely injured, for which he received a pension for the remainder of his days.

Captain Snell was a brave and gallant officer, rendering efficient service. He died at a good old age at the residence of Joseph McDonald.

The war continued with success to our arms, in the main, until at last the city of Portland was menaced by a British squadron, causing alarm throughout the state. Most of the young men were drafted to defend our principal sea-port, the loss of which would have been almost irreparable; but the pluck and energy displayed by the raw recruits of the pine tree states, soon disheartened the minimum of the king, and the fierce and bloody battle between the Enterprise and Boxer in Port-

land Harbor caused the British to retire in disgust and dismay.

The war ended at last, and peace once more smiled upon our land. This was succeeded by three years of famine in which the crops were more or less injured, the worst being that of 1816, known as the memorable cold and dry season. The early spring was uncommonly warm and pleasant, with every indication of a fruitful season. The early birds gladdened every heart with their songs. The grass put forth the tender blades, and the hoed and grain crops bespoke an abundant harvest. All nature had arrayed herself in vernal beauty, and farmers were jubilant over their prospect of an abundant harvest, but in this they were doomed to a bitter disappointment.

The month of June brought cold, disagreeable weather, followed by heavy frosts and heavy snowstorms, completely destroying the crops which obtained a good start. Most of the birds were frozen to death, being found stark and stiff upon their nests. The starving cattle were turned into the forests to browse, and swine were turned loose to dig roots or pick their living as they could. When housing time came, the cattle, though lean and emaciated, were slaughtered by thousands just to save their lives, as it was termed, and what few were saved were got through the long dreary winter by the help of browse, and a few turnips. At that time there were no railroads to bring corn from the the great West, and, for that matter, no West to produce it. Besides, we were just out of a war with Great Britain, and had no money to buy with. The year preceding, the Great Island in Thompson Pond comprising some fifty acres, and owned by Edmund Megquier, who had ever mentioned his position as patriareh of the place, was mostly felled and burned. This year it was mostly planted to corn, and while in all other localities the crops were a total failnre, this produced a heavy crop of many hundred bushels. Uncle Edmund was highly congratulated on his good fortune, for, as most people surmised, owing to the scarcity of corn, this might bring him a good price, but no word from the owner revealed his intentions. When harvesting time came, all hands were called to assist, each receiving a generous share for his labors. The fodder and all was brought to main land by a big raft, and properly stored for winter use.

Poland in the War.

The military system of the United States is based upon volunteer armies raised as occasion demands. During the War of 1861–5, 2,690,401 men (including re-enlistments) were enrolled, equipped, and organized into armies in the United States.

The organization of this vast army necessitated a requisition upon the various loyal states for troops, and Maine responded nobly to the call for her apportionment of men. In order to provide promptly the requirements of the general government, each town, according to its population, was expected to furnish a certain number of men as demands were made upon the state.

From the time the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter in 1861, until the surrender of Lee at Appo-

mattox in 1865, the patriotic sons of Poland met every demand promptly and courageously, making a total of over 300 men (including re-enlistments) furnished by the town to the grandest army known in the history of the world.

The town, thus depleted of one-half of its able-bodied men, failed not to remember the families dependent upon those citizens who accepted the uncertainties of a soldier's life, and voted, willingly and unstintingly, means for their support.

It is not my intention to expatiate the heroic deeds and personal sacrifices of those who took part in that terrible conflict, as the lapse of a quarter of a century has thrown a veil over much that transpired in those dark days of the Rebellion; therefore I submit from official records concerning much that transpired relative to Poland in the War.

The first official act of the town in relation to raising money for the relief of families of citizens of Poland who volunteered their services in the War of 1861–5, is found in Article 2d of a warrant dated May 17, 1861, which reads as follows:

Art. 2. To see if the town will vote to raise a sum of money for the assistance of the families of all citizens who have volunteered their services for the protection of our government, lives, and property, or may hereafter be called into service for the same, and take such further action as may be thought best.

At a special meeting called May 25, by virtue of the warrant posted May 17, 1861, appears the following record of the meeting:

Art. 2d. Voted that the selectmen hire a sum of money, not exceeding five thousand dollars, to be appropriated for the assistance of the families of those citizens who volunteered their services in the defense of the Government.

3. Voted to assist those only who have a legal residence in town.

4. Voted that the selectmen appropriate one-half of a sum sufficient to supply the company raised at Mechanic Falls with revolvers, when the town of Minot shall furnish the other half. Said money to be taken from the sum above named in vote two.

Again, under date of July 22, 1862, the following vote was passed:

2. Voted that the treasurer of the town of Poland be authorized and directed to hire for the use of the town the sum of twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars, and to pay to each soldier who is a resident of this town, and who has or may enlist within six days in the United States army under the recent call of the President for 300,000 additional troops, the sum of seventy-five dollars as a bounty, to be paid when said soldier shall be mustered into the United States service, provided the number of soldiers to be paid as aforesaid shall not exceed thirty.

Aug. 27th, the following vote was recorded:

2. That the town pay a bounty of one hundred dollars to each volunteer who shall enlist from said town, when mustered into the United States service. At an adjourned meeting of Aug. 27, held Sept. 9, 1862, voted that the selectmen hire a sum of money, not exceeding five thousand dollars, to be paid to the several volunteers of the last quota when mustered into the United States service, of one hundred dollars each.

At a meeting Aug. 6, 1863, the following resolution had a passage:

That the selectmen and treasurer be authorized to hire a sufficient sum of money to free all men from the conscription act who may be drafted in the town and accepted by the medical authorities, and in failure of obtaining the money, to give each a town order.

On Nov. 6, 1863, it was voted that the selectmen be instructed to hire a sum of money sufficient to pay each volunteer the sum of three hundred dollars.

Nov. 13, 1863, at an adjourned meeting, the town "voted to raise two hundred and fifty dollars for each volunteer that may enlist in the town quota under the last call."

Sept. 5, 1864, Voted that the town pay the sum of three hundred dollars to all volunteers under the present call; also to those men drafted and mustered into the United States service, or their substitutes.

Dec. 24, 1864, it was voted to pay each volunteer, or his substitute, four hundred and fifty dollars, to fill the quota of Poland under the last call of the President for men.

January 21, 1865, voted to pay each man who will volunteer or furnish a substitute for one year, $200; for two years, $300; for three years, $450, making a total amounting to nearly $45,000 voted during the war.

The following are the names, age, residence, etc., of those enlisted or who were credited to the town of Poland during the war, with the exception of the list of substitutes, which will be found classified by themselves. This list has been carefully compiled from the Adjt. General's Reports, necessitating the examination of the volume for each year. On account of some irregularity in transmitting the enlistments of men to the Adjt. Gen. at the first of the war, the records are not entirely complete, but the apparent discrepancy from the totals of the lists herewith furnished to the number named heretofore in this article, is accounted for by second and third enlistments being credited as an additional man, while, in fact, one man may represent two or more credits to the town on its quota.

In the Adjutant General's Preface in Vol. II., 1864–65, he says, "It will be observed (though rarely) that the ages, places of residence, and condition (i. e., married or single) of some men, are wanting in this volume. Officers of our regiments in the field, who came home on a furlough, would, on their return at the expiration of their leave, take back with them squads of recruits, of whom no record whatever was filed in this office." Therefore it may be possible that some names have failed to be recorded, but those appearing are verified by the Adjt. Gen.'s Report.

NAMES.	AGE.	CO.	REGT.	MARRIED OR SINGLE.	DATE ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
Allen, Geo. L.,	26	F	9	S	Sept. 20, '64	
Allen, Wm. H.,	20	G	23	S	" 29, '62	
Archibald, Hira A.,	19	D	15	S	Feb. 17, '65	
Atwood, Eleazer H.,	22	H	1	S	May 3, '61	
Beal, Leonard H.,	30	F	13	M	Dec. 10, '61	
Bragdon, Josiah,	18	D	15	S	" " "	Died at Augusta, Me., Jan. 27, '62.
Berry, William,	30	D	15	S	" " "	Died Dec. 27, '61.
Burnham, Otho W.,	24	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	Lieutenant.
Bridgham, Geo. G.,	26	C	17	M	" " "	
Brown, Horace J.,	24	C	17	M	" " "	Deserted July 16, '63.
Benson, Clarenton W.,	24	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	Promoted to Corporal.
Bowen, Eben,	18	G	23	S	" " "	
Bragdon, Joseph R.,	18	G	23	S	" " "	
Bray, Stephen,	39	G	23	M	" " "	
Bailey, Smith G.,			5			Sergeant Major, June 1.
Bancroft, John F.,	21	I	5	S	June 24, '61	
Bragdon, John J.,						
Butler, Florentine,	18	I	9	S	Sept. 27, '64	
Berry, Geo. W.,	35	H	14	M	Mar. 22, '65	Died of disease July 18, '65.
Brooks, Geo.,	25	A	1	M	Jan. 9, '65	Substitute; deserted.
Chaplin, W. Jr.,	18		Unasg'd	S	April 6, '65	
Crooker, Ansel F.,	21		"	S	Mar. 24, '65	
Cole, Isaac,	44	H	14	M	" 22, '65	Died of Disease, June 10, '64.
Cousins, Hanson S.,	17	H	14	S	" " "	
Cash, Nathaniel,	18	B	10	S	Aug. 18, '62	Transferred to Co. I, 29th.
Cummings, Wallace E.,	27	C	10	S	Oct. 5, '61	
Chipman, Elmer,	24	K	1	S	" 4, '61	Wounded at Antietam.
Colbert, John,	18	G	15	S	Feb. 18, '65	Deserted.
Cole, Levi E.,	34	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Cole, Osgood,	30	G	23	M	" " "	
Crooker, Almon,	23	G	23	S	" " "	
Cobb, Chas. M.,	18	B	31	S	Mar. 23, '64	
Cobb, Chipman,	42	G	14	M	Dec. 12, '61	
Cobb, Marshall C.,	20	G	14	S	" " "	
Crooker, Jonathan,	44	G	14	M	" " "	Died at Carrolton, La., Sept. 26, '62.

NAMES.	AGE.	CO.	REGT.	MARRIED OR SINGLE.	DATE ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
Chipman, Edward S.,	18	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Churchill, Allen M.,	21	C	"	S	" " "	Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Cobb, Cephas B.,	32	C	"	M	" " "	[Artillery. Wounded.
Cutler, Stephen P.,	30	B	"	S	July 16, '63	Trans. from 3d Me. to First Heavy
Chipman, Julias G.,	20	B	"	S	Sept. 20, '64	
Cushman, Solomon D.,	30	G	23	M	" 29, '62	Corporal.
Chaplin, Samuel F.,	21	G	"	M	" " "	Enlisted in Navy.
Chandler, Ezra D.,	40	G	"	M	" " "	
Durgin, Geo. A.,	20	K	5	S	June 24, '61	
Duran, James W.,	22	D	15	S	Dec. 10, '61	Died Dec. 27, '61. [Lieut. of Co. B.
Dunn, Geo. B.,	24	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	Wounded Oct. 4 and prom'd to 2d
Daisey, Chas.,	33	"	"	M	" " "	Killed in action May 23, '63.
Dockham, Chas. M.,	27	"	"	S	" " "	Deserted Feb., '63; tr. 1 M. H. Art.
Donald, James T.,	19	"	"	S	" " "	
Duran, Josiah,	19	"	"	S	" " "	Promot'd to Corp. Wounded May 5.
Davis, Lucius,	36	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	Corporal.
Dennen, Eugene L.,	18	"	"	S	" " "	Musician.
Davis, Benj.,	34	"	"	S	" " "	
Davis, Moses B.,	21	"	"	S	" " "	
Downing, Timothy T.,	29	"	"	S	" " "	
Dudley, Samuel H.,	20	"	"	S	" " "	
Dunn, Bertrand F.,	18	"	"	S	" " "	
Dustin, Alfred,	24	"	"	M	" " "	
Denning, Jabez T.,	26	A	30	S	Dec. 15, '63	Sergeant; reduced to ranks.
Deguis, John W.,	18	"	"	S	" " "	Veteran.
Davis, Maynard G.,	34	D	32	M	Mar. 23, '64	Killed in action May 12, '64.
Dockham, Geo. A.,	20	F	10	S	Oct. 4, '61	
Dwinal, Orrin,	21	G	1	S	Feb. 19, '64	
Durgin, Joseph H.,	18	B	9	M	Sept. 22, '61	Corporal.
Duran, Elliot C.,	19	"	9	M	" " "	
Dudley, Oliver P.,	18	G	9	S	" 29, '64	
Durgin, Chas. C.,	26	K	14	M	Mar. 25, '65	[May 1, '64.
Davis, Isaac P.,	20	C	8	S	Aug. 5, '63	Substitute; promoted to Sergeant
Downing, Jas. W.,	44		Unasg'd	M	Apr. 6, '65	
Dwinal, Wellington H.,	21	B	1	S	Dec. 28, '63	Ret'd from desertion Aug. 31, '64.
Everett, Wm. H.,	27	C	5	M	Nov. 2, '61	Corporal.
Estes, Silas,	27	K	5	S	June 24, '61	
Edwards, Humphrey S.,	45	D	15	M	Dec. 10, '61	
Edwards, Joshua,	37	D	"	M	Dec. 23, '61	
Emery, Greenlief,	30	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	Corporal.
Edwards, Nelson W.,	18	D	15	S	Dec. 31, '61	Deserted Feb'y, '62.
Edwards, Richard,	18	"	"	S	" 10, '61	" Sept. 22, '64.
Edmunds, Joseph Q.,	29	B	1	M	" 18, '63	Discharged for disability May 1.
Fuller, Edward H.,	24	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	Corporal.
Freeman, Chas. O.,	21	K	8	S	Feb. 6, '64.	
Freeman, Joseph H.,	21	G	23	S	Sept. 19, '62	Lieutenant.
Fisher, Lucius D.,	19	"	"	S	Oct. 15, '62	Sergeant.
Foss, Alvin F.,	22	"	"	S	Sept. 29, '62	Corporal.
Field, James W.,	24	"	"	M	" " "	
Fuller, William H.,	23	A	30	M	Dec. 15, '63	Wounded Apr. 8, '64.
Fisher, Thomas,	25	G	15	S	Feb. 13, '65	
Fardy, John,	40	B	1	M	Dec. 28, '63	Discharged for disability May 14.
Grant, Wm. H.,	35	K	5	M	June 24, '61	
Gillson, Luke,	45	D	15	"	Dec. 10, '61	Left at Carrolton, La., sick in '61.
Gammon, Stephen W.,	21	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	Musician.
Gerry, William G.,	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Griffin, Albert,	18	A	30	S	Dec. 15, '63	
Gerry, James F.,	18	B	9		Sept. 26, '64	
Greenwood, Norris,	35	H	14	M	Mar. 22, '65	
Griffin, Sidney A.,	26	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	Detached as brigade carpenter.
Goodwin, Noah H.,	18	"	"	S	" " "	
Gordan, Lewis,	30	H	1	S	Jan. 4, '65	
Harris, Chas. E.,	22	I	5	S	Dec. 34, '63	Re-enlisted; wounded; trans. to 1st Me. Vets.
Harris, Tristram T.,	22	K	"	S	June 24, '61	Deserted July 23, '61.
Hodgkins, Geo. A.,	19	"	"	S	" " "	Trans. to Veteran Res. Corps.
Haskell, Frank S.,	22	"	"	S	Nov. 9, "	

NAMES.	AGE.	CO.	REGT.	MARRIED OR SINGLE.	DATE ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
Herrick, Bloomville,	19	G	14	S	Dec. 12, '61	Disc. by habeas corpus Feb. 4, '62.
Herrick, Freeland M.,	18	"	"	S	" " "	Pro. to Sergt.; died Sept. 8, of wounds rec'd at Baton Rouge.
Herrick, Geo. W.,	23	"	"	S	" " "	
Harris, Albert W.,	20	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Haskell, Sam'l F.,	23	"	"	S	" " "	
Hanaford, Francis A.,	21	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Herrick, Bloomville	20	"	"	S	" " "	
Herrick, Mark, A.	18	"	"	S	" " "	
Herrick, Rufus W.,	24	B	31	M	Mar. 23, '64	Prom. corp.; exchanged prisoner.
Herrick, Wesley C.,	24	"	"	M	Feb. 23, '65	
Herrick, Ronello S.,	18	"	"	S	Mar. 10, '64	
Herrick, Granville R,,	18	"	"	S	Feb. 23, '65	
Herrick, Mark A.,	19	G	"	S	Apr. 16, '64	Paroled prisoner.
Herrick, Nathan,	22	K	1	S	Oct. 4, '61	
Haskell, Wm. L.,	25	B	7	M	Aug. 21, '61	Pro. to Capt.
Harris, Chase M.,	21	B	9	S	Sept. 22, '61	
Harris, Wm. H.,	26	G	9	S	" 20, '64	
Harris, Albert W.,	22	H	14	S	Mar. 22, '65	
Hunnewell, Geo. W.,	21	C	8	M	July 16, '63	Conscript; wounded Aug. 17.
Hunnewell, Isaiah S.,		C	8	M	" " "	
Herrick, Albert F.,	30		Unasg'd	S	Apr. 6, '65	
Hutchinson, Henry H..	26	A	1	M	Dec. 28, '63	
Harris, Chas. E.,	24	B	1	S	" " "	
Hutchinson, Almon H.,	23	"	"	S	" " "	Disch'd for disability Dec. 2, '64.
Herrick, Percival D.,	21	F	9	S	Sept. 27, '64	
Jordan, Levi F.,	25	B	1	M	Nov. 22, '61	
Jillson, Rensalaer,	22	C	8	M	July 16, '63	Conscript.
Jordan, Levi F.,	25	K	5	M	Nov. 22, '61	Wound. May 10; trns. to 1st Me. vets
Jordan, 2d, Joseph T.,	19	G	14	S	Dec. 12, "	Deserted.
Jackson, Geo. W.,	22	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Jackson, Augustus M.,	20	G	23	S	Sept. 29, "	
Jordan, Chas. W.,	22	"	"	S	" " "	
Jordan, " "	23	A	30	"	Dec. 15, '63	Vet'ran; died of disease July 11,'64
Jordan. Henry M.,	25	B	9	M	Sept. 22, '61	Sergeant.
Jewell, Edwin D.,	28	H	14	S	Mar. 22, '65	
Jewell, David,	21	G	5	S	June 23, '61	Deserted July 2, '63.
Jackson, Augustus, M.	21	A	30	S	Dec. 15, '63	Veteran; died of dis. July 11, '64.
Kilgore, Andrew,	26	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
King, Hiram B.,	29	A	1	M	Feb. 19, '64	
Knight, William,	18	B	9	S	Sept. 22, '61	
Kilbourn, Wm. H.,	25		Unasg'd	M	Apr. 6, '65	
Kalner, Geo. W.,	18	G	12	M	Mar. 1, '65	
Libby, Silas C.,	20	K	5	S	Nov. 9, '61	
Libby, Chas. S.,	20	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	Appointed fifer corps.
Lock, Elvin W.,	26	G	"	S	" " "	
Libby, Silas E.,	22	H	9	S	Mar. 22, '65	
Lunt, Alexander W.,	27	"	"	S	" " "	
Lane, Geo. B.,	20		Unasg'd	S	April 6, '65	
Lamb, Alonzo P.,	32	G	3	M	Sept. 19, '62	Captain.
Morton, Wm. E.,	31	E	5	M	Dec. 3, '61	Trans. to Navy.
Morton, Lewis J.,	23	G	14	S	" 12, '61	Prom. to Sergeant. Sept. 1, '62.
Mills, James M.,	21	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Megguire, Silas A.,	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, "	Corporal.
Marshall, Lemuel T.,	18	G	23	S	" " "	
Mills, Joseph W.,	18	"	"	S	" " "	
McKeene, Harper C.,	19	"	15	S	Feb. 14, '65	Deserted July 30.
Morrin, Lewis,	20	"	"	S	" " "	
Morton, Lewis J.,	25	B	14	S	Jan. 1, '64	2d Lieutenant.
Mayberry, Francis E.,	33	H	"	M	Mar. 22, '65	
Merrill, Wm. H.,	31	"	"	S	" " "	
McKay, Daniel,	28	"	"	"	Feb. 24, '65	
Mills, James M.,	22		Unasg'd	"	Apr. 6, '65	
Morton, Mark E.,	20		"	"	Mar. 24, '65	
Morse, Hezekiah,	37	F	4	S	Aug. 28, '63	Cons.; trans. to 19th Me.
Marshall, Lemuel, T.	19	F	9	S	Oct. 4, '64	
Noyes, John,	29	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	Deserted July 11, '63.
Orr, Daniel,	30	D	15	M	Dec. 10, '61	

NAMES.	AGE.	CO.	REGT.	MARRIED OR SINGLE.	DATE ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
Perkins, Wm. M.,	44	G	14	M	Dec. 12, '61	Disch'd for dis., Oct.22.'62. Sergt.
Pratt, Cyrus T.,	24	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	Corporal.
Pratt, Wm. W.,	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Pulcifer, Alonzo,	18	C	31	S	Mar. 23, '64	
Pulsifer, Eben J.,	24	G	1Cav.	S	Oct. 31, '61	
Pearson, Chas. H.,	22	H	14		Mar. 22, '65	Pro. to hospital steward, July 1,'65.
Peterson, Orrin I.,	26	D	19	M	Sept. 23, '63	Wounded May 6 and trans. to vet. res. corps.
Pattee, Andrew J.,	32	C	17	M	Oct. 18, '62	
Rounds, Joseph,	23	H	14	M	Nov. 22, '65	Captain, May 26, '65.
Reeord, Elhanan W.,	37	C	17	S	Oct. 18, '62	
Rieker, Wentworth P.,	23	"	"	S	" " "	
Reed, Joseph,	28	G	23	M	Sept. 29, "	
Ross, Edward F.,	18	A	30	S	Jan. 12, '64	
Small, Orrin,		I	1 D C	S		
Stowe, Newton E.,	25	B	14	M	June 1, '64	Prom. to corporal.
Snell, Alonzo H.,	18	G	1	S	Feb'y 26, '64	
Snell, Albion K.,	43	G	1	M	Feb'y 26, '64	
St. Clair, Alanson W.,	19	K	5	S	June 24, '61	
Stowe, Newton E.,	23	G	14	M	Dec. 12, '61	
Strout, Chas. E.,	22	"	"	M	" " "	
Stone, Willard,	19	"	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Seavey, Chas.,	18	B	31	S	Mar. 10, '64	
Strout, Almon,	18	H	"	S	Apr. 16, '64	
Smith, Louville,	21	B	10	S	July 24, '62	Trans. to Co. A, 29th Regt.
Tobie, Wm. A.,	50	K	5	M	June 24, '61	
Tripp, Chas. H.,	35	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
Tripp, Joseph P.,	18	"	"	S	" " "	
True, Thomas J., Jr.,	18	"	"	S	" " "	
Thurston, Benj. F.,	18	B	31	S	Mar. 10, '64	
" Jaeob,	22	B	32	S	" " "	Died of wounds, July 9, '64.
Tobie, Jonathan L.,	22	H	14	S	" 22, '65	
Thomas, Otis,	21	"	20	S	Oct. 16, '64	
Verrill, John L.,	19	E	5	S	June 24, '61	Wounded in action, May 10, '6
" Horaee A.,	19	K	"	M	" " "	
" Jeremiah,	20	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
" Chas. W.,	18	B	31	S	Apr. 16, '64	Died in rebel prison, July 16, '64.
" Thomas,	31	H	14	M	Mar. 22, '65	
Wallace, Augustine,	18	G	14	S		Died on board N. Amer. Jan. 20,'62
Waterman, Tillson, Jr.,	21	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	Trans. to vet. res. corps.
Woodward, Wm. H.,	21	"	"	S	" " "	Wounded, May 5.
Walker, Phineas,	32	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
Whitman, Geo. L.,	29	"	"	M	" " "	
Woodsome, Edwin	18	"	"	S	" " "	
" David,	21	"	"	M	" " "	
Weston, Richard.	18	A	30	S	Jan'y 6, '64	
Walker, Wm. H.,	22	B	9	S	Sept. 22, '61	
Waterhouse, Chas. W.,	21	H	9	S	" 21, '64	
Walker, Geo. W.,	18		Unasg'd	S	Apr. 6, '65	

SUBSTITUTES.

List of Substitutes and Representative Recruits furnished by drafted and enrolled men, and men not liable to a draft, in Poland and mustered into the U. S. service in the Army and Navy from July, 1863, to the close of the War.

NAME OF PRINCIPAL.	RESIDENCE OF PRINCIPAL.	NAME OF SUBSTITUTE.	ARMY OR NAVY.	DATE OF MUSTER.	YEARS.
Archibald, Moses,	Poland	Daniel McKay	Army	Feb. 24, '65	3
Bailey, Willard,	"	Otis Thompson	"	Oct. 1, '64	1
Bray, Daniel J.,	"	John McDonald	"	Sept. 5, '63	3
Burnham, O. W.,	"	Henry D. Bean	"	Sept. 22, '64	1
Chandler, Ezra D.,	"	Henry Jordan	"	Sept. 27, '64	1
Cobb, Benj. F.,	"	Joseph C. Bray	"	Sept. 27, '64	1
Cobb, Charles H.,	"	Gandon Louis	"	Jan. 6, '65	3
Danforth, Francis A.,	"	William Greenwood	"	Aug. 8, '63	3
Davis, John C.,	"	Abel Mahomet	"	Dec. 27, '64	3
Denison, Adna T.,	"	George Brooks	"	Jan. 9, '65	3
Dunn, John S.,	"	Henry Farrand	"	Jan. 27, '65	3
Dunn, Josas W.,	"	Joseph Burton	"	Jan. 27, '65	3
Edwards, Jonas,	"	Florentine Butler	"	Sept. 27, '64	1
Gerry, William,	"	James F. Gerry	"	Sept. 22, '64	1
Hoyt, Frederick A.,	"	Adolphus P. Milson	"	Aug. 5, '63	3
Jordan, Henry N.,	"	Ellis A. Briggs	"	Aug. 3, '63	3
Jordan, John W.,	"	Chase M. Harris	"	Feb. 3, '65	3
Jordan, Reuben B.,	"	Jeremiah Tripp	"	Aug. 5, '63	3
Keene, Amaziah A.,	"	Oliver P. Dudley	"	Sept. 27, '64	1
Keen, William,	"	Lewis Morrin	"	Feb. 14, '65	3
Lane, Charles,	"	Lemuel T. Marshall	"	Oct. 4, '64	1
Mason, Joseph S.,	"	Henry Hutchins	"	Aug. 21, '63	3
McCann, Isaac F.,	"	William McIntyre	"	Feb. 17, '65	3
Megguire, Wm. M.,	"	Harper C. McKeene	"	Feb. 14, '65	1
Mumford, Augustus I.,	"	Charles McGowan	"	Aug. 3, '63	3
Muzzy, Julius,	"	James Curry	"	Aug. 7, '63	3
Nash, Wm. S.,	"	Frank McCann	"	Oct. 8, '64	1
Parsons, Fred H.,	"	Euseb Degreeney	"	Oct. 6, '64	1
Pierce, Charles A.,	"	Gilbert Simons	"	Aug. 5, '63	3
Pulsifer, John R.,	"	Joshua S. Spiller	"	Sept. 16, '64	1
Rounds, David,	"	Isaac P. Davis	"	Aug. 4, '63	3
Russell, Sam'l W.,	"	Cornelius Harrington	"	Oct. 17, '64	1
Spurr, Sam'l G.,	"	Oscar P. Hughes	"	Sept. 27, '64	1
Stanton, James H.,	"	John J. Marston	"	Sept. 18, '63	3
Strout, George E.,	"	John Sullivan	Navy	Sept. 23, '64	3
Thurston, Edward E.,	"	John L. Lippincott	Army	Aug. 7, '63	3
True, Henry,	"	John Cotton	"	Oct. 15, '64	1
Waterhouse Hannibal H.,	"	Joseph Hanrahan	"	Feb. 17, '65	3
Waterhouse, Solon S.,	"	John Smith	"	Feb. 10, '65	3
Wight, Tolman,	"	John Colbert	"	Feb. 18, '65	3
York, Wm. F.,	"	John Williams	"	Jan. 9, '65	3

Immediately after the surrender of Lee's army to the Federal government, all hostilities ceased, and the volunteer army, amounting to 1,100,000 men, quietly and rapidly disbanded, returning to their respective states, and becoming at once absorbed in the body of the people without the slightest disturbance of the peace and order of society, or any derangement of industries. The people of Poland were enthusiastic in welcoming the return of their patriotic sons from the victorious battle-grounds, and hailed with delight the speedy termination of the Civil War.

The soldier-citizens of Poland quietly assumed the duties of civic life, and resumed their former relationship with their townsmen, who, in return, bade them welcome, and the responsibilities of the four years of war were cheerfully assumed by both alike.

To perpetuate the kindly feeling that existed between one soldier and another in the camp, the march, or on the battle-field, and to render assistance to the deserving, who had been unfortunate by loss of health or limb, some arrangement for their relief and the keeping alive of this friendly feeling seemed necessary to the veterans of Poland even after the close of the war.

The Grand Army of the Republic had been formed and they were quick to seize upon the benefits which that order vouchsafed.

On July 18, 1872, A. A. Dwinal Post, No. 3, G. A. R. was formed for the purposes enumerated above, its members being nearly equally divided between the towns of Poland and Minot.

This organization has received substantial aid from the citizens of the town of Poland, making it possible to erect a beautiful monument in memory of the heroic dead who enlisted during the war within the jurisdiction of A. A. Dwinal Post. The yearly contribution of the town does much in assisting in carrying out the beautiful custom, inaugurated by this organization, of strewing flowers and placing flags over the graves of deceased comrades.

I know of no better way to close this chapter on Poland in the War than by supplementing the lines from the monument in the village of Mechanic Falls.

DEDICATED MAY 30, A. D. 1887.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THOSE COMRADES WHO DIED

DURING THE WAR

1861–1865

BY A. A. DWINAL

POST NO. 3

AND

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS NO. 32

G. A. R.

MECHANIC FALLS MAINE.

No more the bugle calls the weary one;
Rest, noble spirit, in the grave unknown.
We will find you, we will know you
Among the good and true,
When the robe of white is given
For the faded coat of blue.

FRANK A. MILLETT.

FRANK A MILLETT.

Frank A. Millett, who has been a resident of this town since 1872, was born in Hartford, this state, April 28, 1844.

Nov. 29, 1867, he was married to Lucy A. Faunce, of West Minot, Maine.

Subsequent to the war, until 1872, he resided on Minot side of the village of Mechanic Falls.

In early life he attended the district schools in Hartford, Auburn, and Minot, where his parents resided at that time. He also received an academical education in the schools at Kent's Hill and Hebron Academy, and while taking a college preparatory course at the last-named place, he visited Stoneham, Mass., during the summer vacation of 1864, and while there enlisted in Co. I, 4th Regt. Mass. Heavy Artillery, and served until the close of the war.

He has been identified with many popular movements in his village and town, conspicuous among which are the improvements in schools, the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, having received the highest honors in the G. A. R. and the three branches of the I. O. O. F.; namely, the Subordinate Lodge, Encampment, and Daughters of Rebekah.

In politics he is a Democrat, and has for many years been recognized as a prominent factor in the councils of the party. In 1886 he was entrusted with the management of the state campaign.

He has twice held a commission of Trial Justice, resigning that office when he became Postmaster of Mechanic Falls, Maine, March 24, 1887, which office he now holds.

ADNA C. DENISON

was born in the town of Burk, Caledonia County, Vermont, November 15, 1815. He married Hannah True of Sutton, removing soon after marriage to that place, where for several years he was successfully engaged in mercantile business. In 1842 he came to Norway, in company with Captain E. W. Fyler, and located at Steep Falls. Here they opened a large store, carrying on an extensive and successful business until 1851, when they came to Mechanic Falls, and after purchasing the sawmill and privilege on Minot side, commenced the manufacture of lumber. The management of this business was left exclusively to Mr. Fyler, while Mr. Denison engaged in mercantile affairs to a greater extent than ever before.

The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad was then being pushed with vigor, and Mr. Denison established stores at the principal stations, for the purpose of supplying the contractors and their numerous workmen.

These stores were situated at Mechanic Falls, South Paris, Bethel, Gorham, Northumberland, and North Stratford, and the business was successfully continued until the completion of the railroad.

In 1856 Mr. Denison moved from Norway to Mechanic Falls, where he engaged in building, and in the manufacture of paper. His only son, Adna T., and C. M. Cram, who married his only daughter, Fannie, were afterward admitted as his partners, the business continuing under the firm name of A. C. Denison & Co.

MAINE.*

MAINE, *mān:* a state; one of the United States of America; 10th in order of admission into the union, 1st in granite product, 5th in buckwheat and copper, 8th in hops and potatoes, and 15th in manufactures; known colloquially as the 'Pine Tree State.'

Location and Area.—M. is in lat. 43° 04′—47° 31′ n., long. 66° 45′—71° 06′ w.; bounded n. by the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, Canada; e. by New Brunswick, s. by the Atlantic Ocean, w. by N. H.; extreme length 320 m., greatest breadth 210 m.; 33,040 sq.m. (21,145,600 acres); elevation 300–5,385 ft.; sea coast 2,486 m.; river and lake area 3,200 sq.m.; cap. Augusta.

Topography.—The surface slopes from the interior toward the n. to the valley of St. John river, where it is about 300 ft. above sea-level, and toward the s. and s.w. to the ocean, where it is low, level, and in some places marshy, though the shores are in parts rocky. The Appalachian chain enters M. from New Brunswick at Mars Hill, and after traversing it s.w. becomes a part of the White Mountain system at the N. H. line. The principal elevations are Mt. Katahdin, in Piscataquis co., 5,385 ft.; Mt. Abraham, 3,400, and Mt. Blue, 2,800, in Franklin co.; Mars Hill in Aroostook co., 2,000; Mts. Mattatuck, Puzzle, Saddleback, Bigelow, and Agamenticus; the Camden Hills; Bald Mountain; and a number of peaks on Mount Desert Island. The largest river is the Penobscot, which, with branches and connecting lakes, drains the centre of the state, and is navigable 55 m. from its mouth. The Kennebec drains the w., and is navigable for ships 12 m. and smaller boats 50 m. from its mouth. Between the Kennebec and the w. boundary are the Androscoggin and Saco rivers, the Piscataqua forms the s.w. boundary, the St. Croix a portion of the e., and the St. John the greater part of the n. boundary. Along the sea-coast are 17 large bays, chief of which are Passamaquoddy, Machias, Little Machias, Englishman's, Narraguagus, Frenchman's, Penobscot, Belfast, Muscongus, Damariscotta, Sheepscott, Quohog, Casco, Saco, and Piscataqua. Among the numerous islands between Quoddy head and Kittery point are Mt. Desert, w. of Frenchman's Bay (area 60,000 acres), with 13 peaks, the highest 1,800 ft.; Isle au Haute, near the entrance to Penobscot Bay; Deer, Long, and Fox, in that bay; and the Isles of Shoals group, part of which belong to N. H. M. is thickly studded with clusters of connected lakes and many isolated ones; the largest, Moosehead, is 35 m. long, and 4–12 m. wide. The Androscoggin river drains the Umbagog chain, the Presumpscut river the Sebago and surrounding lakes, the Kennebec river the Moosehead cluster, and the Saco river more than a dozen small ones. In the n. are nearly 100 lakes and large ponds drained by St. John river and its numerous tributaries; and the Penobscot, which drains nearly one-third the area of the state, takes, with its branches, the surplus water of more than 50 large lakes and ponds.

Climate.—The winters are severe, but without violent changes; summers short and hot. Snow lies on the coast 3½–5 months, in the interior 4½–6 months. Fogs and n.e. winds from the Atlantic in the spring and early summer produce considerable pulmonary distress along the coast. The temperature ranges from 20° below to 100° above zero through the year. At Portland (lat. 43° 40′ n., long. 70° 14′ w.) it has averaged 23°–38° in winter, and 63°–69° in summer, with annual mean barometer 29·963, thermometer 43·90, rainfall 42·32 inches, prevailing wind s.w. The average rainfall in the state is 34·46–45·25 inches.

Geology.—The surface strata are chiefly of primitive formation, with Silurian rocks in the n. and n.e., and Devonian overlying the Silurian in the n. Bowlders, sand, and gravel of the drift formation are found everywhere, and along the s. the drift has a sub-stratum of tertiary clays. Granite abounds at Hallowell, Bath, Thomaston, Dix Island, and elsewhere; ornamental red granite at Calais; argillaceous slates and limestones through the n.; tourmalines at Paris; garnets at Parsonsfield and Phippsburg; felspar at Brunswick and Topsham; beryls at Bowdoinham; iron ore of excellent quality near Mt. Katahdin; slate for roofs, tables, blackboards, and writing slates in a belt between the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers; red sandstone along the shore of Passamaquoddy Bay; and red hematite along the Aroostook river. The granite and limestone of M. are greatly esteemed through the United States for their superiority as building stones. Lead, tin, copper, zinc, and manganese are found in various localities, and veins of silver-bearing galena have been discovered on Campbell's Island and on the shore of Cobscook Bay. The soil is very fertile in the river valleys, especially between the Penobscot and Kennebec and along the St. John; but along the sea coast and in the mountainous districts it is too sterile to repay cultivation. The central and n. portions of the state are covered with forests, in which pine, spruce, hemlock, maple, birch, beech, ash, and white and red oak predominate; cedar is found in the n. swamps; and poplar, elm, basswood, dogwood, juniper, pine, buttonwood, alder, and willow in the s. forests. The most thrifty fruits are cherry, plum, pear, and apple.

Zoology.—M. is now the sole home in the United States of the American elk, locally known as the moose and caribou. It abounds in the dense n. and central forests, and is hunted with a difficulty that gives zest to the sport. Other animals found in large numbers in these forests are black bear, deer, wolf, catamount, wild cat, badger, wolverine, marten, sable, weasel, mink, raccoon, porcupine, rabbit, woodchuck, and squirrel. The bays, lakes, ponds and rivers, in proper season, are the resort of wild geese, ducks, brant, and teal, and are well-supplied with cod, herring, menhaden, mackerel, salmon, trout, pickerel, and lobsters. Eagles, hawks, owls, crows, partridges, quail, wild pigeons, robins, and humming birds are plentiful through the state, and sea-gulls and fish-hawks along the coast.

Fisheries and Game.—The report of the State Commissioners of Fisheries and Game for 1888 showed a remarkable increase in venison game animals, increase in lobsters, decrease in mackerel, reappearance after 10 years' absence of menhaden, increase in herring-sardines, increase in black bass and white perch, and the fact that the Penobscot river has become the greatest salmon river for fly fishing in America. The commissioners had 30,000 sq.m. of territory to protect, stock, and cultivate; and recommended the passage of a non-exportation law for fish and game, to prevent game dealers from clearing the forests and waters by illegal means every season. During 1888, 60,000 salmon fry were liberated in St Croix river at Vanceborough, and 320,000 in the Penobscot and Mattawamkeag rivers, while 50,000 land-locked salmon were hatched at Orland and distributed in various ponds

* Alden's (New York) Manifold Cyclopedia, 1890.

in six countries. The state purchased 232,000 salmon eggs, and the U. S. Fish Commission gave it 148,000. Under a recent protective law, lobsters were larger in size and more plentiful than for many years, and the annual catch was 25,000,000. The mackerel catch was 25,511 barrels. The product of the herring-sardine business for the year was 450,000 cases, of 100 boxes each, each box containing 10 or 12 fish. There were 40 packing factories in the state, and a disposition was reported to abandon Freuch labelling and brand aud sell the fish as herring. For lobster-canuing there were 15 factories, which put up nearly 10,000,000 lbs.

Agriculture.—Iu 1880 there were 64,309 farms, comprising 6,552,578 acres, of which 3,484,908 were improved; value of farm lands $102,357,615, farm implements and machinery $4,948,048. Of live stock there were 87,848 horses, 298 mules and asses, 43,049 working oxen, 150,845 milch cows, 140,527 other cattle, 565,918 sheep, and 74,369 swine. The farm products were: barley 242,185 bushels, buckwheat 382,701, Indiau corn 960,633, oats 2,265,575, rye 26,398, wheat 665,714, hay 1,107,788 tons, hops 48,214 lbs., Irish potatoes 7,999,625 bushels, tobacco 250 lbs.; dairy products: milk 3,720,783 gallons, butter 14,103,966 lbs., cheese 1,167,730 lbs.; value of orchard products $1,112,026; wool clip 2,776,407 lbs.

Manufactures.—M. had (1880) 4,481 manufacturing establishments, employing 52,954 hands, using a capital of $49,988,171, paying in wages $13,623,318, using materials valued at $51,120,708, and yielding products valued at $79,829,793. The chief industry according to capital employed was the manufacture of cotton goods which had 24 establishments, employed a capital of $15,292,078, hands 11,759, paid wages $2,936,640, materials $7,320,152, and received $13,319,363 for products. Next was sawed lumber, 848 establishments, $6,339,396 capital, 6,663 hands, $1,161,142 wages, $4,951,657 materials, and $7,933,868 products. Then followed woolen goods, 93 establishments, $3,876,028 capital, 3,095 hands, $1,044,606 wages, $4,294,042 materials, aud $8,686,073 products; tanned leather, 83 establishments, $2,459,700 capital, 1,393 hands, $464,904 wages, $5,535,427 materials, and $7,100,967 products; paper, 12 establishments, $1,995,000 capital, 1,067 hauds, $325,691 wages, $1,347,509 materials and $2,170,321 products; foundry and machine shop produets, 76 establishments, $1,793,720 capital, 1,664 hands, $681,865 wages, $1,131,447 materials, and $2,232,675 products; boots aud shoes, 52 establishments, $1,369,000 capital, 3,919 hands, $1,335 168 wages, $3,880,446 materials, and $5,823,541 products; mixed textiles, 15 establishments, $1,290,380 capital, 1,071 hands, $357,595 wages, $1,238,247 materials, and $1,909,937 products; flour and grist mill products, 261 establishments, $993,500 capital, 385 hands, $109,883 wages, $3,560,926 materials, and $3,966,023 products; and ship-building, 379 establishments, $811,750 capital, 1,967, hands, $838,569 wages, $1,935,857 materials, and $2,909,846 products.

Ship-building.—In 1888 the various ship yards in M. turned out 36 schooners, 4 sloops, 4 steamboats, 2 steam tugs, 2 steam yachts, 1 bark, and 1 steam bark: total vessels 50; total tonnage 16,119·99. The great bulk of the new tonnage was large 3 and 4 masted schooners. The most notable craft constructed during the year were the 5-masted schooner, *Gov. Ames*, the largest schooner and the only 5-masted schooner in the world, and the steam tug, *H. F. Morse*, the largest tug boat belonging in the United States. In 1889 the output was: 61 schooners, 14 sloops, 4 steamers, 2 barkentines, 1 bark, and 1 barge: total vessels 83; total tonnage 39,548·04 The Bath district produced 33 vessels, 24,586 89 tonnage; Castine district 14 vessels, 114·41 tonnage; Machias district 11 vessels, 3,861·34 tonnage; Waldoboro district 8 vessels, 3,482·00 tonnage; Belfast district 5 vessels, 4,599·66 tonnage; Wiscasset district 4 vessels, 1,057·31 tonnage; Bangor district 3 vessels, 401·12 tonnage; Portland district 3 vessels, 1,296·05 tonnage; Frenchman's Bay district 1 vessel, 50·05 tonnage, and York district 1 vessel, 99·21 tonnage. The most notable production of the year was the 278 ft. keel, 3,000-ton ship *Rappahannock*, and the largest sailing vessel ever constructed in America, and the largest wooden ship in the world. Besides the completed work, contracts were given out which called for a still larger construction during 1890, especially in the Bath, Waldoboro. Belfast, and Machias districts, a large number of schooners of 1,000–2,300 tonnage being among the orders. The present demand in the shipping trade is for large 3 and 4-masted, fore-and-aft schooners, for carrying coal, ice, and other heavy freight along the coast. An 1,890 ton 4-masted schooner will be completed at Bath, 1890.

Commerce.—M. had (1889) 13 U. S. customs districts, and with N. H. and Vt. composed one internal revenue district. The foreign commerce is considerable, and the coast trade very large and increasing annually. In 1880 there were 2,674 vessels of all kinds, with a capacity of 509,284 tons, owued in the state: in 1884 there were 2,868 vessels of 628,954 tounage; average aunual increase 4,917 tons.

Railroads.—The increase in railroad mileage in M. has been as follows: (1841) 11 m.; (1851) 293; (1861) 472; (1871) 871; (1881) 1,013; (1888, Nov. 30) 1,191·72; (1889, Nov. 30) 1,356 19. During 1889 the Canadian Pacific railway completed 145 m. of additions in M., which gave that system a through line from ocean to ocean.

Religion.—In 1880 there were about 1,250 churches, with a Prot. membership of 103,846, and Rom. Cath. 40,000. The Congl. Churches had 242 churches, 21,340 members; Bapt., 261 churches, 20,954 members; Meth. Episc., 228 churches, 20,774 members; Free-will Bapt., 286 churches, 15,822 members; Christian, 60 churches, 6,000 members; Univ., 41 churches, 4,500 members; Unit., 21 churches, 2,500 members; Prot. Episc. 32 churches, 2,115 members; New Jerusalem, 5 churches, 341 members; other Protestants 9,500; Rom. Cath., 42 churches, 40,000 members (Rom. Cath. population). Later reports showed Congl. 244 churches, 190 ministers, 21,267 members, 22,487 Sunday-school officers, teachers, and pupils; Bapt. 248 churches, 146 ministers, 19,613 members, 181 Sunday schools, 305 officers and teachers, 16,491 pupils value of church property $602,200; Free-will Bapt., 3 yearly meetings, 17 quarterly meetings, 259 churches; 185 ordained ministers, 15 licensed preachers, 14,439 members; Prot. Episc., 45 parishes and missions, 24 clergy, 1,930 families, 2,988 communicants, 180 Sunday-school officers and teachers, 1,598 pupils; Univ., 100 parishes, 3,664 families. 44 churches, 1,921 members, 75 Sunday-schools, 5,545 pupils, value of church property $549,900; and Rom. Cath., 1 bp., 65 priests, 67 churches, 8 chapels, 1 college, 4 academies, 15 parochial schools including 3 for Indian children, 4,000 pupils, 3 orphanages, 1 home for aged women, Rom. Cath. pop. 71,100 including 1,100 Indians.

Education.—The ordinary school age is 4–21 years, but 1887 a compulsory school law was passed requiring all children 8-15 years old to attend public schools at least 16 weeks in each year, unless physically or mentally incapable or otherwise provided with instruction. In 1887–8 the number of children (4–21 years) enumerated was 211,980, of whom 144,180 were enrolled, and 102,960 in average daily attendance. There were 4,337 school houses, with sittings for 260,000 pupils. The high school enrollment was 13,246. There were 1,485 male public school teachers, and 6,113 females; average monthly salary $33.82 male, $16.92 female. The receipts from permanent funds were $26,602, state taxes $364,590, local

taxes $676,034, total revenue $1,067,226. There were 2 institutions for the superior education of women, with 25 instructors, 436 students, 8,550 vols. in libraries, scientific apparatus valued at $5,600, grounds and buildings valued at $206,000, productive funds $136,000, income therefrom $6,500, tuition fees $7,458, all sources excepting board and lodging $16,958, benefactions $53,000. The institutions were Westbrook Seminary and Female College (Univ.), at Deering, and Maine Wesleyan Semiuary and Female College (Meth. Episc.), at Kent's Hill. There were 3 colleges of liberal arts. Bowdoin College (Congl.), at Brunswick, chartered 1794, opened 1802, pres. William DeWitt Hyde, D.D., had 14 instructors, 176 students, 38,986 vols. in the library, scientific apparatus valued at $60,000, grounds and buildings valued at $250,000, productive funds $390,000, income therefrom $18,272, tuition fees $18,393, all sources excepting board and lodging $36,665, benefactions $3,000. Bates College (Free-will Bapt.), at Lewiston, chartered and opened 1863, pres. Oren B. Cheney, D.D., had ten instructors, 103 students, 4 years' course, 11,137 vols. in library, scientific apparatus valued at $6,000, grounds and buildings valued at $150,000, productive funds $245,000, income therefrom $10,000, tuition fees $4,200, all sources excepting board and lodging $14,200, benefactions $95,000. Colby Univ. (Bapt.), at Waterville, opened 1818, pres. George B. D. Pepper, D.D., LL.D., had 12 instructors, 99 students, 4 years' course, 21,734 vols in library, scientific apparatus valued at $25,000, grounds and buildings valued at $150,000, productive funds $369,392, income therefrom $30,445, tuition fees $4,713, all sources excepting board and lodging $35,158, benefactions $25,250. There was one institution endowed with the national land-grant, Main State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, at Orono, chartered 1865, opened 1868, pres. M. C. Fernald, PH.D., which had 10 instructors, 131 students, 5,000 vols. in library, scientific apparatus valued at $17,500, grounds and buildiugs valued at $175,000, productive funds $231,300, income therefrom $11,500, state aid $21,409, all sources excepting board and lodging $32,392. Public normal schools were maintained at Castine, Farmington, Gorham, Portland, aud Springfield; and public lending libraries at Belfast, Bruuswick, Castine, Dexter, Eastport, Ellsworth, Gardiner, New Sharon, and Portland, free reference at Augusta and Bangor, 10 belonging to societies and associations, and 23 to corporations that are open only to subscribers. For the school year 1888–9 the children of school-age numbered 211,453, and the school fund and mill tax apportioned by the state was $380, 767.

Illiteracy.—Persons 10 years old and upward enumerated (1880) 519,669, unable to read 18,181, unable to write 22,170, whites unable to write 21,758; foreign born whites enumerated 54,853, unable to write 12,983, whites 10–14 years old enumerated 64,781, unable to write 2,182, males 1,294, females 888; whites 15–20 years old enumerated 76,848, unable to write 3,342, males 1,789, females 1,553; whites 21 years old and upward enumerated 376,382, unable to write 16,234, males 8,420, females 7,814; colored persons 10 years old and upward enumerated 1,658, unable to write 412; colored 10–14 years old enumerated 190, unable to write 27, males 11, females 16; colored 15–20 years old enumerated 230, unable to write 50, males 18, females 32; colored 21 years old and upward enumerated 1,238, unable to write 335, males 144, females 191.

Finances and Banking.—In 1889 the state funded debt was $2,652,300, unfunded $717,091; receipts $1,087,389, expenditures $1,127,394; raised by taxation $1,046,189; rate 27·5 c. on $100. In 1889 there were 75 national banks (cap. $10,805,000), 55 savings banks, and 10 private and 3 state banks; and 3 first-class post-offices, 7 second, 33 third, 43 presidential, 1,037 fourth, 137 money order, 3 postal note; total offices 1,080.

History.—The coast of M. was visited by the Northmen probably about 990, Cabot 1498, Verazzano 1524, Gomez 1525, Rut 1527, André Thevet 1556, Gosnold 1602, Pring 1603, and Du Mont, who attempted to establish a French settlement on St. Croix river 1604, and took possession of the shores of the Kennebec 1605. In the latter year Capt. George Weymouth explored the neighborhood of St. George river, and on his reports the Plymouth Company obtained a grant which included the present state, and sent an expedition to possess it 1607. This attempt to colonize failed. In 1607, George Popham, with two ships and 100 men from England, came to the month of the Kennebec, and built a storehouse and a fort; but Popham died the next year; and the colonists, discouraged by the severe winter, abandoned the settlement and returned to England. Du Mont having transferred his patent to Mme. de Guercheville, that lady fitted out another French expedition chiefly for missionary purposes, which landed at Mount Desert 1613, but was soon afterward dispersed by order of the Va. authorities. In 1614 Capt. John Smith took possession of Monhegan Island, established trade with the Indians on the Kennebec river, and explored much of the coast. Six years afterward the Plymouth Company received a new grant comprising all the country between lat. 40° and 48° n., the Va. Company being assigned all territory s. of the first patent. In 1622 Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason were granted by the Plymouth Company the territory between the Merrimack and Kennebec rivers, and established the first permanent mainland settlement at the mouth of Piscataqua river 1623. Settlements were made at Monhegan and Saco about the same time. Between 1629–35 the Plymouth Company disposed of large tracts by grants, and prior to surrendering its charter to the English govt. divided the remainder among its members. In this distribution Gorges received the country between the Piscataqua and Kennebec rivers, and this grant was confirmed by the king 1639. Gorges organized a govt. which continued till 1677, when his heirs sold their interests to the Mass. colony. In the mean time Mass. claimed the territory; the transfer of Acadia to France was annulled and the territory was returned to France by treaty; the Dutch attempted to colonize the coast, conquered that part belonging to Nova Scotia and Acadia 1674, and were expelled by an expedition from Boston 1676; King Philip began his terrible Indian war 1675; and Charles II. granted the Kennebec-Penobscot tract to his brother James, Duke of York. In 1686 this territory was transferred to Mass., and the history of M. 1688–1820 is a part of that of Mass., which gave up claim to Nova Scotia, and had all the remainder of the territory in dispute secured to her by the treaty of 1783. After the close of the King Philip war, the remaining settlements were kept in a state of terror many years by the Abnaki group of Indians. During the revolutionary war Machias, Portland, Castine, and the Kennebec valley were the scenes of important events.

Agitation for the separation of the 'district of Maine' from Mass. began immediately after the peace with England. Many conventions were held 1784–91 to formulate amicable measures for separation. The difficulties between the state and its 'district' were intensified by the dispute between the United States and Great Britain concerning the boundary between M. and the British possessions, and it was not till 1819 that the local difficulties were adjusted, and Mass. gave its consent to the long-sought separation. M. suffered severely during the second war with England, had its vast shipping interests almost wholly destroyed, and during the greater part of the war much of its territory was in possession of the British. By act of congress the district of M. was ad-

mitted into the union on the same terms as the original states 1820, Mar. 15; and by the Webster-Ashburton treaty 1842 a large tract in the n. part of M. was ceded to Great Britain in return for slight additions to N. H. and Vt. and the right of free navigation of St. John river, and the great boundary dispute thus definitely settled. M. has a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; this law was the first of its kind adopted in the United States (see DOW, NEAL). During the civil war M. contributed to the Union army 31 regts. of inf., 3 of cav., and numerous companies of artil. and sharpshooters, aggregating 70,107 men.

Government.—The executive authority is vested by the constitution in a gov., elected for two years, salary $2,000 per annum; the legislative in a general assembly comprising a senate of 31 members and a house of representatives of 151 members, both elected for 2 years, salary of each $150 per annum and 20 c. mileage, biennial sessions; and the judicial in a supreme court of 8 members, appointed for 7 years, salary $3,000 per annum, and in superior, co., municipal, and police courts. The gov. is assisted by a council, chosen by the legislature on joint ballot. The sec. of state receives $1,200 per annum; treas. $1,600; atty.gen. $1,000; adj.gen. $900; supt. public schools $1,000; chief justice $3,000; U. S. dist. judge $3,500; collector internal revenue $2,500; collector of customs $6,000; surveyor of customs $4,500; pension agent $4,000.

The successive govs., with their terms of service since the admission of the state into the union, are as follows: William King 1820–21; W. D. Williamson (act'g) 1821–2; Albion K. Parris 1822–27; Enoch Lincoln 1827–29; Nathan Cutler (act'g) 1829–30; Jonathan D. Hunton 1830–31; Samuel E. Smith 1831–34; Robert P. Dunlap 1834–38; Edward Kent 1838–9; John Fairfield 1839–40; Edward Kent 1840–41; John Fairfield 1841–43; E. Kavanagh (act'g) 1843–44; Hugh J. Anderson 1844–47; John W. Dana 1847–50; John Hubbard 1850–53; W. G. Crosby 1853–55; Anson P. Morrill 1855–6; Samuel Wells 1856–57; Hannibal Hamlin 1857; J. H. Williams (act'g) 1857–58; Lot M. Morrill 1858–61; Israel Washburn, Jr. 1861–63; Abner Coburn 1863–64; Samuel Corry 1864–67; Joshua L. Chamberlain 1867–71; Sidney Perham 1871–74; Nelson Dingley, Jr. 1874–76; Selden Connor 1876–79; Alonzo Garcelon 1879–80; Daniel F. Davis 1880–81; Harris M. Plaisted 1881–83; Frederick Robie 1883–87; Joseph R. Bodwell 1887–89; Edwin C. Burleigh 1889–91.

Counties, Cities, and Towns.—M. is divided into 16 counties.—In 1880 Portland had pop. 33,810; Bangor 16,853; Auburn 9,555; Augusta 8,665; Bath 7,874; Rockland 7,599; Saco 6,339; Calais 6,173; Belfast 5,308; Ellsworth 5,052. 1890, Jan. 1, Portland had 42,000, Augusta 19,000.

Politics.—State elections are held second Monday in Sep.; congressional and presidential Tuesday after first Monday in Nov. The state govt. (1890) is republican with a party unanimity in the senate, majority of 99 in the house and 130 on joint ballot. Paupers, persons under guardianship, and Indians not taxed are excluded from voting. M. has (1890) 6 electoral votes. Her votes for pres. and vice-pres. have been as follows: 1820, James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins 9; 1824, John Adams and John C. Calhoun; 1828, Andrew Jackson 1, John Q. Adams 8 for pres., John C. Calhoun 1, Richard Rush 8 for vice-pres.; 1832, Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren 10; 1836, Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson; 1840, William Henry Harrison and John Tyler; 1844, James K. Polk and George M. Dallas 9; 1848, Lewis Cass and William O. Butler; 1852, Franklin Pierce and William R. King 8; 1856, John C. Fremont and William L. Dayton; 1860, Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin; 1864, Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson 7; 1868, U. S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax; 1872, U. S. Grant and Henry Wilson; 1876, Rutherford B. Hayes and William A. Wheeler; 1880, James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur; 1884, James G. Blaine and John A. Logan 6; 1888, Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF POLAND.

At a special meeting, Nov. 26, 1887, the town voted to abolish all the School Districts within its borders, and to establish the Town System, which by necessity terminated the union of old District No. 20, at Mechanic Falls, in Poland, with District No. 1, in Minot, a union that had existed for nearly twenty years.

This dissolution left the inhabitants on the Poland side with two hundred and twenty-four scholars, as was shown by the last previous enumeration, and only their old primary school house that they had built for themselves more than twenty years before.

In this exigency the town acted promptly and generously. At the next annual meeting, March 12, 1888, it was voted, almost unanimously, to build suitable school buildings at Mechanic Falls, and the sum of $5,000 was appropriated for buildings and furnishings.

Accordingly the work was commenced forthwith, and all was completed in season for the fall term of school; and at the cost of $4,942. The foundations were put in by day labor under the supervision of W. W. Waterman, chairman of the building committee, and the carpenter work by A. J. Weston, under contract.

These buildings, as shown on page 86 are located on Elm street, on high and commanding ground, and in point of elegance and convenience are unrivalled only in some of the larger towns. There is a well-kept lawn in front with walks and young shade trees, and a large tract of land in the rear for the use of the pupils as play grounds. A bell-tower, bell, and handsome weather-vane surmount the main building, and all the spacious, well-lighted and perfectly ventilated school rooms and recitation rooms within are heated with steam. The furniture is all of the latest and most approved patterns. The North Poland School is now placed on the same footing as the older schools in the state. It is supplied with a corps of four teachers of large experience and unquestioned ability, and the most progressive methods are employed in all departments. Number of pupils attending in each department, from forty to fifty. The doors of this school are open to pupils in all parts of the town, and the way is open for them to graduate here.

In a pamphlet recently issued by F. E. Hanscom, Supervisor of Schools, is the following: "The course covers three years in the primary department, four in the grammar, and four in the high. Two courses have been arranged for the high school, an English or select course, and a classical, either of which is elective. The classical course comprises a full and complete preparation for college. The English or select course gives a more thorough drill in some of the English branches and allows wholly or in part the substitution of the natural sciences, book-keeping, English and American literature for the languages of the classical course."

The town of Poland is abreast of the times in the all-important matter of supporting and carrying forward its town system of public schools, under the operations of which, during the past year, it has done for the scholars what under the old system has never been accomplished in any instance—given to all of them the benefit of three terms of school.

The question of disrupting the system, by again uniting with Minot and adopting a village charter was negatived at a meeting called Feb. 25, 1890, Poland casting eighty-four votes against, and seventy-six in favor.

W. W. WATERMAN.